Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 13, 1946

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

POLITICS IS PEOPLE

BY EDWARD J. KELLY, MAYOR of CHICAGO

PAGE 13

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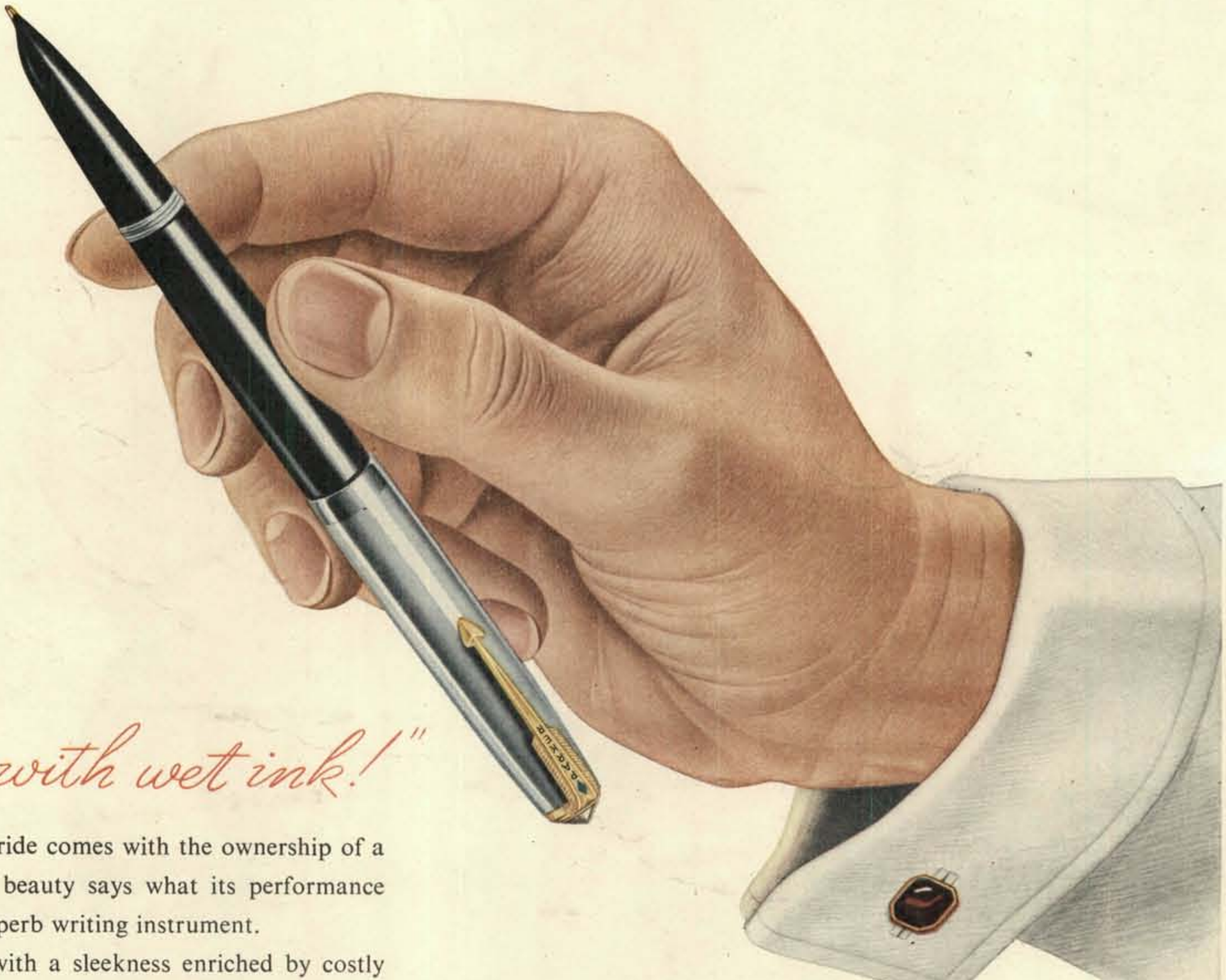

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An extra measure of pride comes with the ownership of a Parker "51". For its beauty says what its performance proves . . . here is a superb writing instrument.

The "51" is styled with a sleekness enriched by costly materials. The tapered shaft balances naturally in your hand. Write with it. That precious Osmiridium tip glides smoothly, silently as a cloud. And only the "51" is designed for satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink that dries as it writes. All this requires high craftsmanship—and a precision measured in thousandths of an inch.

Today, more 51's are on the way. Still more of these "most wanted" pens will follow. The day is very near when you may have a "51" of your own. Ask your dealer again.

51's come in Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

Parker
"51"

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A development of
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Razing cane–75% cheaper

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

Down in Louisiana sugar cane is a big crop. Big in many ways. Cane stalks stand 10 to 15 feet high. They're tough, sturdy, often 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. And cane has to be harvested during the winter rainy season — even when there's water standing in the rows.

For years farm work in this southern sugar bowl was a job for men and horses. It was slow, heavy work—planting, cultivating, cutting the heavy cane by hand in wet fields. They tried mechanized farm equipment—but it didn't work well in the cane fields until special rubber tires were developed.

B. F. Goodrich took the design of its regular tractor tire which had worked so well in other sections, put double-high cleats on it for greater traction.

This special cane field tire made practical new cane field machinery. The harvester shown in the picture cuts cane as easily as though it were grass, lays it in rows. Labor costs only 25c per ton. Hand labor—when you can get it—costs about $1 per ton. Thus the machine method saves 75%. Time saving in case of an early freeze may be even more important.

A special crane, mounted on this same kind of tires, picks up the cane stalks with grappling hooks, drops them onto rubber-tired wagons. Time and money are saved on every operation.

This cane field tire is typical of B. F. Goodrich developments in tires for every purpose. If the job requires a special kind of tire B. F. Goodrich builds it. In the complete line are special tires for off-the-road usage, for logging trucks, for road machinery, for farm equipment, for intra-plant hauling, and many other purposes. Before you buy tires, check the B. F. Goodrich man. He can show you an improved tire for every purpose. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Tires and Tubes
BY
B.F. Goodrich

TODAY'S

Motorola Radio

WILL FIT AND MATCH

THE CAR YOU DRIVE

TOMORROW!

Here is the radio for your car that is so good it has become the standard for comparison in car radio.

Motorola delivers broadcast voice or music with living room richness and quality. It plays under the most difficult conditions . . . where ordinary radios often fail completely. No need to wait . . . have your Motorola installed right away. It can easily and quickly be transferred to the next car you buy.

Look in your classified telephone directory for a nearby Motorola dealer.

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OF THE FAMOUS
"HANDIE TALKIE"

Motorola AUTO Radio

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
CHICAGO 51, ILLINOIS

Collier's
FOR APRIL 13, 1946

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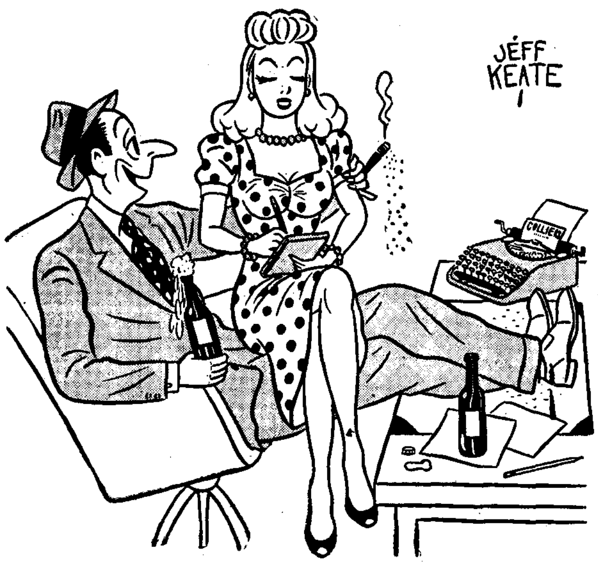
any week

WE'VE had a number of gripes about military decorations. Veterans of World War I are complaining bitterly that only six Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded to participants in that calamity. In fact we are told that Mr. Joe Topikicz of Gary, Indiana, was speaking of this to his recently returned son whose chest bore a startling resemblance to the aurora borealis. "But, look, Pop," said the latter, "they don't hand out medals for mere scuffles. You guys are lucky there weren't any cops around."

ALL we did was to publish an editorial setting forth our opinion that perhaps our armed forces were being demobilized too quickly for international security. And for that we get a letter from a G.I. in Japan saying: "I can see you guys sitting comfortable in your fancy office with a bottle of beer in one hand, a cigar in the other and a blonde in your lap and writing stuff like that." Only he didn't call it stuff.



SO, FINISHING our beer, disdainfully tossing away our cigar and dropping the blonde into the wastepaper basket, we read a letter from Miss Kate. Miss Kate—Kathleen Macdonnell—left us four years ago after fifty years. She's eighty now and retired to her native Dublin, Eire, after her first airplane flight—from Chicago to Limerick. She has written us a letter about that trip, and if we had space for it you'd read a lyrical composition that would leave you singing. We can see her now: sipping her powerful, scalding Irish tea, looking very like a plump, wise, humorous robin with a little joke all of her own. For many years Miss Kate presided over the manuscript records to which she personally never had to refer because she had memorized them. Deaf as a statue was Miss Kate, but she said she didn't mind because, she always explained, there hadn't been anything new to listen to for at least thirty years.

MISS KATE told us, when the war started, about a Scottish woman she knew whose only son was a wee bit daft. Her only worry was that because of his infirmity he'd either be rejected by the draft board or commissioned a lieutenant colonel or a lieutenant commander without further ado.

OUR listening post in the Massachusetts Berkshires, Mr. Roger M. Keeney, wandered into a Great Barrington music store just in time to hear a lady ask *(Continued on page* 63)

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WHO OWNS THE BELL SYSTEM?

It belongs to people in all walks of life in cities, towns and villages throughout America.

The money *comes from* the savings of the many.

For only the many—that is, hundreds of thousands of small investors—have the money to own such a big business.

More than half of its 700,000 stockholders are women.

About one stockholder in thirteen is a telephone employee.

The average number of shares held per stockholder is 30. More than 210,000 stockholders own five shares or less.

No one owns as much as one-half of *one per cent of its stock.*

About one person in every 200 in the United States is a part owner of the Bell System.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

JUST CAN'T LIVE UP TO MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION...TO GROW BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON!
BRISTLE TONIC
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

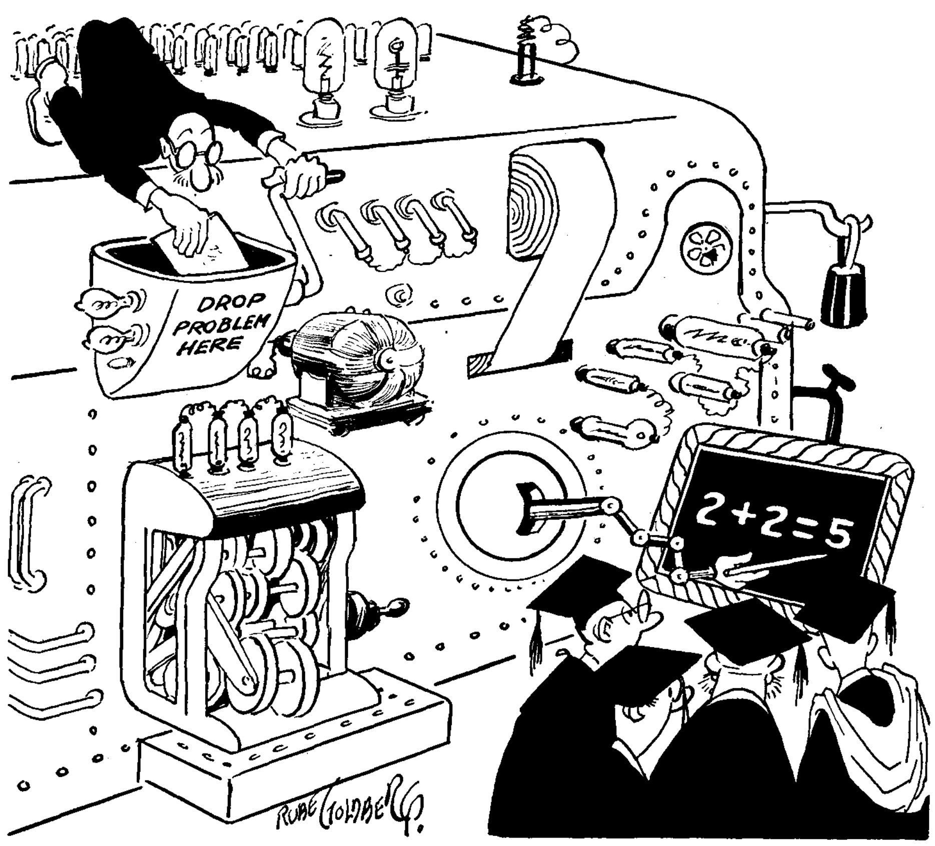
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR 50¢ PROFESSIONAL



Keep up with the world

The fastest calculating machine ever developed is the new Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer which has been under construction for two years at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Weighing 30 tons and occupying 1,500 square feet of floor space, the machine attains its incredible speed through an all-electronic operation which employs 18,000 tubes. In its first demonstration, it made a computation in two hours that would have required at least 200,000 man-hours of work by expert mathematicians.

David Belasco's reputation for injecting realism into his stage productions began with his first successful play, Hearts of Oak, which opened at Hamlin's Theater in Chicago on November 17, 1879. As the curtain arose each night on Act One, revealing a living room, a cat crawled from under an armchair and stretched herself before the log fire. The perfect timing of the animal's action aroused much speculation as to how Belasco accomplished it. Later, he divulged that, an hour before curtain time, the cat was squeezed into a small box concealed under the chair so that, when the box was opened by the pull of a cord off stage, the animal naturally emerged at once and stretched her cramped muscles.

Probably the only newspaperman to have his portrait on a postage stamp was James D. Bourchier, one-time Balkan correspondent of the London Times. For having negotiated an alliance between Bulgaria and Greece before the first World War, he was honored by the Bulgarian government with two issues of commemorative stamps in 1921.

As a memorial to Enrico Caruso, the largest candle in history was made in New York in 1924 and set up in Naples, but it is now in Rome, where it was sent for safekeeping when Italy entered the war. Requiring the work of five men for four months, this candle is 18 feet in height, seven feet in circumference, weighs three tons and cost about $5,000. Lighted for 24 hours on every All Souls' Day, it is expected to last at least 1,800 years.

For the first time since 70 A. D., Jerusalem is again a predominantly Jewish city, Jews now constituting 62 per cent of its population and owning 80 per cent of its stores and factories.

During the Spanish civil war, the bloodiest and costliest conflict of its kind in modern times, the military aid that Franco received from Germany totaled $161,000,000, which was later repaid, while the aid he received from Italy totaled $263,000,000, which has not been paid.

The cross has been used universally from the dawn of civilization as both a religious symbol and an ornament. Of the thousands of different forms in which it has been designed, approximately 300 are still employed in art, architecture and heraldry.

Unemployment compensation is extended today to nonstriking workers made idle by a strike in all states except Alabama, Delaware, Ohio and Wisconsin.

One of the oldest houses in the world still in possession of the original owning family is the ancestral seat of the Oglanders in the village of Nunwell on the Isle of Wight, a few miles off the south coast of England. This house has been occupied successively by 27 generations of this family since it was built by Roger Oglander soon after he came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror in 1066.

The growing realization that a chronic alcoholic is a sick person and needs medical care has resulted in the founding of a number of organizations whose purpose is to aid in the rehabilitation of these individuals, of whom there are some 750,000 in the United States today. Besides five private national groups devoted to research and education, five states have commissions studying the problem and four cities have clinics for alcoholic therapy.

Since 1798, the U.S. Army has extended the temporary or permanent rank of lieutenant general to 91 officers, 77 of whom were given the promotion in the past seven years.

by Freling Foster

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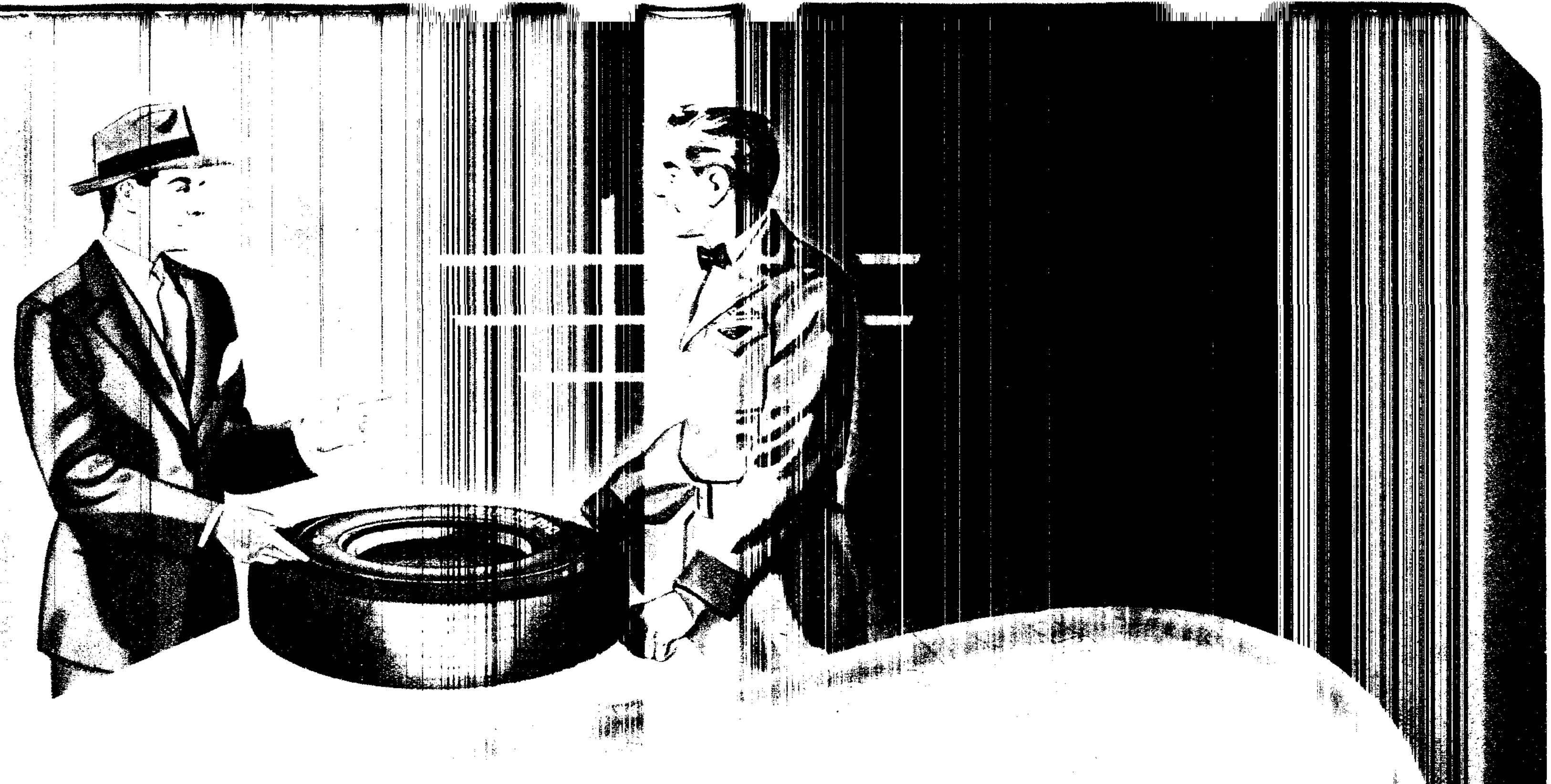
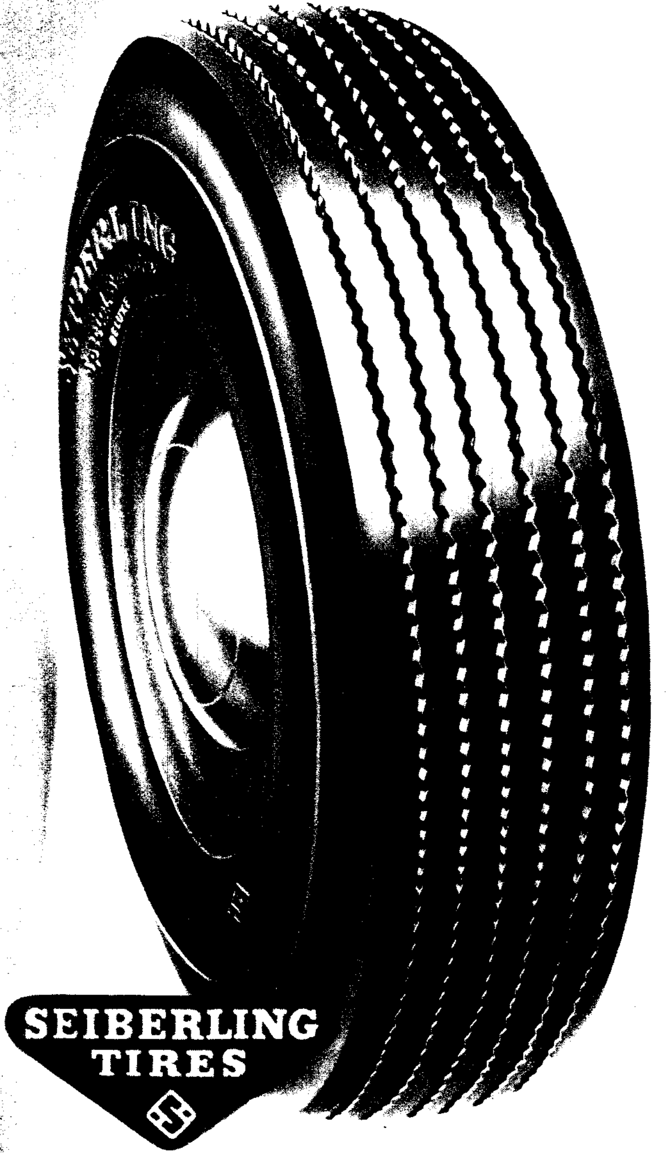




THE LAST 50,000 MILES CLINCHED THE SALE

Out in St. Paul, Minnesota, a man walked into a tire store carrying a well-worn tire. Almost tenderly he laid it on the counter.

"Bill," he said to the dealer, "this Seiberling Tire's gone 97,000 miles . . . *and I want another just like it!*"

Not that *all* Seiberling Tires will go 97,000 miles! Much depends on *how* you drive and *where* you drive.

But every Seiberling Tire *will* give you *extra* value—extra mileage. We've always felt that if you give people *more* than they expect, they'll keep coming back.

And they *have* been coming back for more at such a rate that demand sometimes gets ahead of supply!

Perhaps it's because we've never stopped working to make Seiberling Tires *better*. Many basic tire improvements (such as the much copied Saw-Tooth Tread and famous Heat-Vents) have been the result. More such developments are on the way. They'll be announced when they have been thoroughly proved *. . . we have never introduced a new tire just for the sake of having something new to talk about.*

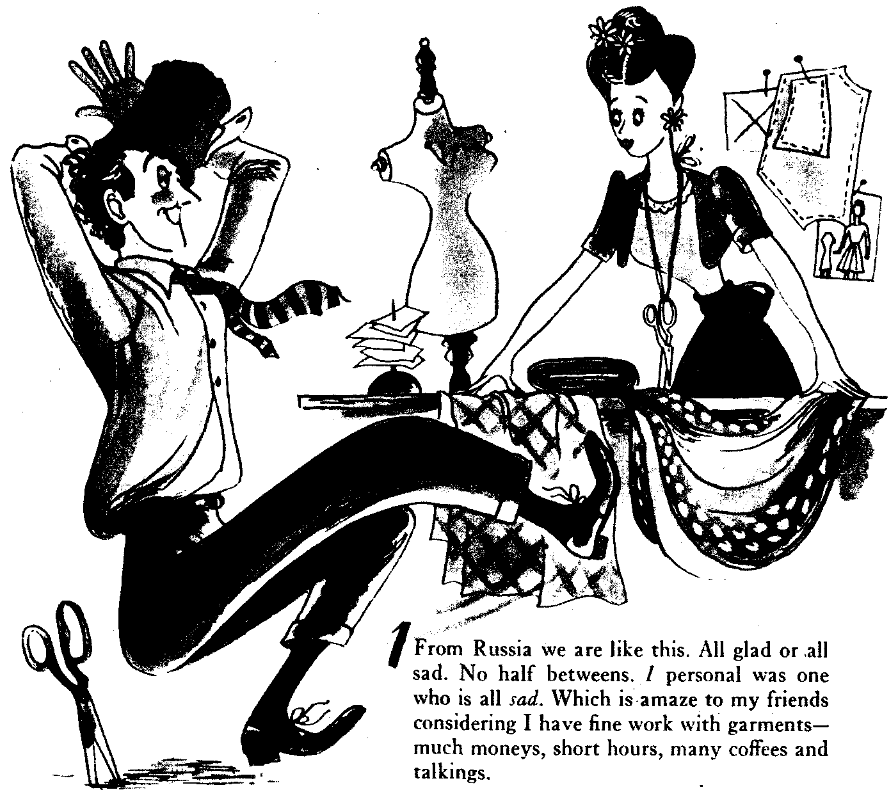
It has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling!

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A. • Toronto, Ont., Canada

SEIBERLING

A name you can trust in Rubber

"I get the gladness—and lose the heart"

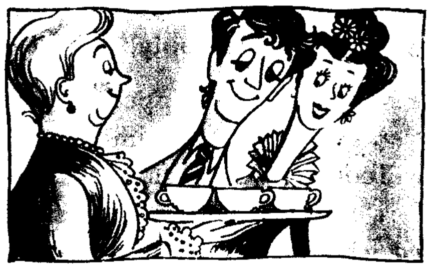


1 From Russia we are like this. All glad or all sad. No half betweens. *I* personal was one who is all *sad*. Which is amaze to my friends considering I have fine work with garments—much moneys, short hours, many coffees and talkings.

2 "Yes," I say to Anna (pretty girl works next to me), "all this I have, yet still I am sad with such *heavy* sadness that I go sleepless in the bed." Now Anna is one for hunches—so she says to me, "I've a hunch it's more than sadness keeps you awake . . .

3 "*I* suspect it's all this coffee you're drinking," she goes on. "The caffein in coffee can do it, y'know—and losing sleep makes *anyone* sad. Why don't you drink Sanka Coffee? It *can't* keep you awake, because 97% of the caffein's been *taken out!*"

4 "Already have I heard of this Coffee Sanka!" I cry, "but is not a coffee, without its caffeins, as sad like a man without his sleep?" "No, no!" laughs Anna (Americans always laughing), "Sanka is *wonderful* coffee—rich and delicious . . .



5 "And removing the caffein hasn't hurt the flavor a bit—or the aroma, either. Come try some tonight. Mama makes it for us every night." So I go, you bet. And I drink the cups full of Sanka Coffee—ah-h-h, such fine coffee, such rich!

6 Next morning—asleep I have been, *all night!* So I thank warmly Anna for her hunch. And now, lately, *I* am having hunch—from the heart. Hunch I would like to drink the cups of delicious Sanka Coffee in company of Anna *every* evening!

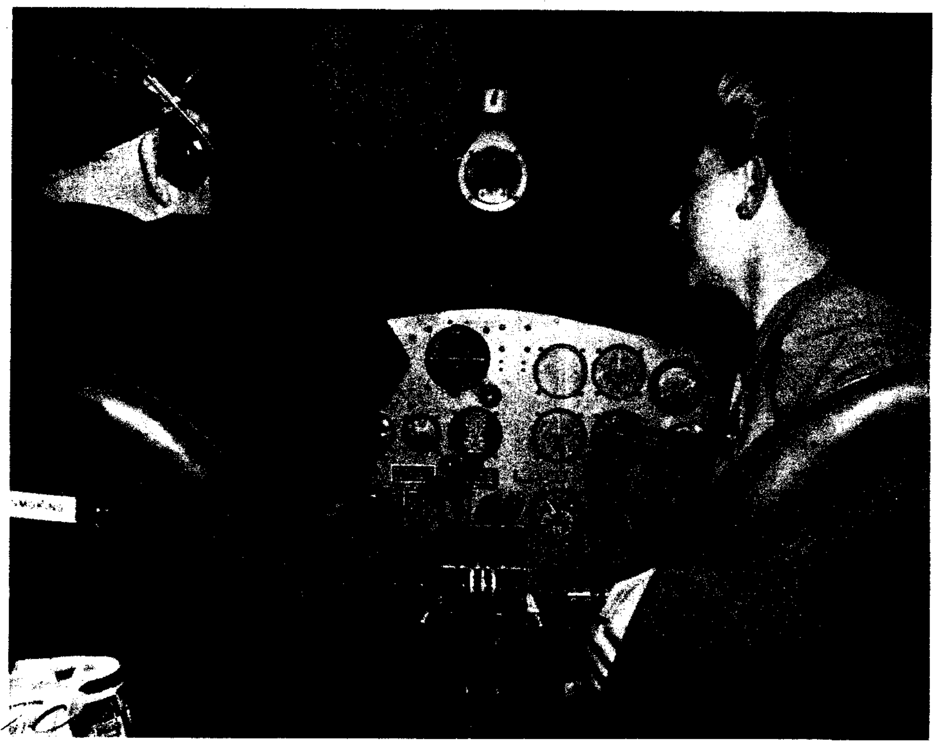
ANNA ME
SANKA COFFEE
ALL-PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!
Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

DON'T MISS SANKA'S HIT RADIO SHOW! It's a scream! It's a riot! It's Fanny Brice at her rib-tickling best! Tune in "The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS. 6:30 P.M. Eastern—5:30 P.M. Central—4:30 P.M. Mountain—7:30 P.M. Pacific.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



TOMMY WEBER

Robinson Airlines' Cessnas and Beechcrafts fly nonstop from their base in Ithaca, N. Y., to many cities. One lucky passenger takes the copilot's seat

THIS is the story of a little airline which has no intention of carrying passengers anywhere on the globe in 60 hours; has no ambition to operate a fleet of glamorous luxury airliners, but seeks only to serve the everyday air needs of its friends and neighbors in its own home town.

It began just one year ago when two four-place Fairchilds took off from the municipal field at Ithaca, New York, and headed for New York City, nonstop. That take-off marked the beginning of something new in airlines—the community airline designed solely to link its community with near-by towns by direct, nonstop, short-haul air service. It is not to be confused with a feeder line, whose purpose is to hop from town to town, picking up mail and people to be fed into the trunk line.

Today, after twelve months of operation, Robinson Airlines is anything but an experiment. The people of Ithaca have taken to the service in such numbers that the line has been able to handle less than half the applications for space. The Fairchilds, carrying a pilot and three passengers, gave way to twin-engine Cessnas carrying a pilot and four passengers. Two twin-engine Beechcrafts, each carrying eight passengers, now are being put into service—and it looks as though two more may have to be bought before the end of this year.

The results have borne out a theory held by the line's founder, C. S. Robinson of Ithaca. Long use of his own airplane for business trips had convinced him that the average person in the average American town frequently finds it necessary to visit neighboring cities within a radius of 150 to 200 miles from home, just far enough away to be inconvenient for surface travel and only a short hop by air.

Determined to give his town the same benefits of air transportation which he himself enjoyed, Mr. Robinson created an airline to serve Ithaca. From the time of the first flight, its purpose has been solely to provide Ithaca with its own airline facilities.

"As we think of it," Mr. Robinson explains, "your own home town is the hub around which the rest of the country revolves, so far as you are concerned. In our case, the hub is Ithaca. From that central hub we send out spokes. Each spoke is a nonstop route direct to neighboring cities as dictated by the travel requirements of the people of our town."

The first spoke went to New York City. Early this year, another spoke was put in to Buffalo. As equipment becomes available, and increasing experience is gained, Mr. Robinson hopes to put in other spokes to link Ithaca with Syracuse, Rochester, Albany and Washington. Each will have the same purpose—quick and easy transportation to and from Ithaca.

When the line was first started, there were some who didn't believe that Ithaca would generate enough traffic to make an airline of its own worth while. It isn't a large city; including Cornell University it has fewer than 30,000 inhabitants. But an interesting streak in human nature has shown up there. The great majority of people are stay-at-homes by nature. They prefer to be with their families rather than alone on the road. Breakfast at home, a business trip to another city during the day, dinner at home is much to be preferred to two nights away from home for the sake of that one business day. And because they can get home the same night, people are traveling more frequently. The air is creating a new travel market all of its own.

Complete traffic figures for the first eleven months of operation show there were 3,903 applications for seats, and 1,740 passengers were carried. These by no means represented a single type or class. They make up a cross section of an average American community.

THERE is two-year-old Suzanne, perched on her mother's lap; an engineer from an aircraft company who has been calling at Cornell's new graduate aeronautical school; a happy couple celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary by a flying honeymoon to Niagara Falls; a local insurance agent going to New York for a regional conference; a department-store buyer in search of new lines for her store; representatives of Morse Chain or the Grange League Federation on missions for their organizations; Cornell students squeezing a few precious extra hours out of the week end; housewives who have made up a party to spend the day in the city.

And because it is a home-town line, the service also is just what one would expect. There are none of the frills of the big airline, but there is a friendly, homey atmosphere that appeals to everyone. It starts from the moment the station manager introduces the passengers to one another and decides who is to be the lucky one to ride up in the front

(Continued on page 63)

There's no Place Like Home!

WHEN you go by air you have more time to spend on business, more leisure time to enjoy your home and family, because *you spend far less time in travel.*

"Speed" is the simple, enjoyable and profitable common denominator of air transportation, plus the fact that air fares have been so drastically reduced that in most cases you actually save money when you go the fastest way—by air.

With our nation laced with airways, with more and more planes coming into service, including the multi-motored sky giants, air travel is easily the most *convenient* as well as the fastest way to go about your affairs both here and abroad.

Why not decide right now to travel everywhere by air in the future. Spend less time on the road. Get more business done. And still spend more time at home.

P. S. *Reservations are easy to make.* Just phone the nearest Airline office or travel agent. In case your plans change, be sure to phone back and cancel. Air Transport Assn. of America, 1107 16th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

* * *

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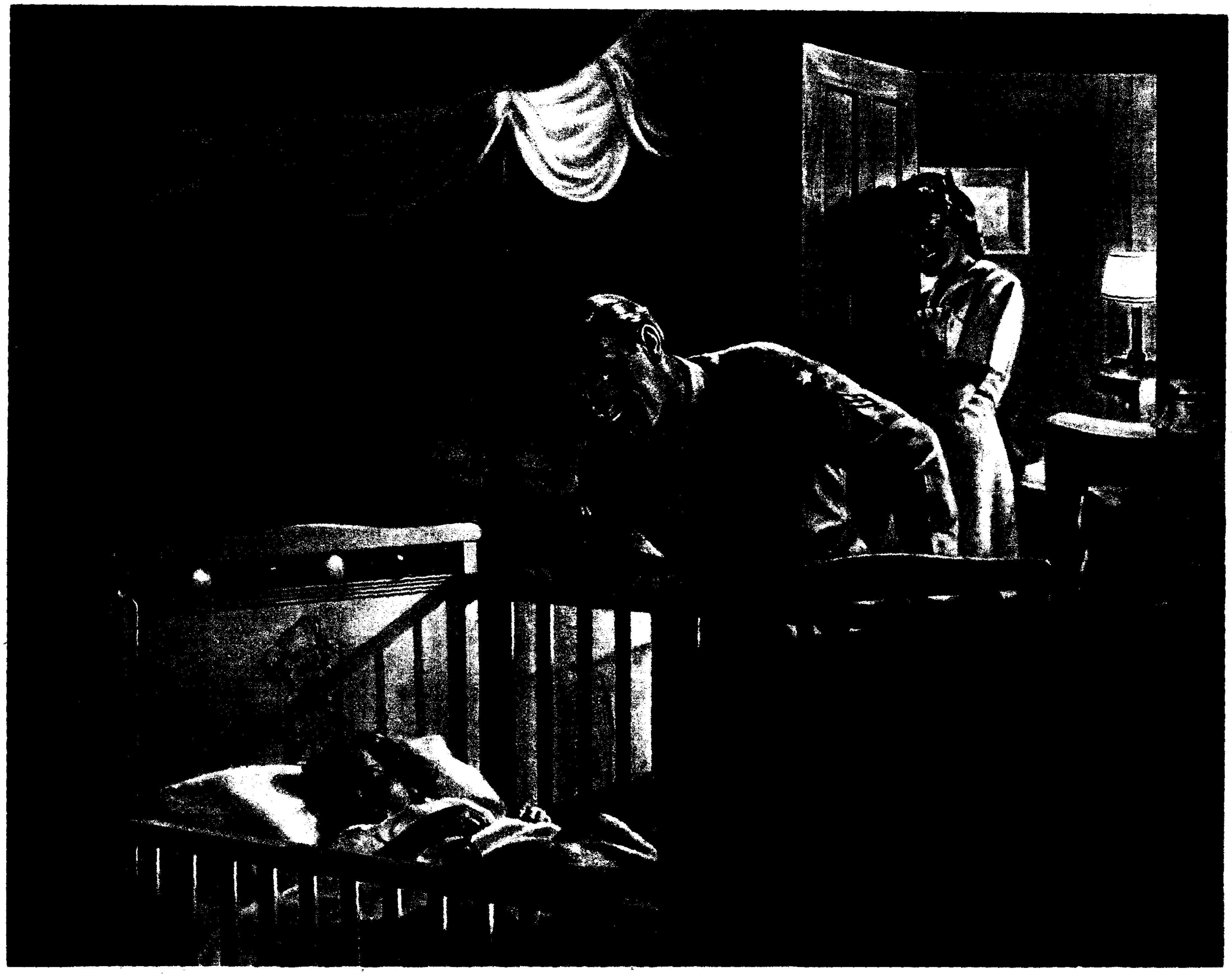


So this is the other woman in my life

Hi, there, Judy.

I guess you don't know me, yet.

I'm the daddy your mother has you mention in your prayers.

I'm the lonesome G.I. that looked in her eyes one night at a USO dance...and felt as if someone had suddenly swept the clouds away and turned on all the stars.

I'm the soldier who held her chin in his hand one spring night just before he went overseas and said, "With a wife like you to come back to—how could I die?"

I'm the man who wrote her foolish letters every time he got a chance, though at times he was so tired —or maybe homesick—he couldn't see the words.

I'm the fellow for whom she took all those snapshots of you—with the ribbons in your hair.

I'm the man who stayed alive when the medics said he couldn't—because he had memories of your mother asleep on his shoulder looking just as you do now.

I've got big plans for you two, Judy. I want to hand the world to you.

But just in case something should ever take me away from you again—for good—I'm putting some of my chips on the one thing that'll never let you down: Life insurance.

I took out as big a chunk of it as I could when I left for the war.

But, looking at you lying there asleep, I know it wasn't nearly big enough.

I know that not all the insurance in the world could be too much when I think of having *two* women in my life like you.

• • • •

Note to Returning Servicemen: The Travelers Insurance Company recommends that you continue your National Service Life Insurance.

Your local Travelers Insurance Agent will give you the same advice and will be glad to answer any questions on how to convert your present government insurance to one of the permanent forms.

Through The Travelers War Service Bureau, he has available information that may be of help to you. He will also be glad to give you, without obligation, any information you may want on Accident, Automobile, Fire, or other forms of insurance which you may need, including *additional* Life Insurance.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Medal from Jerusalem

BY IRWIN SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He would never see her again, but he would always remember her dark beauty, and her pain, and the loneliness of her voice in the night

"THE question that haunts me," Schneider was saying in his high, soft voice, "is: My jazz—is it real jazz or is it merely European jazz?" He was leaning against the bar of the Patio restaurant between Tel Aviv and Jaffa, and speaking to Lieutenant Mitchell Gunnison in short, gypsy bursts of talk, smiling a little sadly and a little archly at Mitchell, and occasionally touching his sleeve lightly with the tips of his fingers. "I mean," he said, "I know it's good enough for Palestine . . . but in America, what would they say about a pianist like me?"

"Well," said Mitchell gravely, "I'd say they'd think it was real jazz." He was young and he spoke slowly and he seemed to think very hard before he answered a question.

"You don't know," Schneider said, sighing, "how you've encouraged me. I listen to the records, of course, but they're old, and you never know what actually is going on in America, and after all—"

"You have nothing to worry about," Mitchell said. "You'll be a sensation in America."

"If I ever get there." Schneider smiled sadly and shrugged a little. "Anyway, you must come tomorrow. I'm working on a new arrangement with the drummer. A rumba, Viennese style. It's ridiculous, but I think you'll like it."

"I'm sorry," Mitchell said. "I won't be here tomorrow. I'm going in the morning. Leave's up."

There was a little silence and Schneider looked down at the bar and flicked his beer glass with his fingernail, making a frail musical sound in the dark oak barroom. "Some more fighting?" Schneider asked.

"A little more fighting." Mitchell nodded soberly.

"You fly, no doubt," said Schneider. "I have no wish to intrude on military information, but the wings on the chest. . . ."

"I'm a navigator." Mitchell smiled at him.

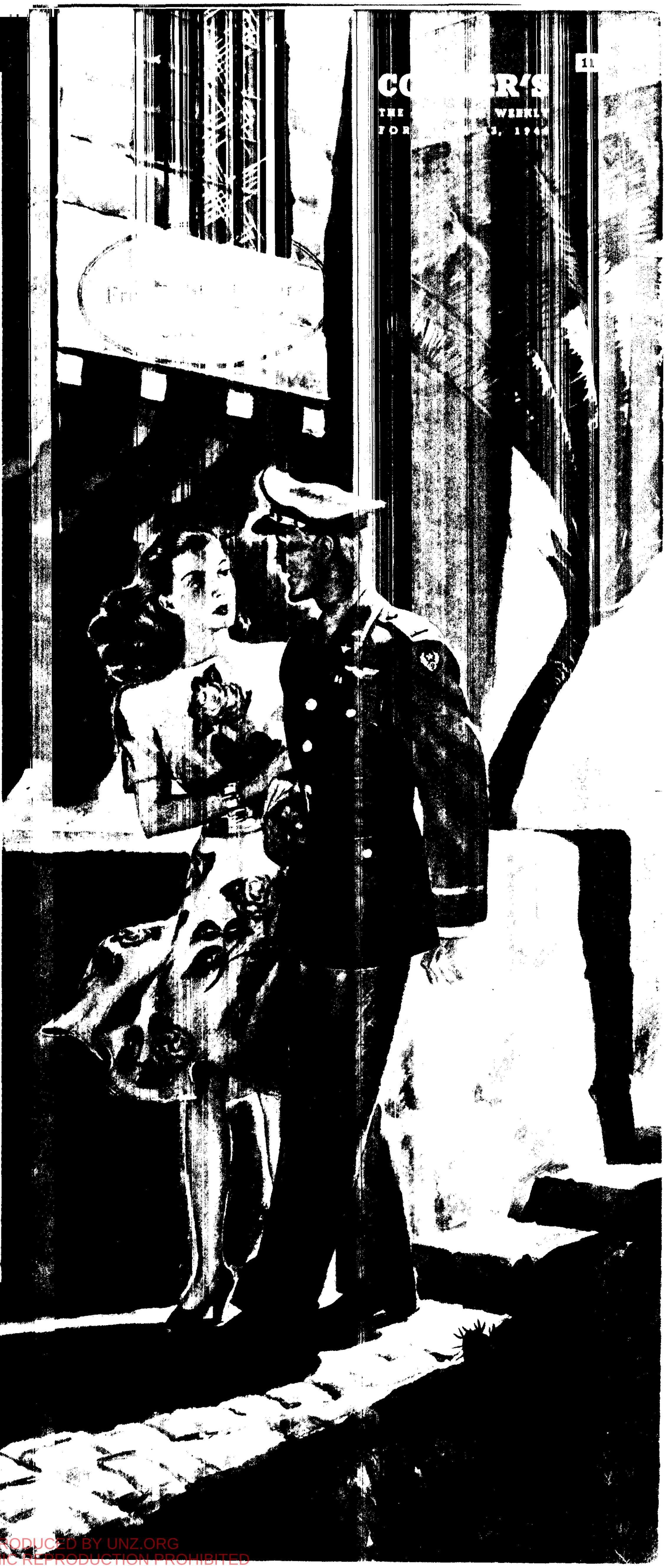
"It must be an interesting profession. Measuring the distance between one star and another star." Schneider finished his beer slowly. "Well, *sholom aleichem* . . . That's good luck. Or to be more exact, peace be with you."

"Thank you," Mitchell said. He turned to the bartender. "Mr. Abrams," he said, "another beer, please, for Mr. Schneider."

"No, no." Schneider waved his hands in protest. "The artist should not drink before the performance. After . . . another matter . . . Ah," he said, bowing elaborately, "Fräulein, we are enchanted."

Mitchell turned around. Ruth was standing there, looking a little hurried, and out of breath, but smiling and as pretty as ever in a light cotton dress, with her skin burned dark by the sun, and her eyes full of welcome and pleasure at seeing him.

"I was afraid," she said, coming over to him and taking his



"Ah," Ruth said, "she must be asleep by now. Come." She took Mitchell by the arm and they went into the house

hand, "I was afraid you were going to be angry and leave."

"I wasn't going to leave," Mitchell said. "Not until they closed the doors on me and threw me out."

"I am delighted." Ruth laughed and squeezed his arm. "I am so absolutely delighted."

"My presence," Schneider said, bowing, "I no longer consider necessary. A hundred thanks for the beer, Lieutenant. Now I must play or Mr. Abrams will start complaining he is not getting his money's worth out of me. Listen, carefully, if it is not too much of a bore, to my version of Stardust."

"We'll listen very carefully," Mitchell said.

Schneider went outside to the patio and a moment later preliminary erratic runs and fragments of melody came floating into the bar as he warmed up for the night's work.

"So." Ruth faced Mitchell, looking at him with an expression that was half ownership, half amusement. "So. What have we been doing all day?"

"Well," Mitchell started, "we . . ."

"You are the bost beautiful lieutenant in the American Army," Ruth said, grinning.

"Well, we went swimming," Mitchell said, pleased and embarrassed, pretending she'd said nothing. "And we hung around on the beach. And we flew a couple of barroom missions. Gin and grapefruit juice."

"Isn't Palestinian grapefruit wonderful?" Ruth asked loyally.

"Sensational," Mitchell said. "Nothing like it in America."

"You're such a liar." Ruth leaned over and kissed him lightly.

"There was an Eighth Air Force pilot down from England," Mitchell said, "and he told us how tough it was over Wilhelmshaven and we told the lies about Ploesti and then it was time to shave and come to see you."

"You've got such a nice, skinny face." Ruth considered the line of his jaw. "You're as pretty as an English lieutenant. I don't like the English, but they have the prettiest lieutenants of any army."

"We send our pretty ones to the Pacific," said Mitchell. "Guadalcanal. We preserve them for American womanhood."

Ruth signaled Mr. Abrams for a drink. "I was in Jerusalem today. I told my boss I was sick and went there. It's too bad—we never got to see Jerusalem together."

"Some other time," Mitchell said. "I'll come back and we'll see Jerusalem."

"Don't lie to me," Ruth said, seriously. "Please don't lie. You won't come back. You won't see me again. Absolutely no lies, please."

MITCHELL felt very young. He felt there was something to be said, and an older man would know how to say it, but he felt dumb and bereaved and clumsy and it must have showed on his face as he peered troubledly at his glass, because Ruth laughed and touched his lips with her fingers and said, "You have such a tragic face for an American. Where do you come from in America?"

"Vermont," Mitchell said.

"Has everybody got a face like yours in Vermont?"

"Everybody."

"I will visit there," Ruth drained her glass, "at some later date."

"I'll give you my address," Mitchell said.

"Of course," said Ruth politely. "You must write it down sometime."

They went out into the patio and sat down at a table on the old flagstones under a palm tree, with the blue blackout lights shining dimly on the uniforms and pale dresses, and the moon riding over the Mediterranean and casting flickering shadows over the dancers. Mitchell ordered champagne because it was his last night. It was Syrian champagne, but not bad, and to both of them it gave an air of festivity and importance to the evening, as it rocked in its silver bucket of ice. The waiter ceremoniously took Ruth's ration tickets and Schneider, seated with the drummer across the patio, with the drum dimly lighted from inside by an orange light of which Schneider was very proud, played Summertime because he had decided that was the song Mitchell liked best. The old song, played trickily and well in the soft echoing patio somehow sounded just and indigenous here between the heavy stone walls on the edge of the Sinai desert.

"I'm jealous of Schneider," said Ruth.

"Why?" Mitchell asked.

"Because of the way he looks at you. He's crazy about you. Has he asked you to come to tea with him and his mother?"

"Yes," said Mitchell, trying not to smile.

"I'll tear his eyes out," Ruth said. "I'm jealous of anybody who looks at you that way. The girls back in Vermont and those Red Cross girls."

"You have nothing to worry about," Mitchell said. "Nobody looks at me that way. Not even Schneider or you."

"That's the nicest thing about you," Ruth said. "You don't know anything. I'm so used to men who know too much. I must visit America after the war—"

"Where will you really go?" Mitchell asked. "Back to Berlin?"

"No." Ruth stared reflectively down at her plate. "No, not back to Berlin. Never back to Berlin. The Germans have made clear their feelings about me. Anyway, I have nobody there. There was a young man . . ." She leaned over and picked up the bottle and absently poured for Mitchell and herself. "I don't know what happened to him. Stalingrad, maybe, Alamein. . . . Who knows?"

Three men came into the patio and walked through the brief illumination of the blue lights. Two of them were Arabs in European dress, and the third was a man in the uniform of the American Army with the civilian technical adviser patch on his shoulder. They stopped at the table. The two Arabs bowed a little, ceremoniously, to Ruth, and the American said, "I thought you were sick."

"This is Mr. Carver," Ruth said to Mitchell, with a wave toward the American. "He's my boss."

"Hi, Lieutenant," said Carver. He was a big, fat man, with a weary, puffy, intelligent face. He turned back to Ruth. "I thought you were sick," he repeated in a pleasant, loud, slightly drunken voice.

"I was sick," Ruth said, cheerfully. "I had a miraculous recovery."

"The American Army," Carver said, "expects every civilian worker to do her duty."

"Tomorrow," said Ruth. "Now, please go away with your friends. The lieutenant and I are having an intimate talk."

ONE of the Arabs, the shorter of the two, a slight, dark man, with a round face and liquid, veiled eyes, spoke to Mitchell. "Lieutenant, my name is Ali Khazen. Permit me to introduce myself, as no one here seems to remember his manners well enough to do so."

Mitchell stood up. "Mitchell Gunnison," he said, putting out his hand.

"Forgive me," Carver said. "I'm suffering from drink. This is Sayed Taif. . . ." He indicated the other Arab, a middle-aged man with a severe, handsome, tight-lipped face. Mitchell shook hands with him.

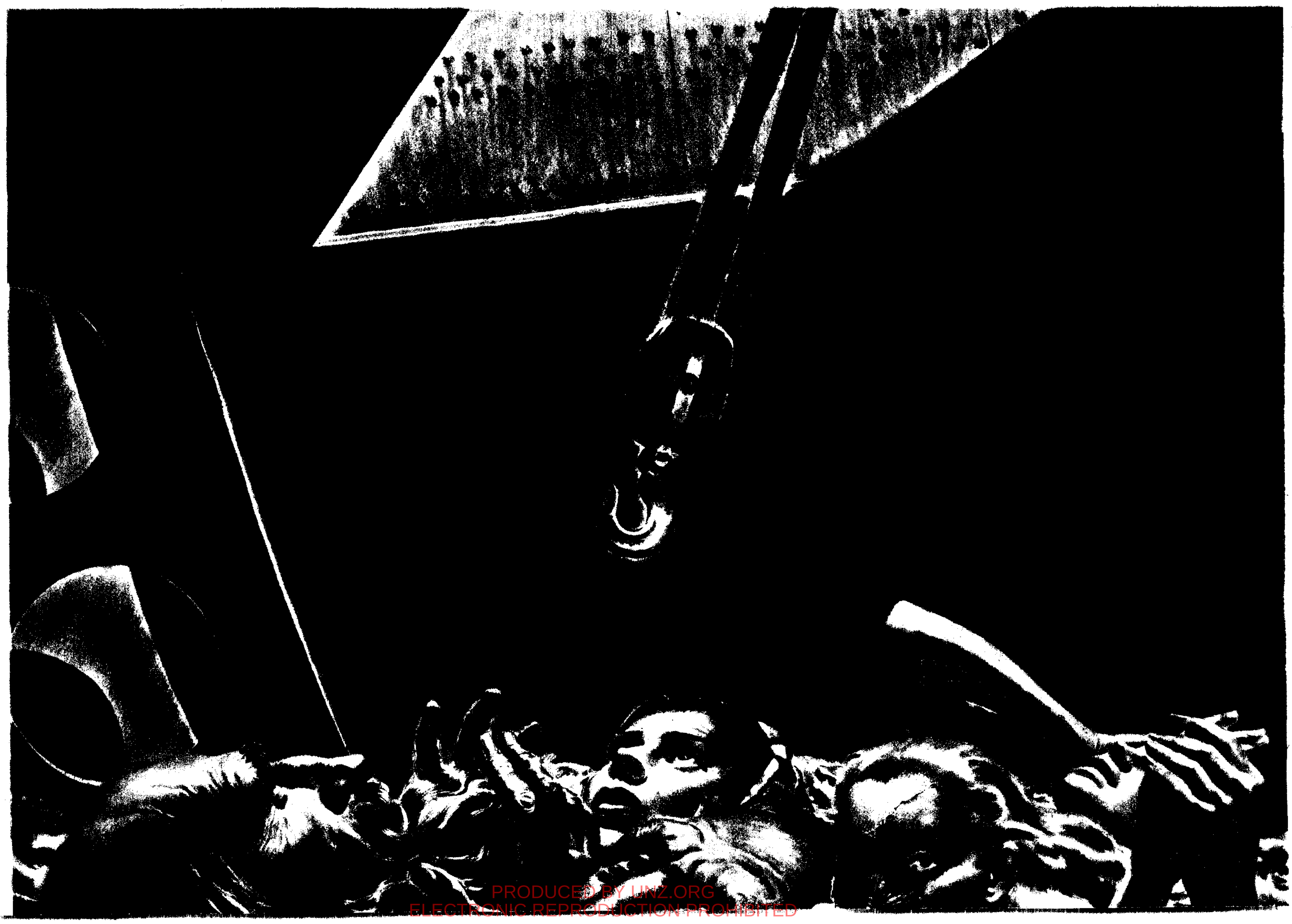
"He doesn't like Americans," Carver said loudly. "He's the leading journalist of the local Arab world and he writes for thirty-five papers in the United States and he doesn't like Americans."

"What was that?" Taif asked politely, inclining his head in a reserved, small gesture.

"Also, he's deaf," said Carver. "Most useful equipment for any journalist."

(Continued on page 36)

"Nobody can have any idea of what dirt is like, until he has been locked in the hold of an old ship with seven hundred people for over a month"



In the anteroom of his office in Chicago's City Hall, Mayor Ed Kelly oils some of the cogs in his machine

POLITICS IS PEOPLE

BY EDWARD J. KELLY, Mayor of Chicago

With Walter Davenport

Mayor Kelly said that young men just about to be graduated from college and wanting to get into politics had come to him asking for his advice. He remembered one—a typical young man—serious, husky, courageous, idealistic, good-looking, not much humor. This is what the mayor told him... W. D.

YOU flatter me, son. I dare say that in the back of that young head of yours there are several misgivings about me—me, Big Ed Kelly, boss of the Cook County Democratic organization, mayor of the world's fourth largest city. You see, I call it the organization. That's what you call it when you're in it, of it, head of it. If you're on the other side of the political fence you call it The Machine, and its product, machine politics—something sinister, a common synonym for bad government, graft, stolen elections.

I'm flattered that you've come to me. Usually young fellows of your background, fresh from your classes in political economy, science and philosophy, avoid direct contact with old war horses like me. You see, son, I've had fifty years of experience in public life.

Now, now, don't look surprised. Hair isn't gray. Still stand up straight to my six feet two. Still bigger in the chest than I am in the belly. And Johnny and Joe, there, those young detectives who are usually somewhere in my immediate vicinity, say that I can still give a pretty good account of myself with my fists, although I wouldn't know about that. They'll always flatter you, son. You've got to look out for that. Always taken care of my health—no liquor, don't smoke too much, don't eat like the food in front of me was the last there was in the world. So don't be too surprised.

But as I say, usually young fellows like you are more likely to be found in some quiet, orderly meeting yonder, in a small but intellectual audience that's listening to denunciations of Kelly and his machine—to scholarly theorists who speak unselfishly but from cold intelligences rather than warm hearts, to others who want me and my organization voted out of control for no more noble reason than that they long to succeed me.

For the former gentlemen I have sincere respect. To them government, municipal government in this instance, is almost pure science. They have filled you with ideals, son. Hold fast to those ideals. If you get into this rugged game of city politics you will find inevitably that your ideals will of necessity be tempered with realisms and expediencies. Hold on to your ideals. Fight for them. But don't be blinded by them.

What Makes a Good Mayor

In your young mind some of these scholars who have been your teachers will seem to be eminently fit men to head your city's government. Theoretically yes, but such men seldom make good mayors. They seldom stay in office long enough to effect their high purpose.

Why? Simply because they're inflexible, they don't understand people, they don't know the mind of the common man, they can't quite stoop to organization or machine control. The people don't understand them. And the masses of the people are suspicious and even afraid of men they do not understand. Remember that, son.

Exceptions? Why, of course. You're asking me for advice. There are a number of sound principles for young fellows like you who want to get into politics. I'll give you one to start with: Study the career of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—Roosevelt the politician first, because he was a man of many parts. Study Roosevelt the politician and, my boy, you won't go very far wrong. He was a great politician, a master.

Myself, I'm no amateur, lad. I've come up from doorbell-ringing in the rough, tough, club-and-fist precincts back of the stockyards, the son of lowly folk. Roosevelt was patrician born and bred. For him there was Groton and Harvard and culture and refinement and wealth, and from all this, as I say, seldom come successful politicians. But as a practical politician I frequently left his presence

(Continued on page 73)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Jealousy

BY ZENITH BROWN

The Story:

When Charlie Hale brought his exotic, black-haired bride, Sybil Marsh, back to his home in Landover, the town sat up and took notice; everyone had expected Charlie to marry Lisa Talbot—and Lisa was still living with her father on the farm across the creek from the Hales. Although Charlie had never spoken of Lisa, it was not long before Sybil herself became sharply aware of their previous friendship, and when Lyman Grimes, a young antique dealer whom she had met briefly before her marriage, intimated that Charlie had been in love with Lisa before a quarrel separated them, *uneasy apprehension began to infect Sybil's happiness.* As a member of the law firm which managed Lisa's trust, Charlie had an active interest in Lisa's business affairs, but unaware of this, Sybil's discovery that he had been seeing Lisa soon after their arrival turned her apprehension to a nagging fear and dislike. Her first meeting with Lisa, an event avidly awaited by the town, came about at a party given by Charlie's mother and father, and brought all Sybil's fears to a climax: her nerves on edge, an unintentional tactless remark to Lisa threw the feelings of everyone in the group against her; frightened and defiant, Sybil watched the guests leave one by one, heard Charlie furiously condemn her, and saw him stalk out of the room. . . .

II

THE battered old station wagon with Hollyrood painted on the door was parked in front of Lyman Grimes' shop in School Street. Lisa Talbot came out of the Hales' and hurried across, hoping desperately not to get caught in one of the street-corner post-mortems that were *inevitable after a party in Landover.*

Her heart sank as she saw Gertrude Meers half sitting on her dented fender, looking into Lyman's lighted window. Giving Gertie Meers a lift home was an accepted community obligation that Lisa, being fond of her, was glad to share. But this evening was different. She went on reluctantly.

"Hi, there, Gertie. Can I give you a lift?"

Gertrude Meers tossed her cigarette into the gutter. "Yes, if you don't mind. Lyman said you were parked over here."

Lisa glanced in the window of the shop. It displayed a single length of blue chintz with white peacocks, rampant, down the center, all very restrained and in total opposition to the prevailing technique in Landover, where the windows looked like an overflow from the stockroom.

"It's rather pretty, isn't it?" she said.

"It stinks," Gertie Meers said calmly.

"Okay, dear," Lisa said, laughing. Gertie was in a rotten mood, she thought. Maybe it was something at the party or maybe the moles had got into her bulbs. A bulb farm and landscape garden service near Landover added up to a losing game at best. Still, if Gertie could be started on the bulbs *maybe* she could be kept off Sybil Hale.

"I thought you were coming over to get some compost," she said.

"The compost heap I'm interested is," Gertie Meers said, "is the one we just left. What did you think of the bride?"

We're off, Lisa thought. The line forms on the left, ladies and gentlemen. . . .

"I think she's lovely," she said.

It was easy to sound wholehearted, because it was true. She was trying to think about Sybil Hale only on the sheerest surface level. She had to be careful . . . for many reasons, and one of the most important of all of them was to keep herself from ever being like the girl sitting slumped in the seat beside her, sullenly embittered, a frustrated old maid at twenty-six.

"She's really lovely to look at, isn't she?" she said.

"I think she's a snotty little so-and-so," Gertie said.

"Oh, come on, Gertie. Leave us give the gal a break."

"She'll never give you one, baby, take it from me. And you watch her, Lisa. She's out after your hide."

"Oh, *please*, Gertie!"

Lisa was surprised at the genuinely concerned note in her own voice.

Gertie Meers was silent for a while. "The trouble with you, Lisa," she said then, "is you're too darned decent to everybody. And I'd like to know where it gets you."

Lisa laughed. "It's got you home, anyway, sweetie." She was thinking about her tires. It was the fastest she'd driven the road home since she'd had them recapped the third time. A blowout before she got back to Hollyrood was all she needed right now.

"Thanks, anyway," Gertie said. She got out at the gate. "And you just remember what I say. Watch that gal. She's burned up about something. 'Night."

She's got a right to be burned up, Lisa thought, heading back along the paved road to the dirt lane into Hollyrood. She still didn't know where the time had gone while she and Charlie were sitting in front of the fire that noon. If Caddy had brought her lunch in, the way she should have done . . . *But that was part of what she had to watch: Caddy and Sam* and people like Gertie Meers, who were her friends and would try to lend a helping hand and make a lot of trouble doing it. And Sybil was probably in the same spot, if Lyman Grimes was a friend of hers. It was absurd for anybody to pretend they didn't know Lyman had a wide streak of pure yellow malice down the middle of his soul's back. It was unfortunate, Lisa thought, that he had to turn out to be Sybil's former friend in Landover.

Oh, why does everything have to be such an intricate mess? she thought.

She ran up the windows, picked up her bag and gloves and got out of the car. At the top of the steps she stopped for a moment, making a quick mental inventory of all the possible disasters that might be waiting for her . . . her father, the barns, the tractor, the truck, the pump, the pigs.

She stood listening in the deep silence. At least it wasn't her father—she could hear the radio in the living room, which meant that he was back in the house and waiting for dinner. She stopped inside the front door and listened again. It was the kitchen—it was much too quiet—*and she hadn't thought of the kitchen in her inventory.* She hurried through the hall. If anything had happened to old Caddy. . . . But the old woman was standing, solid and silent, in front of the stove. Beyond her, sitting on a chair in front of the woodbox, was Althea—Sam's wife, Caddy's daughter-in-law and Sybil and Charlie Hale's cook and general maid.

Althea and Sam are having trouble again, Lisa thought quickly. She smiled. "Hello, Althea. How are you, and what are you doing here? I thought you were supposed to be over at Halethorpe."

"I and Sam aren't going to work over there," Althea said. Her eyes, hot and sullen, were turned away from Lisa and fixed on Sam's mother.

"Oh, stuff—of course, you are!" Lisa said. "Don't be mean, Althea."

"I and Sam aren't working for anybody that calls Sam a nigger," the girl said. "She said he went sneaking off. Sam don't sneak off. I'm the onliest person Sam sneaks off from."

LISA looked at the clock over the stove. It was seven-forty now. It was a few minutes after six when Sybil Hale had said that. In an hour the grapevine had done its work. Althea, eight miles from the Hales' party, already knew what Sybil had said.

"She didn't mean it the way it sounded, Althea," Lisa said. "Really she didn't. She just isn't used to our ways yet."

"And we're not used to hers, and we're not bothering to get used to them. I and Sam aren't. She can just get somebody else."

"Oh, Althea!" Lisa said impatiently. "That isn't fair!"

"It isn't fair to call Sam a nigger and say he goes sneaking off. What she didn't like was Sam coming over here. She don't like you and Mr. Talbot."

"But that's absurd," Lisa said. "She doesn't even know us, Althea."

The colored girl was silent for a moment. "We want to come over here and take the old house by the dairy," she said then. "Sam could work."

"That would be fine," Lisa answered quietly. There was no use being irritated. "But you know I can't afford to pay you."

"We know that. But we're not going back over there."

Lisa tried to think. It looked like a complete impasse. Althea was smart and intelligent, she could get a job anywhere she wanted, and she knew it very well.

"If Sam and Althy goes back," the old colored woman said slowly. "If they goes back, an' they don' lak it—not if they jus' says they don' but if they *don'*—then they don' have to stay there."

"Of course, they don't, Caddy," Lisa said. "But Mrs. Hale didn't mean to hurt their feelings."

"If they give it a chance an' it ain't lak you say, an' they don' lak it . . . if they do that, then it's all right if they come back an' take the ol' house by the dairy."

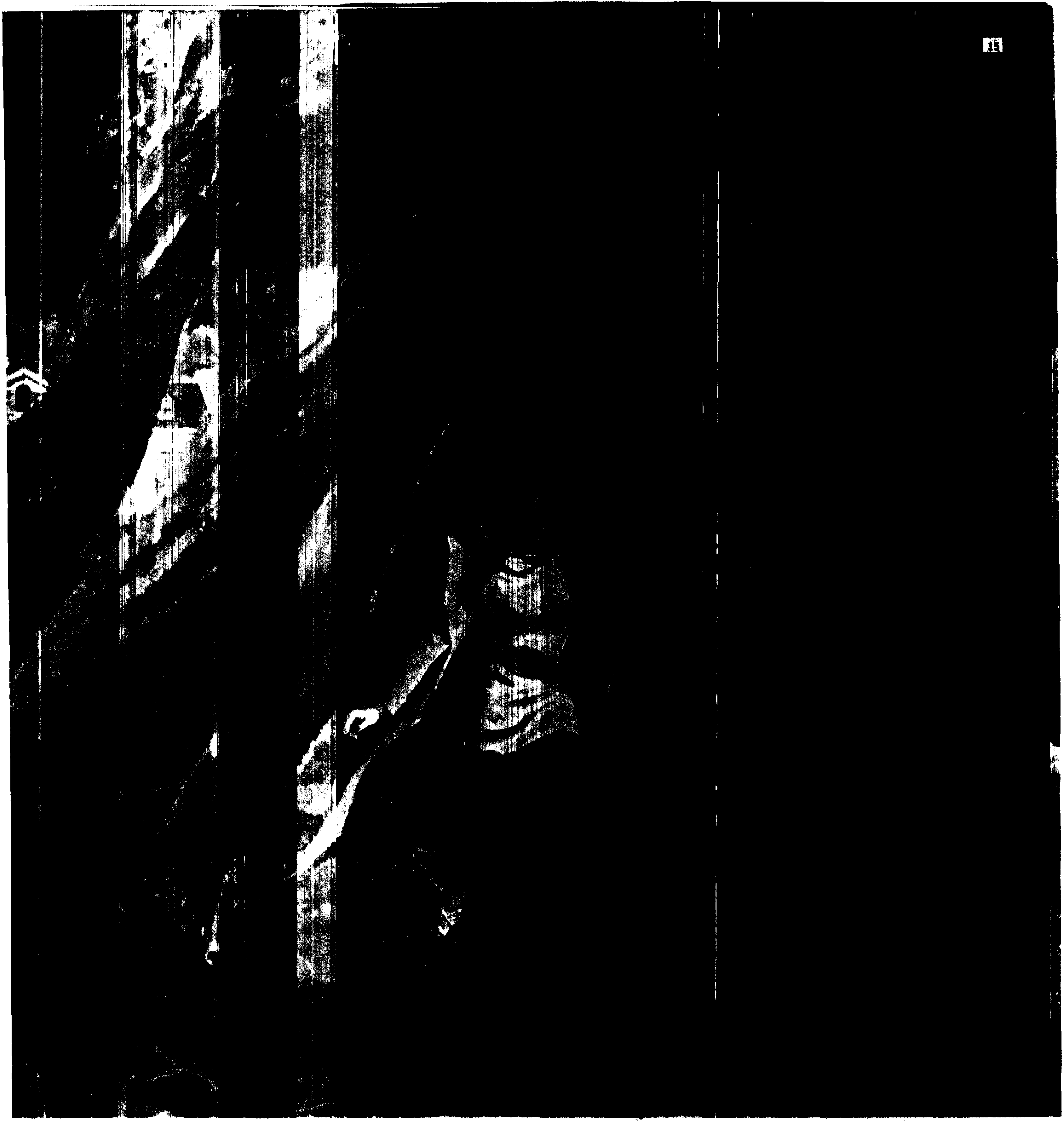
Lisa hesitated. It could be very awkward. Sybil Hale would never believe she'd done her best to keep Althea for her.

"If that's the way you say," Caddy went on, "Althy and Sam can go back."

Lisa still hesitated, trying to think of some other way out.

"All right," she said. "That is the way I say."

The old woman went on filling the tureen without looking up at Althea. "You an' Sam go on over there. You hear



what she say. She ain't say one thing an' mean somethin' else. You an' Sam go on."

The girl got up. "Yes, Mamma."

"Thanks, Althea," Lisa said. She turned and went back into the dining room. Inside the door she hesitated again. Sybil Hale had about as much chance as a jack rabbit, bucking the situation she'd made for herself that afternoon . . . and she'd never realize she was the one who'd made it. The day Althea and Sam calmly walked out and came over to Hollyrood to live would be the end of a beautiful friendship that was practically ended before it started as it was. She'd better go back and make it perfectly clear to Althea that it had to be a major crisis. She opened the door and stopped short. Althea was talking.

"—should have married Miss Lisa. She's just rotten jealous, that's what she is. . . ."

Lisa let the door swing to, quietly. Her cheeks were burning. There it was again; and this time it had a ring of clearer truth. It wasn't only Lyman, then, she thought, who was doing *the poison-well act for Sybil.* She obviously hadn't seen him until that afternoon, and it must be some other kind friend at work.

It's all so absurd, Lisa thought, when she's so lovely to look at.

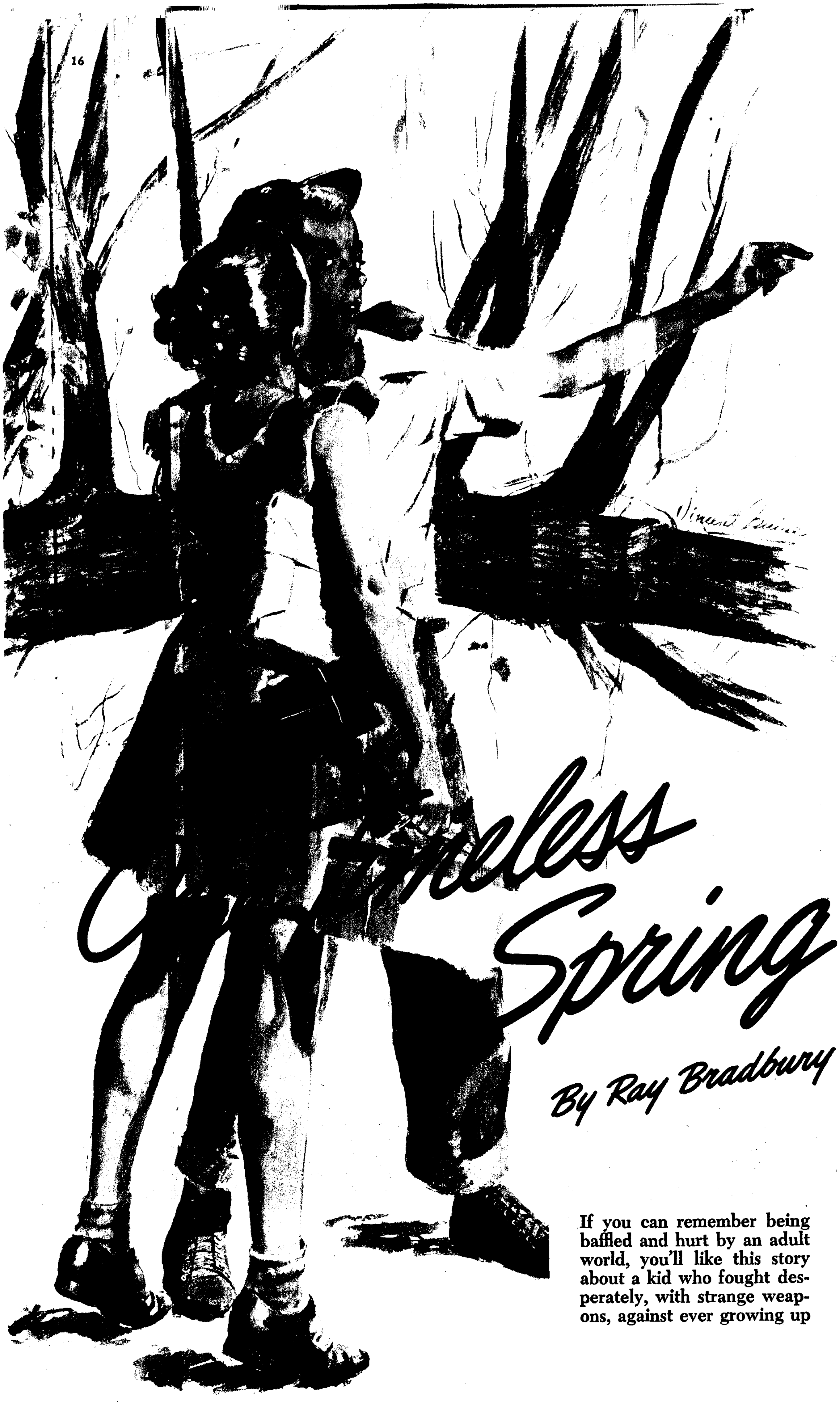
The human heart dies hard. As she lighted the candles in the dining room she knew that that was another of the bitterly astringent truths she didn't want to learn. She knew she hadn't counted on Sybil Hale's being so lovely-looking. . . .

Charlie and Sybil had moved out to Halethorpe the day after the party. Now, this morning, ten days later, time flew by on shining wings. It went so quickly that Sybil, startled by Althea's coming in to say her lunch was served, realized that something beautiful had happened by its flight. It had been so unobserved that she tried to clutch it back, a precious thing she wanted to keep forever, until she realized practically that its loss was exactly what made it precious. It was precious because it was one o'clock. If it had been ten-fifteen or a quarter to eleven it would have been just another morning dragging by.

Sybil suddenly realized she had been waiting for Charlie and Lisa Talbot to come home. The thought made her feel miserably ashamed, and she turned and ran back to her own house

She laughed and did a childish *(Continued on page* 80*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Timeless Spring

By Ray Bradbury

If you can remember being baffled and hurt by an adult world, you'll like this story about a kid who fought desperately, with strange weapons, against ever growing up

"There's the hut!" Clarisse stepped close to me to see where my finger was pointing. Very quietly she put her arm around me and kissed me. I was so surprised and bewildered I almost cried out

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT QUISE

THAT week, so many years ago, I thought my mother and father were poisoning me. And now, twenty years later, I'm not so sure they didn't. There's no way of telling.

It all comes back to me through the simple expedient of an examined trunk in the attic. This morning I pulled back the brass hasps and lifted the lid, and the immemorial odor of mothballs shrouded the unstrung tennis rackets, the worn sneakers, the shattered toys, the rusty roller skates. These implements of play, seen again through older eyes, make it seem only an hour ago I rushed in from the shady streets, all asweat, the cry of "Ollie, Ollie, Oxen Free!" still excitedly trembling on my lips.

I was a weird and ridiculous boy then with brooding and uncommon ideas; the poison and the fear were only part of me in those years. I began making notes in a lined nickel tablet when I was only twelve. I can feel the stubby pencil in my fingers now, writing in those timeless spring mornings.

I PAUSED to lick my pencil, thoughtfully. I sat in my upstairs room at the beginning of a clear endless day, blinking at the rose-stamped wallpaper, my feet bare, my hair shorn to a hairbrush stubble, thinking.

"I didn't know I was sick until this week," I wrote. "I've been sick for a long time. Since I was ten. I'm twelve now."

I scrouged up my face, bit my lips hard, focused blurrily on the tablet. "Mom and Dad have *made* me sick. Teachers at school also gave this—" I hesitated. Then I wrote: "*Disease* to me! The only ones who don't scare me are the other kids. Isabel Skelton and Willard Bowers and Clarisse Mellin; they aren't very sick yet. But I'm *really* bad off . . ."

I laid the pencil down. I went to the bathroom mirror to see myself. My mother called me from downstairs to come to breakfast. I pressed close to the mirror, breathing so fast I made a big damp fog on the glass. I saw how my face was—changing.

The bones of it. Even the eyes. The pores of my nose. My ears. My forehead. My hair. All the things that'd been me for such a long time, starting to become something else. ("Douglas, come to breakfast, you'll be late for school!") As I took a quick bath I saw my body floating under me. I was inside it. There was no escape. And the bones of it were doing things, shifting, mixing around!

Then I began singing and whistling loud, so I wouldn't think about it; until Father, rapping on the door, told me to quiet down and come eat.

I sat at the breakfast table. There was a yellow box of cereal and milk, white cold in a pitcher, and shining spoons and knives, and eggs planked with bacon, Dad reading his paper, Mom moving around the kitchen. I sniffed. I felt my stomach lie down like a whipped dog.

"What's wrong, Son?" Dad looked at me casually. "Not hungry?"

"No, sir."

"A boy should be hungry in the morning," said Father.

"You go ahead and eat," said Mother at me. "Go on now. Hurry."

I looked at the eggs. They were poison. I looked at the butter. It was poison. The milk was so white and creamy and poisonous in its pitcher, and the cereal was brown and crisp and tasty in a green dish with pink flowers on it.

Poison, all of them, poison! The thought ran in my head like ants at a picnic. I caught my lip in my teeth.

"Unh?" said Dad, blinking at me. "You *said?*"

"Nothing," I said. "Except I'm not hungry."

I couldn't say I was ill and that food made me ill. I couldn't say that cookies, cakes, cereals and soups and vegetables had done *this* to me, could I? No, I had to sit, swallowing nothing, my heart beginning to pound.

"Well, drink your milk at least, and go on," said Mother. "Dad, give him money for a good lunch at school. Orange juice, meat and milk. No candy."

She didn't have to warn me on candy. It

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Dorothy Liebes at her loom, with Chinese Venita Fong, one of her weavers

Weaver of Dreams

BY RUTH CARSON

Untutored as we are, we'd always thought that weaving was something designed to keep idle hands from becoming the devil's playthings. Now we learn it is a rewarding hobby and a fascinating art

WHEN Dorothy Liebes arrives in New York on one of her regular commuting trips from San Francisco, she moves into a hotel suite with a secretary and two telephones; unpacks her hats by John-Frederics and clothes by Adrian; hangs lengths of magnificent hand-woven textiles by Liebes on the wall; and is ready for business.

From then on, the telephones seldom stop ringing. People are milling around the place. And Dorothy herself doesn't stop talking; except when she loses her voice. "I may give other people nervous breakdowns," she says, "but nothing ever happens to me except that I lose my voice."

Dorothy Liebes is tall, willowy, blond and from California. She's a weaver, out to prove that artists can be practical. Authorities say that Dorothy Liebes is perhaps the greatest weaver living. The hand-woven textiles she turns out in her San Francisco studio have won awards here and abroad. They are credited with influencing the trend to rough textiles and clear colors, now evident in so many of our decorative fabrics. They are used in houses, clubs and hotels from Honolulu to Eastport, from Texas to Connecticut. They're on exhibition in museums, too.

But that isn't what's causing the commotion in her hotel room. What she is more likely talking about is machine-made tablecloths. She is proud of her tablecloths. "Imagine," she says, spreading out before you a cotton cloth in tweedlike weave, a variant on the old-time beer check—styled by Liebes, woven by machine—"a dollar ninety-five cents wholesale. Cloth *and* four napkins."

That tablecloth is a key to the current Liebes success. A superb craftsman herself, she holds no brief for handwork if a machine can do the job as well. Obviously more people can afford to own machine-made things. Her high-priced, custom-order work is a "laboratory for experiment, financed by rich people, and for people who really love hand-made things."

She is consultant to half a dozen mills, working on things like the upholstery of your new car, the sound-filter screen of your radio, the ticking on your mattress. She works with manufacturers of wallpaper (they intend to reproduce, photographically, the textured look of her hand-loomed fabrics) and lamp shades. ("Shades can be woven of all kinds of light-filtering materials.")

In her hotel-room jam sessions you meet not only people like Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, but businessmen who see that good art can pay. Some of them are British textile men, who want her to put on a show in London. Her latest convert is a necktie manufacturer.

The Art of Blending Materials

Her color schemes are snips of yarns and materials. For convenience, a dozen or more combinations are fastened on a strip of buckram. They are made out of such things as lucite, cotton, hemp, copper, wool, ribbon and reed. The mixture is deliberate. The Liebes textiles are famous for color and texture, achieved by just such a blending of materials.

Dorothy Liebes, who was Dorothy Wright then, studied textile design at the University of California, and learned to weave there. She spent a summer at Hull House in Chicago, weaving. Then she went to Columbia University to study for a master's in education. "When you are poor you need a way of making a living. My father was a professor and my mother was a teacher, so they thought a teaching diploma was a good safe thing to have. But I wanted to go to Paris, so I bought a loom and wove night and day to supplement my income from part-time teaching. I made eleven hundred dollars in three months. I wove baby blankets for Saks and for Madison Avenue shops."

Back from Paris and out of school, Dorothy Wright became Mrs. Leon Liebes of the department store Liebeses in San Francisco, and there was no need for her to earn money. But she was a weaver and she liked to weave. Also, a loom can be a very decorative thing to have around. She made one with a hand-carved ram's head on the frame, painted it red and gold and put it in the living room. She made other looms, too. Soon there were looms in the dining room, in the sunroom, even in the bathroom. Her friends came around to help her use them. Eventually Dorothy and her looms and her friends moved into a studio downtown, for more room and convenience.

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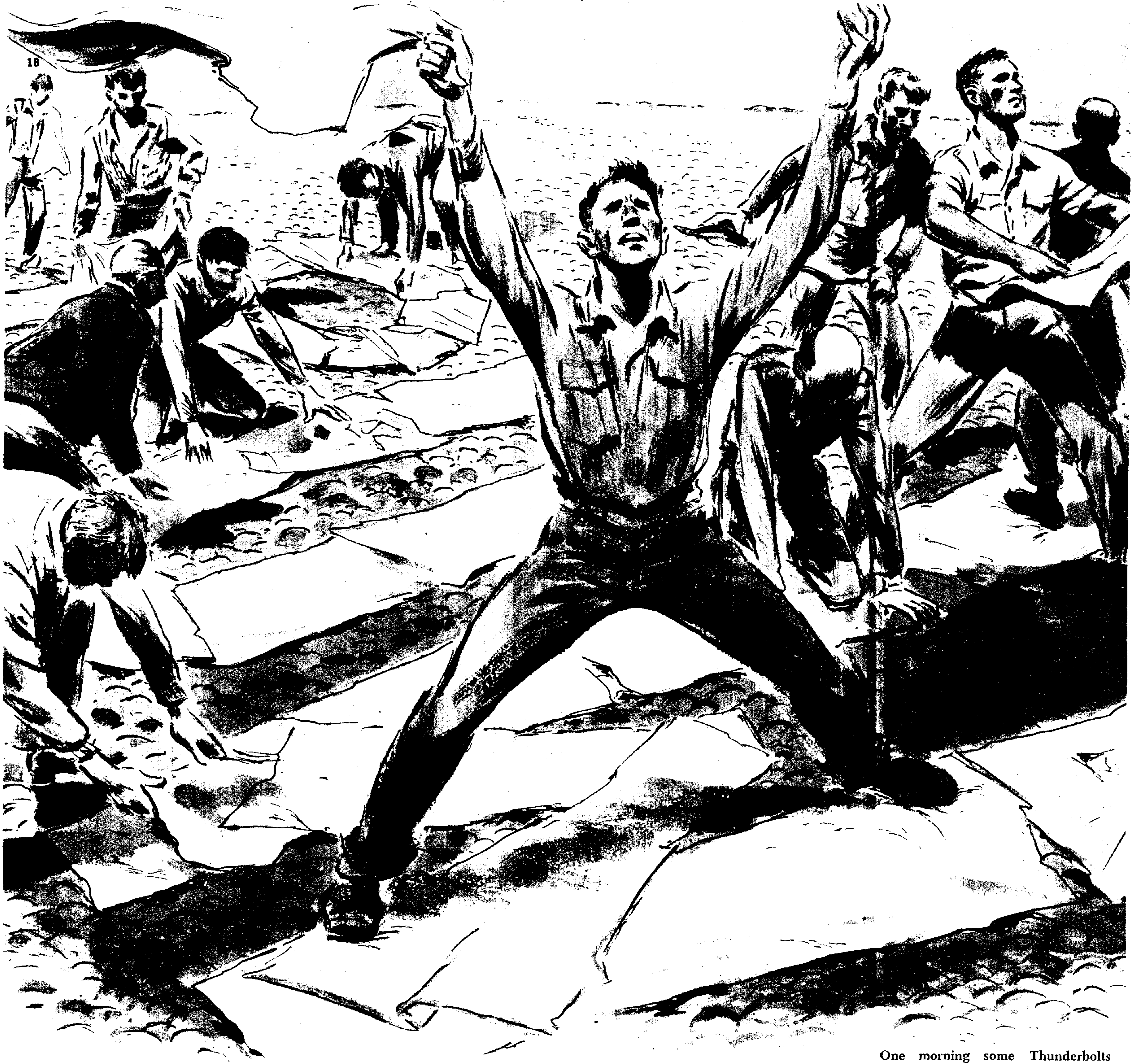
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE



One morning some Thunderbolts came over. Twenty prisoners rushed into the courtyard with blankets, shirts, mattress covers, and spelled out a desperate message: P-O-W. But we never knew whether it had been seen

FREEDOM CAME SLOWLY

BY GUY T. NUNN

The story of the last five days in a German prison camp. Would the Russians or the Americans get there first? And how soon would the Nazi masters crack? Men's lives depended on the answers

SCHLOSS COLDITZ *was a seventeenth-century castle in Saxony, built by August the Strong. It lay a few miles south of the point where, late in April of 1945, the American First Army made contact with the Russians. During the war the castle served as a special hostage camp for prisoners whom the Nazis either feared or prized inordinately. In all, 19 different nationalities were represented among the prisoners. Guy T. Nunn, author of this article, was one of five Americans in the camp. Commissioned overseas by the Office of Strategic Services, he volunteered for a secret mission from northern Yugoslavia and was ultimately captured in Budapest. This is the story of what happened at Schloss Colditz during the last five days before the prisoners were liberated by American forces.*

FOR weeks we had been looking to the east, building up the bridgeheads on rough maps as the Russians spilled over the Oder. Breslau was encircled; Sagan fell, Grünberg. Where were they now? At night, occasionally, the Stormoviks came over. One night one peeled out of formation and had a try at the castle which was our prison.

Twenty or thirty shells poured against the castle's east wall—a gesture of spite against an imagined SS headquarters, perhaps. We were all in our bunks, and it was morning before the wall could be inspected.

It was the morning of the 10th, and as Polish General T. Bor-Komorowski came from his cubicle, his face was still white, his eyes red from sleeplessness. Most of the shells had struck just outside the slit which was his window. Stone fragments had ricocheted about his room.

Bor had been one of the leaders of the Warsaw uprising. Now as he spoke, his voice was low, with a dry, windy quality. He was certain, he said, that the Russian intelligence service had learned where the Germans were holding him and had made an attempt on his life. He said it with a terrible, almost fanatical, certainty. There was no point in trying to laugh him out of it, and no one did. Besides, one was not in the habit of laughing at generals.

That was the morning of the 10th. That night there was another raid—a big one, commencing about ten o'clock. Dresden was getting it.

On the morning of the 11th a watcher on the top floor yelled, "Smoke, dead west!"

"How far away is it?" everyone asked. It could be 10, it could be 30, it could be 50 miles out.

What was it? It could be a fire started by American artillery. (There had been no bombing to the west.) It could be a burning oil dump, fired by the Germans in retreat. It could be sabotage. It could be an accident.

At eight that night we were told in small groups what had been picked up from B.B.C. on the hidden radio. Montgomery was far north and east—driving toward Hamburg. To the south, straddling the Main, Patton. Dead west—somewhere in the Jena-Weimar area was Hodges and the American First. But where? He could be 75 miles away, he could be a hundred.

The veteran cynics took over. No one would come fast enough, neither Hodges from the west nor the Russians from the east. Did the Germans look worried? They still had plenty of time to do what they would with us—burn the castle with us in it—transport us south into the Bastion—line us up outside and give it to us—plenty of time to do anything they wanted.

That was the night of the 11th.

The morning of the 12th was cold and hazy. Over the bridge at the bend of the Mulde poured endless thousands of refugees from the east. Now it was paying off, that daily dose of fear of the inhuman Russians which Nazi newspapers had poured down the throats of their readers for a decade. Now the roads were clogged with the oxcarts and pushcarts and pull carts and lumbering horse-drawn wagons of freezing and terrified millions. Our guards whispered stories of suicides along the road, of hunger-maddened mothers throwing their children into the river, then following them. I translated one such story for a curious Frenchman who had seen me talking to a guard. His face lit up in genuine pleasure.

"Sans blague? That gives me infinite joy. Now they will understand what happened in France in 1940. They should also have planes strafing the roads, to give them the full flavor of it."

The Dregs of German Manpower

In the field inside the river's curve we could see the *Volkssturm* drilling. Old men, they were, and very young boys. I thought I could make out one man with a wooden leg. Back and forth they slogged across the snow-covered ground. They looked cold and miserable and ridiculous. It was at once depressing and amazing—this demonstration of discipline at a time when the very prow waves of two armies were about to engulf them from east and west.

The night of the 12th, there were no turnips. The guards said deliveries had been interrupted.

We gathered in groups and discussed how long we might last without food. Surely, we would be reached within a week.

The cynics went back to work. Don't be silly, old boy. They don't have us here for nothing. Didn't you hear the guard's story that 800 SS troops will be in the village tonight? If they can't hold the town, they'll do us in. We're all for the high jump, old boy.

Well, maybe so. The morning of the 13th came, and with it, the SS troops. They were setting up the defenses of the town. They had brought in a handful of 88s—wicked-looking guns—and were setting them up on the rim of the hill immediately behind the castle. They had also brought in several truckloads of bazookas. These were distributed among the *Volkssturm.*

Nothing happened that night.

The morning of the 14th was clear and bright. At about 10 o'clock a watcher shouted that he could see fighters—over there to the southwest. It was true. They were Thunderbolts, headed dead over the castle. Twenty of us were struck by the same idea at once. We rushed into the courtyard with blankets, shirts, mattress covers—anything we could lay hands on—and in a few seconds had spelled out a large POW on the black cobblestone face of the quadrangle.

A Thunderbolt Raises Our Hopes

As one of the planes approached the castle, flying directly above the courtyard, it heeled over. We could see the pilot's goggled head. We shouted and waved, jumped and ran around in circles. Surely he had seen the sign. Surely he would make a report.

That was the morning of the 14th. All that day we were pressed against the west windows, watching. There were new fires that afternoon—widely spaced, but closer than the first.

My eyes were tired. I looked down on the parapet below. A guard was pacing stolidly, smoking a cigarette. This was the first time I had ever seen a guard smoking on duty. I pointed it out, and we agreed that it was very significant, *very* significant. *Disintegration.* We were desperate for some sign of disintegration. For the moment, a guard smoking on duty would do.

That night the *Kommandant* ordered John Winant, son of the American ambassador to England, to appear with his blankets at the gate. He had been sent to Colditz after the big fliers' camp at Sagan was almost within range of Russian artillery. John was a quiet boy, about 22—and except for the scar across his face, looked like any Princeton crewman you'd ever seen. He'd been at Colditz hardly a week, and everybody liked him. He was to report at the gate within an hour, to be taken away. The order had come from Berlin.

I went to Duke. Florimond Duke was a full colonel. Of the five Americans in Colditz he was the ranking officer. It was agreed that we should protest the order, stall for time. Tanks were approaching from the west. It might be only hours until they reached the river.

I went to the gate and told a guard to inform the *Kommandant* that *Oberst* Duke wished formally to protest the order that Winant be removed from the castle. It was a violation of the Geneva Convention that a prisoner be moved without being told his destination and without being permitted to inform his next of kin, through the Red Cross, what his new address would be. *Oberst* Duke requested an immediate conference with the *Kommandant.*

While the guard clumped toward *Kommandant* Prawitt's office, we debated what to do about Winant. Most of us were for hiding him in the castle. Where? The obvious, the only sure place, was the niche in which the radio had been hidden for nearly three years. Countless Gestapo searches of the castle had failed to locate it.

The decision was made. I returned to the gate till the guard came back. The *Kommandant* would see *Oberst* Duke in his office. *Hauptmann* Nunn would be present as translator.

INTERNATIONAL

Liberated: Elphinstone, nephew of Queen Elizabeth (left), Alexander, cousin of the Field Marshal (third), Lord Lascelles, the King's nephew (next to last), John Winant, son of U.S. Ambassador to England (last)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Polish General T. Bor-Komorowski had been one of the leaders of the Warsaw uprising. The Germans had offered him freedom if he would help form an anti-Russian underground in Poland. He had refused. But now he was afraid that the SS might turn him over to the Russians

Putting Prawitt on the Spot

Through one guarded gate after another the guard took us. Lieutenant Colonel Prawitt's office was large. Prawitt sat behind a great oak desk. He said, "Well?" Rapidly I summarized the protest. The Geneva Convention—no guarantees for Winant's safety—the American military authorities would hold Prawitt responsible for Winant's life—obvious that the Germans intended to use him as a hostage.

Prawitt nodded as I spoke. When I had finished he said, "Inform the colonel that I realize more fully than he the seriousness of what is being done. But tell him I have just received personal telephonic instruction from Heinrich Himmler that *Leutnant* Winant be removed from this castle. There are 800 SS troops in the village. If I should refuse to comply with the order, it would serve no purpose at all. I should be found in the morning, wrapped in newspaper, in a gutter.

"In an hour, an SS guard detachment will appear here to take Winant away. If I should refuse to turn him over, it would mean only that we should all be killed. They would burn the castle with everyone in it."

It was not warm, but he pulled a handkerchief from inside the cuff of his blouse and wiped perspiration from his face. His voice had a barely perceptible quaver in it as he resumed:

"Look. I am 20 years a regular officer of the *Wehrmacht.* This gang which has wrecked Germany has beaten us, for now. We were beaten on June 22d last year. But our day will come. For now, the only thing to be done is to save as many lives as possible, both among the guards and among the prisoners.

"I can give you no guarantees that Winant will be safe, but I think he will be. I will send my chief intelligence officer with the SS guard detachment. He can return with a note in Winant's own hand from wherever they take him. But if Winant is not at the gate, my own guards will come after him—and if *they* do not find him, God help us all."

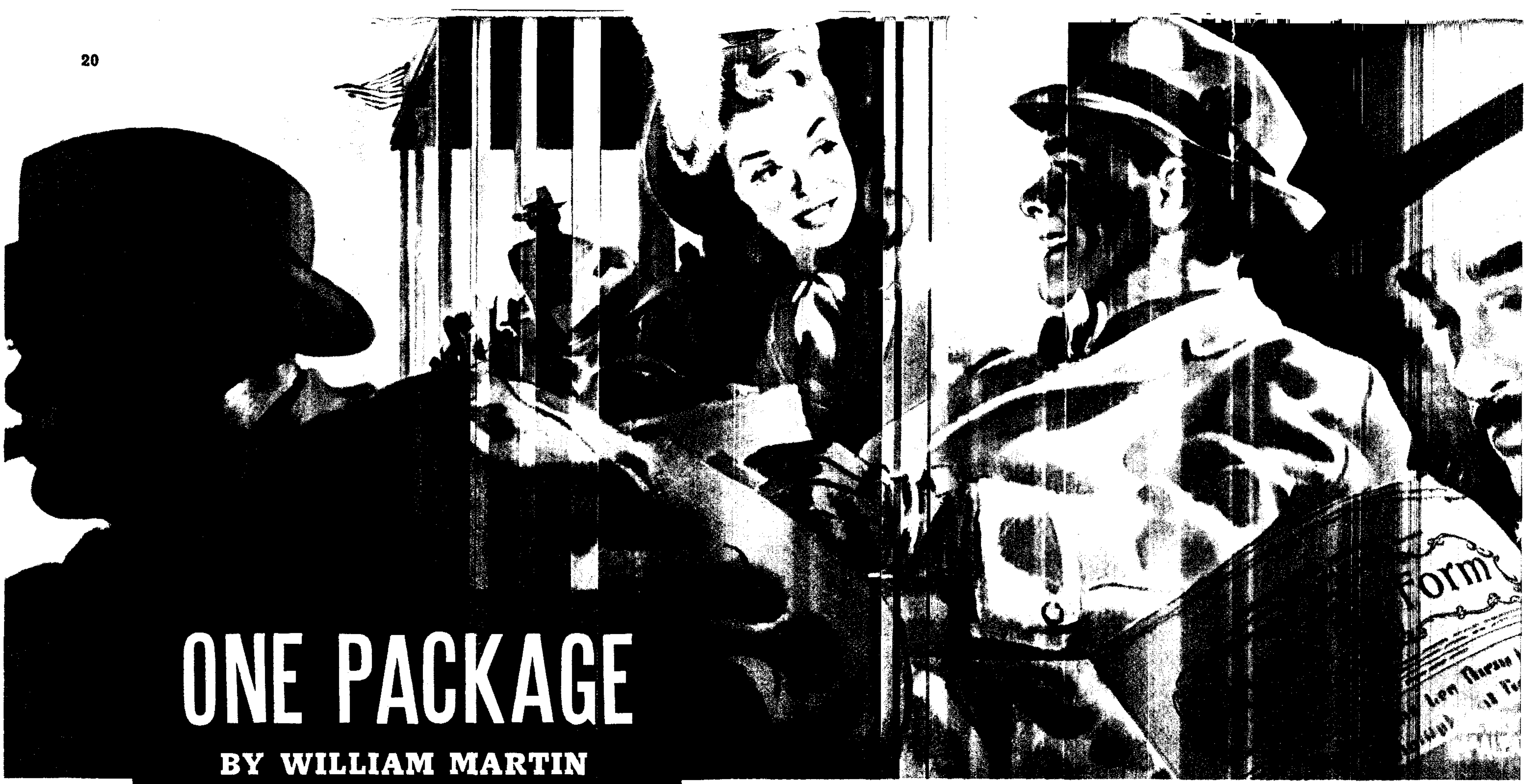
As we were taken back to the prisoners' quarters, I ran over swiftly what Prawitt had said. Obviously we were as much in control of the situation as he. He would be forced to cover up for as long as he could if we did not deliver Winant. He might even be forced to fight off any SS troops which attempted to enter the castle. His guards were broken-down old men, most of them, but there were 550 of them, with rifles and some machine guns. And in a few hours every SS man in town might have his hands too full saving his own skin to bother about carrying out an order from Berlin. It might be a winning gamble, keeping Winant hidden.

Now Duke was talking. He was saying that probably the *Kommandant* was right. Besides, he felt sure that Winant would be safe, but he argued that perhaps we could force the *Kommandant's* hand, force him to

(Continued on page 69)

I peered around the corner of a building, saw two G.I.s cautiously moving from door to door. "This is a Yank," I called. But they were taking no chances. They advanced crouching, rifles poised

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK



ONE PACKAGE

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY McALEAR

Eddie leaned back and smiled at Marg. "I figured this out in Italy, and here we are, you and me." "It's a lovely engagement party, Eddie," she said

MARG hurried down the empty office hallway to the elevator, her small heels clicking on the marble floor. She was already an hour late, and now of all times, with Eddie waiting for her outside. But Mr. McCarrick had given her four letters at the last minute. Would she please . . .

She had wanted to say no. *Eddie* was waiting for her—the Eddie she had waited for and prayed for for three years. A grown-up Eddie with the Purple Heart, and a Medal for Good Conduct; not the reckless, irresponsible Eddie Mr. McCarrick had fired out of the office three years before for studying Racing Form all day, and slipping out during hours to bet on the ponies.

At the elevator now she straightened the seams of her new nylons, and smoothed her new brown sports coat. In the thin little elevator mirror, going down, she noted her own thin, too-eager face and smiled a casual smile to hide the eager look.

Outside, she felt Eddie's arm tighten around her shoulders. After a few steps he grinned and said, "Who's this good-looking babe rushing along like she's late for a Saturday-noon appointment?"

"Me, Eddie. I'm sorry but Mr. McCarrick . . ."

"That heel." Then he grinned. "Who's McCarrick?" he said, and held his nose. She laughed with relief.

Eddie kept his arm around her shoulders and guided her through the crowd. She leaned against him, feeling a little weak as she always did when he touched her. She had always wanted Eddie to be more refined—not to call her babe, or show affection in public. But now these same things seemed different, because Eddie was different. He'd lost the loud, know-it-all talk he'd picked up at the cigar store from the bookmaker's crowd. He was easy and casual and polite. He had dignity. For months, before the Army, he'd tried to get by without working; now he was anxious about lining up a new job. Even her mother had been brought to admit last night that Eddie *was* different.

At the corner stop light Eddie swerved her back out of the crowd, and against a building. He grinned and straightened her hat a little and said, "I've been thinking a long time, babe, and everything ties up in one package. Here, before it slips my mind." He bowed and handed her two crisp one-hundred-dollar bills. "My discharge pay. It's for the furniture . . ."

She said, "Eddie" . . . She said, "You mean" . . . and then heard her words trip up on her heart. She felt limp and wanted to cry. She had prayed if only Eddie would get back safe, just safe . . . and now this, too.

"Sure," he said, and kissed her. "You and me," he said grinning. "We're late, babe. Let's move out."

She put the money carefully into her purse as he helped her on a bus. When they finally got seats together, he said, "We're going out to the track to look 'em over, babe."

"But, Eddie . . ."

"Strictly for the scenery," he interrupted. "It's a kind of engagement party, Marg. I've got a semiprivate box."

She thought about that, then: "A box? Can we afford a box, Eddie?" The "we" sounded sweet, so she said it again. "Can we?"

"Because people are getting married," he said seriously, "is no sign they can't afford the finer things in life."

OUT at the track they hurried past the clubhouse, then the betting shed with the lines queued up outside the ticket windows, and then the row of public phone booths in the shadows under the grandstand. Marg wanted to phone her mother how happy she was. But they were late, and, too, her mother would ask where she was. Being out at the track with Eddie might not sound just right on the phone. . . .

Eddie led her up the concrete ramp into the sunlight of the grandstand with the soft brown track and white ribbon of fence and green infield just below. The crowd was settling back after the third race, lighting cigarettes and looking at programs.

Eddie found their box down front, and adjusted her chair. He leaned back, feet on the rail, and smiled at her. "I figured this out in Italy, and here we are, you and me."

She smiled back at him. "It's a lovely engagement party, Eddie." And she was dreaming that they would buy walnut furniture, if Eddie liked walnut. Walnut was practical and easy to keep clean. Eddie would get a job, and with her salary, too, they could plan on a house out of the city, later on, for the children . . .

They hadn't eaten and so Eddie got hot dogs and Cokes. As he paid the vendor, a fat little man in a padded red-striped sports coat waddled over and leaned on their box railing. "Hello, hello, hello," he said, showing all his teeth. "It's Eddie like I thought. Hiya, old pal, old pal. I ain't see ya roun'." He lowered his voice confidentially. "I got one in the fifth, Eddie. I'm tellin' only my oldest pals. You know Bennie."

"Yeah," Eddie said. Then: "I've been away and now I'm back and I've come to the track with my fiancée to enjoy the scenery."

Bennie showed concern. "You wanna tell Bennie you was dumb an' wouldn' listen?"

Eddie got up slowly, "I told you once in a nice manner, Bennie. . . ."

"Okay, okay, okay," Bennie said, bowing away.

Later, Eddie said, "I didn't introduce you, babe. A man's got to protect his wife from low characters."

Marg smiled gently. "He's so obvious, Eddie."

"Yeah, that's it. Looking for suckers."

They watched the horses file lazily out onto the track for the fourth race. Moving up toward the starting gates they became nervous and skittish, throwing their heads and prancing sideways—touching flanks, then bounding electrically apart. The crowd was restless, lighting cigarettes, moving up and down the ramp to the betting shed.

Eddie looked up from his Form Sheet, got up suddenly and pulled Marg up, pointing. "See number 5, the brown filly right there now by the rail? That's Sweetheart Sue," he said with excitement.

"Yes, Eddie."

"She's only carrying 98. She's placed twice and showed three times in ten starts—a good two-year-old. Look at this." She followed his finger on the Form Sheet. "Sweetheart Sue by Sue Me out of Brown Sweetheart. Remember Brown Sweetheart?"

She thought, and couldn't. "No, Eddie."

"I hit fifteen to one on Brown Sweetheart. Remember the brown coat your mother said it was wrong to accept?"

"Yes, Eddie," she said gently.

He talked faster and faster. "They're both fillies at the same distance on the same track and the same day, Saturday. Today's the fifth and Sweetheart Sue's carrying number 5, and has been in the money five times. Three fives is fifteen like the fifteen to one. You've got on a brown coat like the coat I picked out for you. It all ties up in one package."

She said hurriedly, "Eddie, I'm sorry . . . it doesn't make sense."

"Sense? You got to *feel* these things. Let me have that two hundred. It's our big chance. I'd never forgive myself."

She took the money slowly out of her purse. It was Eddie's money. One race—and Eddie had forgotten about *them*. . . . She didn't try to argue. She knew that she would cry, and Eddie wouldn't understand. He would think it was about the money.

She watched him hurry down the ramp to the betting shed.

WHEN he got back, the horses were near the starting gates, and as he sat down, the gong clanged, closing the ticket windows. Eddie said without looking at her, "I must be crazy sometimes, babe." He got up and looked far up the track. She was afraid she would start crying, so she lighted a cigarette, and got up and stood a little behind Eddie.

Talk in the stands died down, then there was a burst of brown, bobbing heads from the gates. The crowd surged up, roaring, "They're off!"

Marg sat down, watching Eddie's hand tight on the rail. She heard the miniature thunder as the horses flashed past the stand. She didn't watch the race; the race didn't matter. If Eddie won or lost, it would be the same: he'd keep on betting, finding numbers and signs to fit into a crazy pattern. . . . He'd go from job to job . . . and finally quit working altogether, the same loud-talking, know-it-all, slick-haired Eddie. . . . She began to cry.

The race was over. A man yelled, "Sweetheart Sue by a length!" A girl in the next box tore up a batch of tickets and laughed.

Eddie sat down slowly, shaking his head. He didn't look at her. He said, "You got to overlook some things I do, babe."

"Yes, Eddie," she said gently.

He shook his head. "I got down there and then I lost the feel of it. It all tied up but I couldn't tie you and me in with it." He put his hand in her lap with the two crisp one-hundred-dollar bills.

She caught her breath. She said, "It's such a lovely engagement party, Eddie."

He relaxed and then grinned at her slowly, "Yeah. You and me, in one package."

a short short story complete on this page

Peaceful In The Country

BY THOMAS WALSH

"You'll have to remember, Tony, North Carmel isn't New York and it doesn't have any desire to be," Caroline warned him. "Love her," Tony murmured tenderly, "love her town"

Maybe Tony wasn't a smart cop. Maybe he wasn't a smart husband. Maybe he was both

SUPPER was fine. Supper was fried chicken and sliced country ham, crushed corn and asparagus, hashed brown potatoes, lettuce with sweet dressing, homemade relish, cold beets, and four kinds of preserves. After dessert was cleared off—just a few pieces of blueberry and lemon sponge pies, Aunt Bertha's own apricots and peaches, a pitcher of thick cream, and a plate of cookies—they all went out to the porch. Tony Kilpatrick and his wife, Caroline, sat on the swing. They didn't contribute much to the conversation. They just sat and listened to Caroline's Aunt Bertha and Cousin Henry Stearns. Kilpatrick didn't mind at all, because he discovered that in many ways the porch was a very instructive place.

When people walked by, or drove along Elm Avenue from the square, Aunt Bertha and Cousin Henry Stearns commented upon them sharply, in a few rapid-fire sentences that were as much to the point as telegrams. They seemed to know everybody in North Carmel by both past performances and present-day debits and credits; and Kilpatrick told himself that if there had been a stage, a strong light, and a detective sergeant to ask the proper questions, he might almost have imagined himself back at police headquarters in New York, attending a morning line-up.

All in all, it was an uneventful evening but an enormously entertaining one. At half past nine, when Aunt Bertha went to bed and Cousin Henry Stearns took himself off to his third-floor bachelor quarters, Caroline stirred gently in the swing, and sighed comfortably.

"Of course," she said, in such a casual tone that Kilpatrick realized at once that he shouldn't agree too readily with her, "North Carmel is quiet—awfully quiet. No excitement, no morning papers at half past eight in the evenings, no bright lights, no crowds—no nothing, really. I suppose everything rather bores you."

"Bores who?" Kilpatrick murmured craftily, kissing the hollow under her left ear. "I don't think it's been boring at all. Restful, perhaps—pretty nice and relaxing in its way. But—"

"Now you're being very gracious," Caroline said dreamily. "Or what you think is very gracious. But don't imagine that in the four or five hours you've been here you've learned everything there is to learn about North Carmel. See that rhododendron bush over there? When I was fifteen I let a boy named Sam Engelhardt kiss me in back of it one night. And I'll tell you something else you'd never suspect, Tony Kilpatrick. It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to anyone anywhere."

"That's a fine admission to make," Kilpatrick said, drawing off far enough to scowl at her. "That's something to brag about."

"Isn't it, though?" Caroline asked, very complacent about it. Fireflies flickered low against the hedge Cousin Henry Stearns had been clipping that afternoon. Pale small stars glittered above them, between leafy branches, in the dark sky. "I think you sound pretty smug and self-righteous. Nobody ever kissed *you*, I suppose."

"Not at fifteen," Kilpatrick declared virtuously. "In those days I lived an upright and honorable existence. But if someone had, I wouldn't go around boasting about it now. That isn't quite the thing to do, in my opinion. That smacks of—"

"Oh, hush up," Caroline told him, laughing. "Now I suppose I'll never hear the last of Sam Engelhardt."

They swung pleasantly back and forth in the shadows. It was very nice.

"Swell," Kilpatrick announced presently. "As yet," he added, "I have no idea what the Stearns family thinks of me; but if they approve of Caroline's man half as much as Caroline's man approves of them—"

"Well," Caroline said, looking around in that attractive and considering way she had, "you weren't too much amused by anything, and that's always a help. Keep that up and you'll get along very nicely down here. The one thing you'll have to remember is that North Carmel isn't New York, and that it doesn't have any great desire to be. A small matter, Tony Kilpatrick, but an important one."

"Love her," Kilpatrick murmured tenderly, "love her town." They began to swing again, holding hands. At that moment, well-fed and happy, he had nothing but the very best of intentions. . . .

In the morning, however, after he walked two blocks down Elm Avenue to the North Carmel Town Hall, and found the executive branch of the North Carmel Police Department—all of it—in a small room behind the office of the county clerk, those good intentions wavered considerably.

The executive branch was a heavy-faced man wearing firemen's suspenders, with his shirt sleeves rolled up over long woolen underwear, with his feet on a desk drawer, and a copy of the North Carmel Weekly Republican on his knees. His tie and his gold-braided cap hung on a wall hook in back of him. He wore a striped, neckband-style shirt—no collar—with a celluloid button at the throat. He also wore high-laced shoes and white cotton socks.

Kilpatrick, one of Inspector Carmody's up-and-coming young men, took off his hat, forced a smile, and introduced himself. But from there on, unfortunately, even Kilpatrick found it impossible to achieve any kind of cordiality. The chief examined his person and his credentials with a naïve but rather dry sort of curiosity.

"That must have been you sitting on the porch at Miss Bertha Stearns's place on Elm Avenue last night," he said. "Saw you there, on my way downtown after supper. Didn't know then, of course, that you'd turn out to be police."

Kilpatrick smiled again, patiently, and explained that Miss Bertha Stearns's niece Caroline had been Mrs. Kilpatrick for some time now. Two months, in fact. Because she was, because she came from this town and some of her folks still lived here, it had been decided back at headquarters a couple of days ago that perhaps Plain-clothes Man Kilpatrick could appear in North Carmel as a young fellow meeting his in-laws for the first time, not as a New York police officer down here on important business concerning one Caspar Claude Brimmer.

"Chekky Brimmer?" the chief said. He had a deep voice, a slow way of using it, and owlish brown eyes that made him look stupid. "Bad stock, mister. What's he up to these days?"

"Back in New York," Kilpatrick said, "we identified this Brimmer after a loft robbery—through his Rogues' Gallery portrait. His record tells us that he was born and raised in North Carmel, and Inspector Carmody thinks there might be a small chance of his coming back here. He has money now; he'd want to avoid New York for a while; and Inspector Carmody thinks that Brimmer wouldn't mind swanking it around for a bit in a place where no one ever thought very much of him. The inspector figures—"

"Inspector Carmody?" the chief said, as if he wanted to get that straight. The tone might be sarcastic, and might not.

"What we hope," Kilpatrick said curtly, "is that I'll be able to pick up some information down here as to Brimmer's present whereabouts. Perhaps that can be done through friends or relatives in town who hear occasionally from him. Any small fact, any hint, may prove significant. If there happens to be a good local man available who's had some experience in that line, and could nose around in the proper circles without being too obvious about it—"

The chief leaned forward and used the cuspidor. Then he said, "Got four men here, mister. No inspectors, though. Mebbe one of them will turn up something for you. Mebbe not. You want to tell me exactly how you'd like everything done?"

KILPATRICK, who was not conscious of having been superior or patronizing, despite the way things seemed to be handled here, tightened his lips and said that he supposed they knew their job. The chief said he'd always thought they did. Thought so still, for that matter. Mr. Kilpatrick could drop around in a couple of days and see.

"The end of the week?" Kilpatrick said, with a sour smile. No notes were taken, no penetrating questions were asked, no wheels within wheels were set in motion. Back in Elm Avenue, he told Caroline contemptuously that she could never imagine a department like it. Flies everywhere. One old wooden desk. One battered filing cabinet. And a fat, stupid-looking chief who—

"Now wait a minute," Caroline said, "I hope you didn't go down there looking for a fingerprint division, and a photographer's darkroom, and a homicide squad. Listen, Tony. You don't understand what a small town is like because you've never been in one before. Chief Johnson does, because he's never lived anywhere else. I'd advise you to let him handle it. You might be surprised." She smoothed his coat lapel down absently. "And speaking of surprises—"

Kilpatrick curled his lip. He said that he'd be surprised, all right, if any one like that chief, who couldn't hold down a park job in New York, turned up as much as a backward eight-year-old boy might find out. Clowns like him—

"Oh, shut up," Caroline said, her face suddenly dark. "What do you want him to do, just because you're from Center Street? Of course he resented you. Why shouldn't he? I can just see how you stalked in there with that supercilious look on your face,

(Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDLOW KRAVIS

Washington Playground

BY JANE EADS

There's fun and festivities on the Potomac these days—an abundance of splashy food and drink which the gate crashers call "free-loading"

PLUMP Madame Wei, party-loving wife of the Chinese ambassador, had arisen at 6 o'clock to oversee the cooking of the big feast.

There were 40 hams and 40 turkeys and lobster mousse to prepare, and a dessert made of honey, pastry and cracked wheat. There were Chinese fortune cakes to be baked—tidbits like apple dumplings, containing bits of paper auguring the future, instead of apples.

Madame Wei wanted it to be a very impressive affair and the biggest the Chinese had ever given in Washington. She did not know exactly how many persons she had invited. Something had happened to the original list of carefully selected guests, a cross section of the Diplomatic Corps, officialdom and social topnotchers. She then borrowed lists from friends, added, subtracted and finally guessed that she had invited between 3,000 and 4,000. Five thousand came.

Tables had been set up under the lantern and flag-hung trees on the rolling lawn behind Twin Oaks, the rambling old embassy mansion at the edge of town.

At about five o'clock the guests began to arrive. They spilled out of shiny limousines, taxis, and shabby prewar vehicles in endless confusion and poured through the wide embassy doors.

The ambassador bowed gravely over the proffered hands, and Madame Wei, in a richly embroidered robe, said: "How do you do," and "So nice of you to come."

Meanwhile, things were happening outside. The long, broad avenue to the embassy was bumper-to-bumper with cars that could not move forward, nor backward. It was the worst traffic jam the capital has ever known, with cops shouting and pleading and horns tooting. Diplomats and dowagers alike raised their voices in protest. Many got out and hiked, duty-bound, the rest of the way to pay their respects.

Secretary of State James F. Byrnes and Mrs. Byrnes never did make it. Others waited in their cars more than an hour, gave up and drove home when the jam straightened out.

Many of the guests who managed to get there spied the tables on the lawn and went around the embassy, instead of through it. The help was scarce, so the guests helped themselves. It had turned cool and Madame Wei had decided to serve the food indoors, but outside there was plenty of whisky and champagne and that was what most people wanted anyway.

Inside the melee grew worse. Instead of butlers serving from behind the big horseshoe-shaped tables, the guests again helped themselves. The scene looked pretty much like something down on the farm at feeding time and the feast didn't last long.

The Chinese, undaunted by this affair, have gone right on giving parties; one for singer Lawrence Tibbett, another for officers of the United States Army on the anniversary of China's independence.

This is Washington today—a modern Babylon on the Potomac—where partying is the largest industry next to government, and thousands of dollars in tax-free entertainment nightly go down some elegant hatches. New Yorkers, coming to the capital for a visit, go back to the Big Town for a rest.

Buffets and bars have been quickest to reconvert from wartime simplicity and frugality to splashy affluence and lavishness in food and drink. The town has the highest drinking quota per capita of any city in the world—slightly over four gallons per person per

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACKIE MARTIN

All ye who enter here must show invitations, glowers this gate-keeper. Washington embassies and legations are now getting tough about crashers

Mrs. Claude Pepper, wife of the Florida senator, holds her own with Clinton P. Anderson, party enthusiast, rumba addict and Secretary of Agriculture

There's nothing proletarian about Russia's lavish shindigs. This one, celebrating the anniversary of the Russian revolution, gave Washington its best feed in months

Artist Georgia O'Keefe gets helped to a portion of noodles by Madame Wei,
he Chinese ambassador's wife, who has parties at the drop of a chopstick

Hostess Evalyn Walsh McLean hooks a bejeweled arm around Leon Henderson, while Secretary Vinson entertains Brazil's Ambassador Martins and wife, and a photographer

ver the back fence or in swank Washington salons chitchat is ever pop-
lar. Choice tidbits of food and gossip are devoured with equal relish

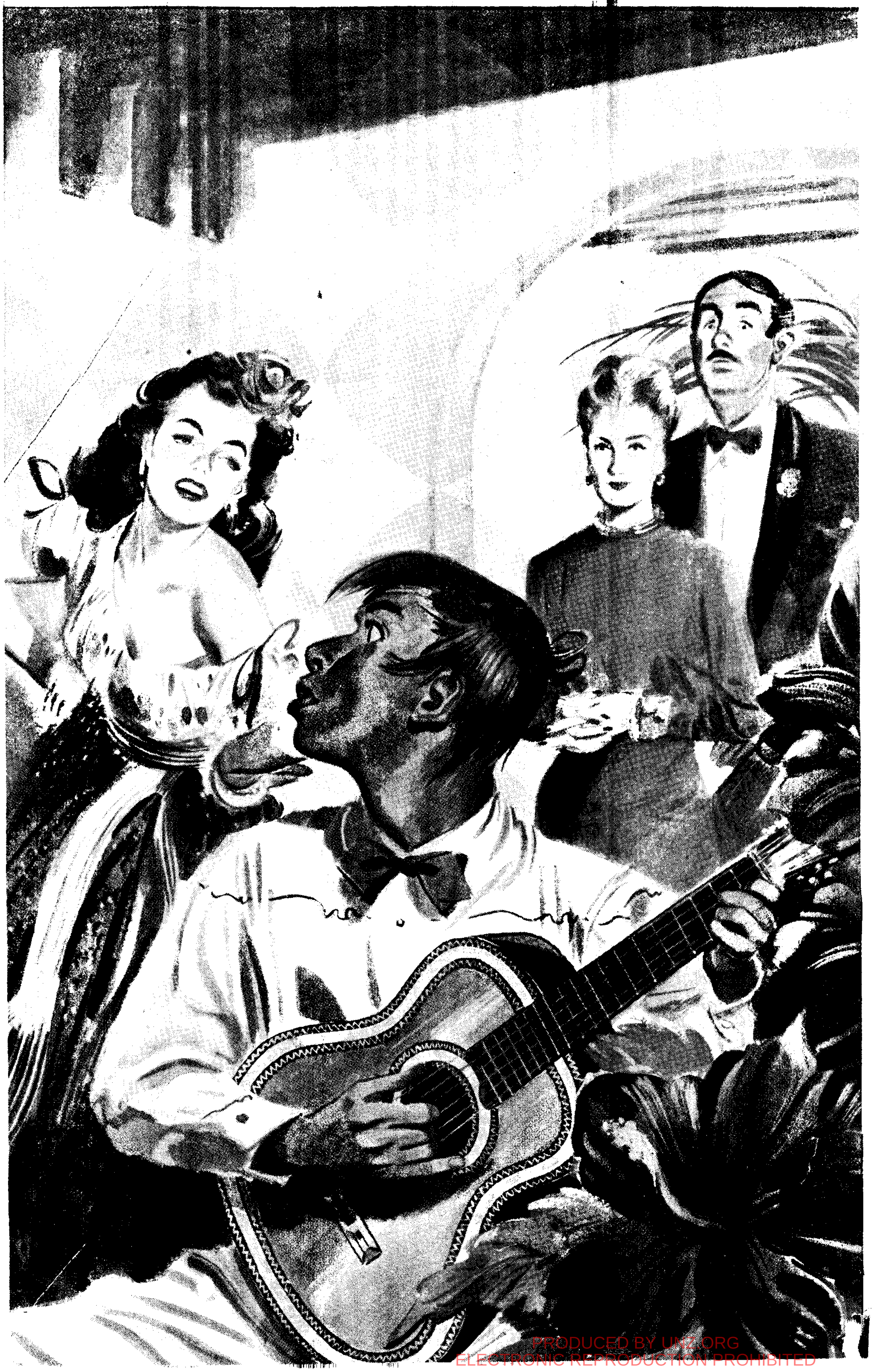
Opera star Grace Moore lends a receptive ear to Veterans' Administrator Gen. Bradley at a reception given for her by Mrs. Evalyn McLean. Secretary Anderson listens in

ait, don't tell me," cautions Mrs. Douglas Hatch as she struggles to
lace an elusive line posed to her by poetry-quoter Gen. Allen Gullion

At the Egyptian Legation, the new Minister of Saudi Arabia stops at an oasis presided over by Mrs. Tom Clark, wife of the Attorney General. Tea-pouring got her that orchid

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Unpredictable romance in Mexico—a land which, as Mrs. Dudley will testify, is rich in surprises



I HEARD about Ezequias and his magic guitar from my friend Mrs. Dudley, one of those foot-loose and indefatigable searchers after life who find in Mexico a fairy-tale country, and in straight-haired, mysterious Indian boys such as Ezequias a sort of spiritual motherhood. As my farthest penetration into Mexico was an excursion to the border town of Juarez some years ago, a trip roughly comparable to viewing Manhattan from Coney Island, my knowledge of the country is drawn largely from the reports of eager women such as my friend Mrs. Dudley—reports as biased as motherhood itself.

Mrs. Dudley told me the story of Ezequias one day when she was apologizing for her guitar, which was not a very good instrument and which she played a little less than well. She had owned a very fine guitar once, she said; in fact, it had been the finest guitar in Taxco, where Ezequias was an employee of the hotel in which she passed the winter.

My friend Mrs. Dudley makes the most of a modest income, expanding its potential by a score of interesting economies, and is always a little ashamed of her weakness when extravagance infrequently takes hold. "I'm a terrible tightwad," she told me. "I can't imagine how I ever allowed myself to buy that guitar."

She had been inspecting guitars one day in a music store in Mexico City, she said, and finding them all quite expensive and shiny with mother-of-pearl, she had excused herself from a purchase by a criticism of the inlay and the tone rather than the price. On the sidewalk outside, as she was starting in hopeful search of another music store, she felt a light tap on her elbow; then a plump young Mexican flourished his hat and gave her a card identifying himself as Armando Porfirio, a radio singer.

"Señora, you are looking for a good guitar," he said. "I have today bought myself a magnificent instrument, an electric guitar. The tone is perfect, and . . ."

"But I don't want an electric guitar," Mrs. Dudley protested, moving away.

"But, señora, the electric guitar is for me," Armando said. "I will sell you my old guitar."

Mrs. Dudley said that she was sorry, she was leaving for Taxco the next morning, but Armando insisted on bringing it to her hotel that evening for her inspection. It was a very fine guitar, she told me, and the tone was all that Armando had promised. It was reasonable at seventy-five pesos, although that was more than she had intended to spend, and she bought it, departing next day for Taxco with plans for economies to offset the expense.

FROM the descriptions I have heard, I understand that Taxco is a beautiful town of looming round hills and graceful churches; it is also an artists' colony, and Mrs. Dudley had always liked it because she dabbled in water colors when she was not strumming her guitar or pressing conversations with the natives. She registered at her usual hotel two days after Ezequias had been engaged there as a waiter. On his first day he had dropped a tray of dishes, and had been demoted to assistant gardener the day before Mrs. Dudley arrived. She saw him after dinner on the terrace.

He was standing gazing at the hills with the remote, lonely eyes of the Indian, an erect youth of eighteen, and she sensed from the slope of his shoulders, the intense carriage of his body, that he was a slender, rebellious unit alone among the hills. She asked Rosita, the chambermaid, "Who is the young man?"

Rosita was a handsome girl with naughty eyes, Mrs. Dudley said, and an immense vitality. She glanced out the window at the young Indian, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "That Indian? His name is Ezequias, I think. He was a waiter but he broke all the dishes in the hotel and now they have left all the beautiful flowers to his clumsy fingers."

"He looks lonesome," Mrs. Dudley said.

Rosita shrugged her shoulders again and turned away; then her eyes brightened. She said in English, "Here is guitar."

"Isn't it beautiful?" Mrs. Dudley said. "I bought it in Mexico City."

"Very beautiful," said Rosita. "I have never seen so fine a guitar."

"It belonged to a singer named Armando," Mrs. Dudley said. "He sings on the radio."

"Oh, yes, Armando," Rosita said, and sighed. "I have heard him. Is he beautiful, too, like his guitar?"

"He's short," Mrs. Dudley said. "And he's getting fat." She still stood by the window, looking out at the Indian youth. He was alone on the terrace, and on impulse Mrs. Dudley picked up her guitar and went out.

Darkness was coming down from the hills and there were stars now. Mrs. Dudley sat down on a bench, facing the hills, and struck a chord on the guitar. Ezequias continued staring off into the night. Mrs. Dudley struck another chord, then asked softly, "How do you like my guitar?"

He turned and looked at her, solemnly; then his thick-lashed eyes shifted to the guitar. He studied it a moment, and nodded, but he did not speak. *(Continued on page 55)*

Ezequias' fingers caressed the strings, and when now and then his glance met Rosita's, Mrs. Dudley's satisfaction grew. She felt she had accomplished a great deal

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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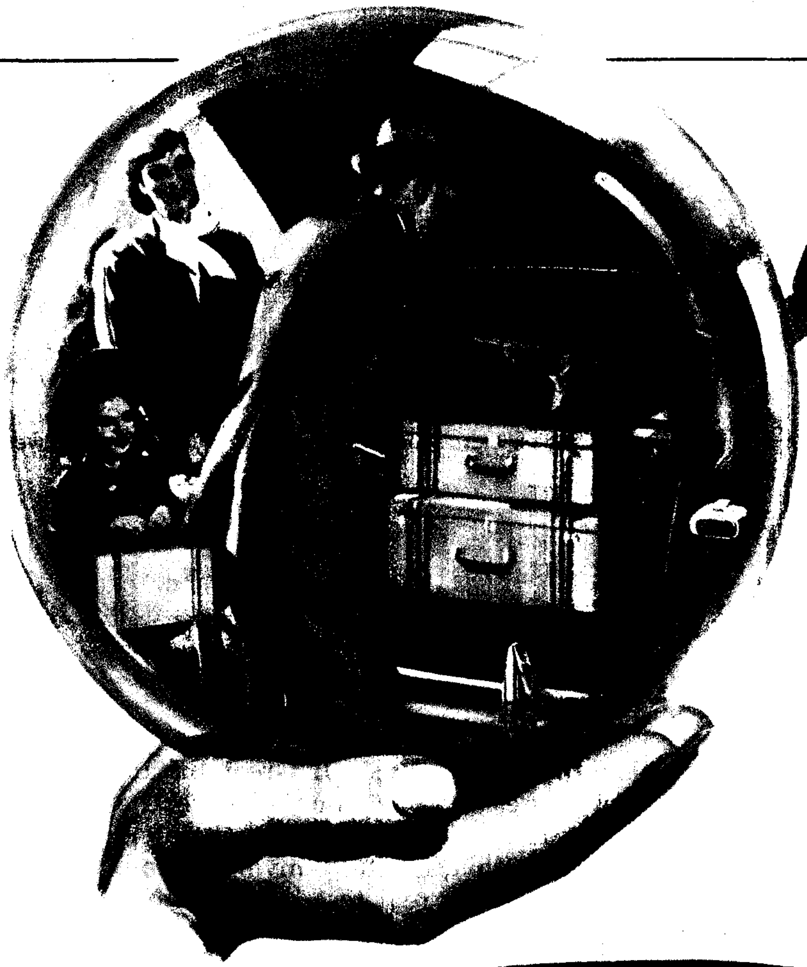

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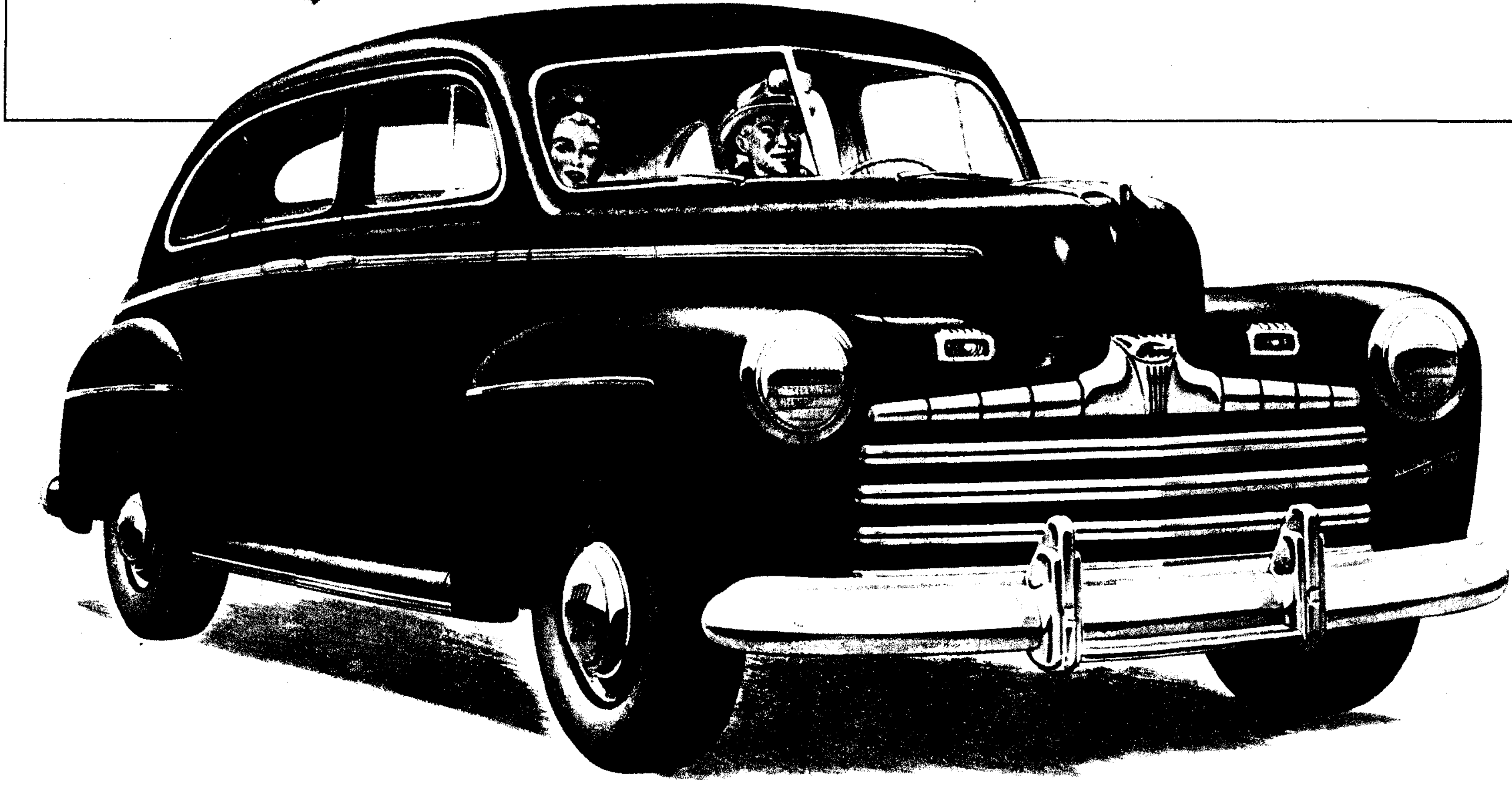

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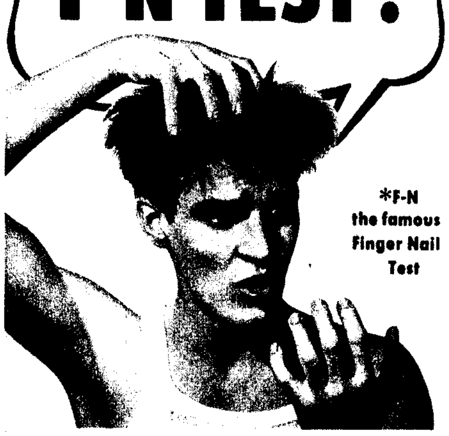

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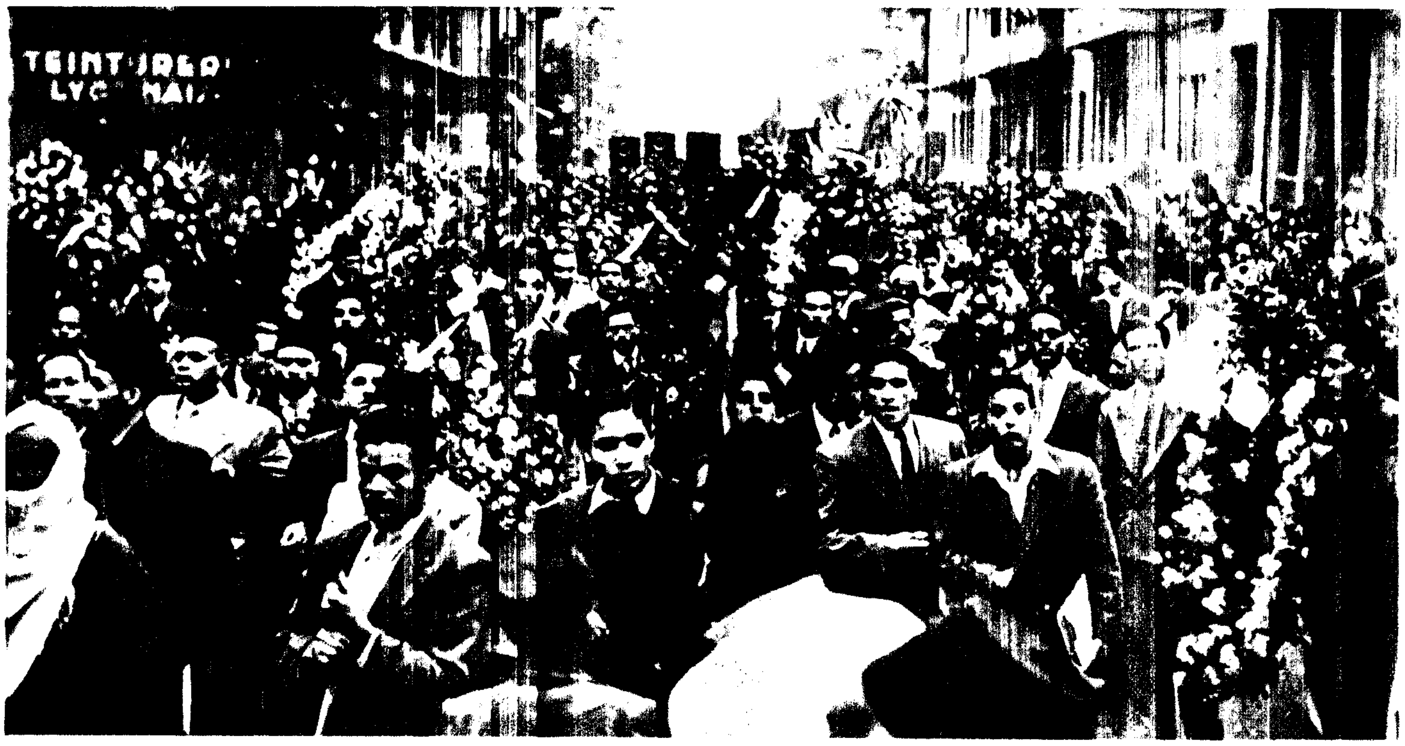

BRITISH COMBINE

Shouting and carrying banners of protest, Egyptians demonstrate at the funeral of Sir Amin Osman Pasha, former Egyptian Minister of Finance, who was murdered in one of Cairo's main streets. Angry crowds finally were dispersed

THUNDER IN THE MIDDLE EAST

BY CLIFTON DANIEL

The war isn't over yet in the Middle East. If Great Britain has to give up her military bases and oil resources there, the Empire will be split in two. The United States, with its interest in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia, is vitally involved, too, and so is Soviet Russia. Here is a real test for the UNO

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

WEARING an unusually bright red fez, an Egyptian police official sat at his overloaded desk looking inscrutable behind dark glasses that obscured his expression and shielded his eyes from the glare of the eastern sun. His shoulders and his voice seemed to sag with worldly weariness.

He spoke softly, but his words were harsh with foreboding. "There's going to be trouble," he said slowly. "Big trouble with a capital B and T."

He'd been at his job thirty years, long enough to sense by instinct the smoldering moods and sudden tempers of the Egyptian masses, and before the end of the week his prediction was beginning to be fulfilled. Rifles and shotguns were firing in the streets of Cairo.

The rioting, burning, looting and killings of that warm day in February had been foreseen even further ahead by others. Last October in London, Abdel Rehman Azzam Pasha, Secretary General of the Arab League, had forecast a clash within six months. Associates of Sir Edward Grigg (now Lord Altrincham), former British Minister Resident in the Middle East, have recalled his private prediction that such would be the aftermath of war in Egypt.

It wasn't quite six months after the defeat of Japan when British forces first unlimbered their firearms to protect themselves against infuriated mobs of Egyptians. In a sense the war isn't over yet in the Middle East. There's still an issue to be resolved between British imperial interests, Arab nationalism, Soviet ambitions and a variety of lesser claims on the resources and loyalties of the Middle East.

Everybody's war aims in the eastern Mediterranean were different and conflicting. In the interest of wartime harmony, conflicts were often ignored or minimized. The defeat of Germany, Italy and Japan satisfied none of them and they now are demanding fulfillment. Great Britain's disillusionment and dissatisfaction with the first fruits of peace are apparent. Security and prosperity of the homeland and the Empire, which she fought to preserve, are still unguaranteed. She's beset on every hand by territorial, economic and ideological demands which might further depreciate rather than restore her former prestige and power.

Nowhere else in the world are British misgivings about the future security more apparent than here at the crossroads of British and Soviet imperialism. The water route from the United Kingdom, through the Straits of Gibraltar, Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Red Sea and Indian Ocean, is the umbilical cord of the Empire, linking the motherland to her dominions and colonies overseas.

Fuel for the Empire Life Line

The vast and gushing oil resources of Iraq and Iran provide fuel that nourishes the Royal Navy and Air Force and the imperial armies. Land, sea and air bases in the Mediterranean, Palestine, Iraq and Egypt are guardians of the Empire life line. Loss of these resources, communication lines and outposts would mean severing the Empire in half.

In the rivalry between Britain and the Soviet Union in the Middle East, the United States is on the side of Britain in a passive way. That was evident in Iran where Americans sometimes displayed more lively concern over Soviet penetration than British. It's less evident but just as real in Egypt, where care is taken not to embarrass Britain in her relations with the local government.

Vociferous dissent to this policy of solicitude is raised by some businessmen and diplomats, especially businessmen who charge the British with using diplomatic intrigue and economic pressure to stifle expansion of American business in the Middle East. They demand an open attack on the entrenched British commercial influence.

The opposing view stated by one American here is this: "We cannot underwrite the British Empire with a loan on one hand and set out to wreck it on the other."

British officials say that the United States is, in fact, a partner with Britain in the Middle East and second ranking foreign power in the area. This partnership has been formalized by the creation of an Anglo-American committee of inquiry on Palestine and the oil treaty, not yet ratified, which recognizes the mutual interest, in orderly development, of world oil resources, of which the Middle East is such a great and tempting repository. Besides the sentimental and humanitarian interest in Palestine, the United States has even a greater material interest in the oil fields of Iraq and Saudi Arabia. An exclusive concession in Saudi Arabia, rated by many American strategists as the most important single American interest abroad, is an absolute necessity in case of another war.

Despite the magnitude of the American interests in the Middle East, there is no intention to stay there and help the British guard them.

On the contrary, the entire American military establishment in the Middle East is being liquidated this spring, except for one airfield in Saudi Arabia which the Army will have the right to operate as a transport base for three years.

Important British officers here remark to Americans that they're being left alone to protect American investments and wistfully wish that the United States would make some contribution to the immediate defense of the Middle East.

Sustained American concern for the Middle East would be welcomed by local governments as well, but only so long as our intentions continued to be manifestly not military or political, but only economic and benevolent. The stated American policy of encouraging full independence for all countries, and assisting them to become self-sustaining, appeals to the Middle East more than any other. There'll be difficulty however in applying such policy unless conflicting ambitions that now keep the Middle East in turmoil can be resolved under United Nations auspices.

Without noticeable exceptions, Britons who are charged with the Empire's rights and interests in the Middle East regard them as just and legitimate. In their minds a chalk

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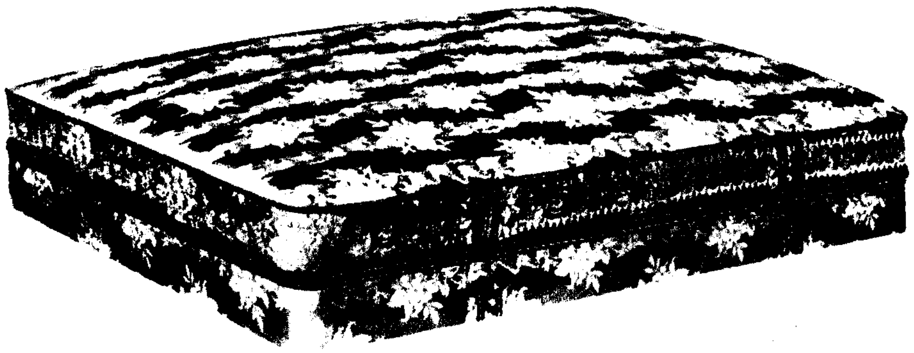

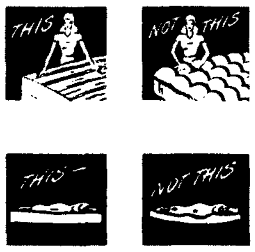

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line has been drawn around this British sphere. Like the Soviet Union, with her buffer, or satellite states, and the United States, with her chain of Pacific Island bases, Britain relies first on UNO for security but wishes to maintain a second line of defense, based on her own resources and alliances, on the chance that UNO may fail. This conception of the Empire's requirements is particularly evident in the conversation of professional soldiers upon whom its defense will devolve if the diplomats are routed.

Here appears the dilemma of British policy in the Middle East. Despite their insistence upon British imperial interests, British officials recognize and concede legitimate aspiration by people of the East to be free and independent at last. After six months in the Middle East, I can honestly report that I haven't heard one expression of nineteenth century imperialism from a single, responsible Briton.

On the contrary a typical utterance is that of a diplomat who has had a quarter of a century to observe the evolution of the Middle East. With utter earnestness he says, "We've been telling these people for years that our ultimate aim was to give them freedom and independence. We have raised their hopes with documents like the Atlantic Charter and the San Francisco Charter. We cannot *put them off any longer.*"

The British in a New Role

The popular American conception of British troops holding vast hordes of darker races in subjection by force of arms is already out of date, certainly in British minds in Egypt. In Cairo the British behave less like the master than uninvited guests who are uncertain of their welcome. Extreme care was taken this winter to keep British troops out of sight when demonstrations were expected. Often when British troops were confined to their quarters, Cairo was as calm as Sunday in Connecticut.

On the day that British guns finally were brought into action the firing was in self-defense. Instructions to British forces were that they were to shoot only in defense of their lives, not property, and the firing was *to be controlled, not indiscriminate.* While I watched from a window of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a few dozen yards from the Nile, most of the firing bursts came from R.A.F. rifles, not from the guns of combat soldiers. The rifles of army troops, ranged inside the iron fence of Kasr en Nil barracks across the street from the Foreign Ministry, remained at rest most of the time. British troops and armor were called out only in defense of specific installations which were under attack.

It was the same ten days later in Alexandria. There was no intention of attempting to restore general order, no comparison with 1919 when Egypt was a British protectorate and British columns roamed the countryside and city streets to quell a rebellion. It was the Egyptians who restored order in Cairo and Alexandria in February and March, 1946, and it was often buckshot from Egyptian police guns that surgeons removed from victims.

When, a few days earlier, the Egyptian Cabinet was driven from office by shouts of students in the streets, it was not the British Embassy that dictated the choice of a new Prime Minister, Ismail Sidky Pasha, as it once might have done. Lord Killearn, British ambassador, who had gone to Abdin Palace with armored cars at his back four years before to demand a change in the Cabinet, wasn't even in Cairo. He'd been called home and was in the process of being replaced by Sir Ronald Campbell.

"If not to dominate them or dictate their internal policy, then what do the British really want of the Egyptians?" I asked a British general.

"The people laugh," he said. "But what we really want is partnership."

In a note in which London agreed to discuss revision of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936, which maintains a semblance of the British old special position in Egypt and gives her a military base in the country, the phrase used is "Full and free partnership as between equals in defense of their mutual interests and with full respect for independence and sovereignty of Egypt."

Such a partnership, according to the Wafd, which is heir to the name and part of the tradition of Egypt's original independence party, would be an alliance between lion and lamb. Still most Egyptian statesmen themselves appear to want Egypt's association with Britain to be perpetuated, provided British troops are removed beyond the country's borders, but not beyond recall. These statesmen almost always include protestations of friendship in any bill of complaints against Britain. One of the dangers of anti-British agitation, according to Makram Ebeid Pasha, former Finance Minister, is that it might go so far as to make continuance of the alliance impossible.

Egypt's contention is that her army, properly trained and equipped by Britain, could provide better an immediate defense of the Suez Canal than the ten thousand troops and four hundred pilots that Britain normally is allowed by treaty to maintain in the country.

"But," asked the hardheaded Englishman, "how can Egypt or any other Middle East country keep her army up to date without outside assistance? Where are her raw materials, her heavy industry, her scientific research personnel? In my opinion we have *only to withdraw and Egypt will come running after us.*"

Present leaders of Iraq, which has a treaty with Britain similar to that of Egypt, show no comparable haste to be rid of the British. They're undoubtedly influenced by the fact that their northeastern border touches the sphere of Soviet activity in northern Iran. Until this writing, however, strategic and ideological considerations, which animate the British attitude, haven't been adequately explained to the Egyptian masses and to the educated and politically conscious elements which create mass opinion.

There's been no forthright declaration of Britain's profound respect for Egypt's sovereignty—not one that's penetrated the Egyptian mind, no unmistakable token of Britain's willingness to retire her troops, at least from the major cities, no clear explanation of the Egyptian government's solicitude for British alliance.

El Masri Effendi (Mister Egyptian) hasn't been shown the British Tommy's heart of gold; he can only see the khaki that covers Tommy's manly chest. He doesn't know that the Tommy he sees on Cairo's streets is probably a clerk or truck driver, left behind to clean up after the combat troops which made Egypt their base during the war.

Opposition elements were quick to detect this uncertainty, vagueness and timidity, and to interpret it as deceitfulness on the part of the British, and weakness on the part of the late Egyptian government of Mahmoud Nokrashy Pasha, which was one of the first casualties of Cairo.

A Hostile Public Opinion

On the day of the Battle of Abbas Bridges, when Egyptian police beat back students who were attempting to march from Fuad, the first university, into the center of the city for an anti-British demonstration, I sat in on an informal seminar among the Egyptians—judges, members of the Chamber of Deputies, diplomats, farmers and experts on social problems. Their conclusion on the temper of the Egyptian people, summarized by the judge, was this: "Even if the nation's leaders wished to make a deal with Britain that would allow British troops to remain in the country, *public opinion wouldn't allow them* to do so."

The students were driven back that day but they returned, and the government which stood in their way was wrecked. There was no room left for doubt that the Egyptian independence movement is genuine, a popular manifestation extending its roots as far down as information and thinking of public affairs can penetrate in a population that's eighty per cent illiterate. The movement has been vigorously in being since the first World War. Its growth is being stimulated today by such mass movements as the Association of Moslem Brothers, which claims to have 1,500 branches in Egypt alone, agents in every Egyptian village and two million active sympathizers.

Sheik Hassan el Banna, ex-schoolteacher from Ismailia, who founded the movement, expounds the same mystic ideals of Islam which once inspired the conquest that created Arab empire, extending from the fringes of China through North Africa into Spain. The consciousness of common faith, common language, common destiny and common problems has brought seven independent Arab states together in a league that's now groping through its first efforts at collaboration, but which has seen the vision of the resurrection of the Arab empire in modern form.

When Doctor Fadel Jamali, director general of the Iraqi Foreign Office, speaks of Arab states as being as closely linked to one another as states of the United States, he isn't speaking poetically. The issue of each Arab state's independence has become the concern of them all, and the case of Egypt as the most populous and important is a supreme test.

Communism Also a Bugaboo

Regardless of the issue of independence, social and political unrest was to be expected in the Middle East after the war, and if it *hadn't been focused against British* occupation it might have been manifested in strikes and hunger marches. Fear that the movement will fall under Communist influence is plain among the ruling classes. The attempt to create a left-wing government already has been made in Iran. A roundup of suspected Communists was started in Egypt. The apprehension of the Soviet Union doesn't appear, however, to have reached the Arab masses. Whereas the rich pasha might fear for his semifeudal privileges, the fellah has nothing to lose but his galabia (gown).

Sheik Baba Ali Barzenji, whose father led three revolts of Kurdish tribes in Iraq, told me in Bagdad that his people had no knowledge or understanding of Communism, but that, failing of help from any other quarter, they were intrigued by the possibility of sympathy and support from the Soviet Union, which, rumor said, had been assisting the nationalist ambitions of their fellow Kurds in Iran.

The social policy of none of the Middle East governments has been vigorous enough to eradicate conditions which invite revolutionary movements, and advocates of reform such as the Tudeh Party in Iran complain that British support always has been given to conservative or reactionary governments. After every anti-British demonstration in Cairo it is whispered that Communists were among the agitators. Discussions of Marxist doctrine in workingmen's societies were reported.

One Egyptian political leader claims to have a long list of agents on the Soviet pay roll but admits their connection cannot be proved.

"We cannot put our finger on it, but we feel it," an official of the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior has remarked: "The Soviet diplomats themselves laugh at, or deny, such tales. My own impression of Soviet activity, as observed in five Middle East countries is that it's confined at present to gathering information, strengthening cultural, religious and ideological ties with the Arab world and awaiting an opening for a more positive policy—the positive policy already in force in Iran, which is on the Soviet border.

Soviet diplomatic representation in the Arab states contains a large percentage of experts—including Moslems who speak Ara*bic—in Soviet propaganda, sympathetic* to Arab aspirations.

The Soviet Union has manifested a desire to guarantee herself an outlet to the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles, to share in Middle East oil deposits and participate in the administration of the area through trusteeships over the former Italian colonies of Libya and Eritrea, which lie on the opposite sides of the Suez.

The issue before Britain is to admit these claims or to oppose them and justify her opposition before the world and Middle East countries in particular.

The war isn't over in the Middle East yet.

THE END

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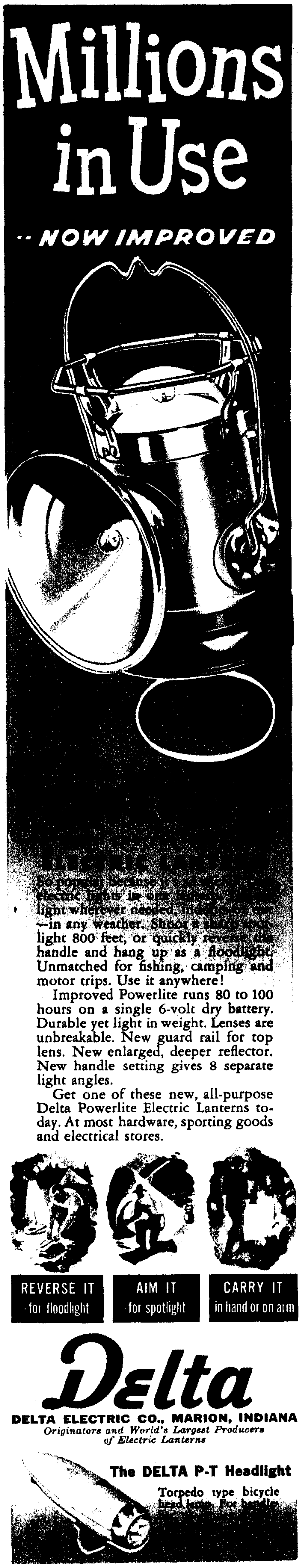

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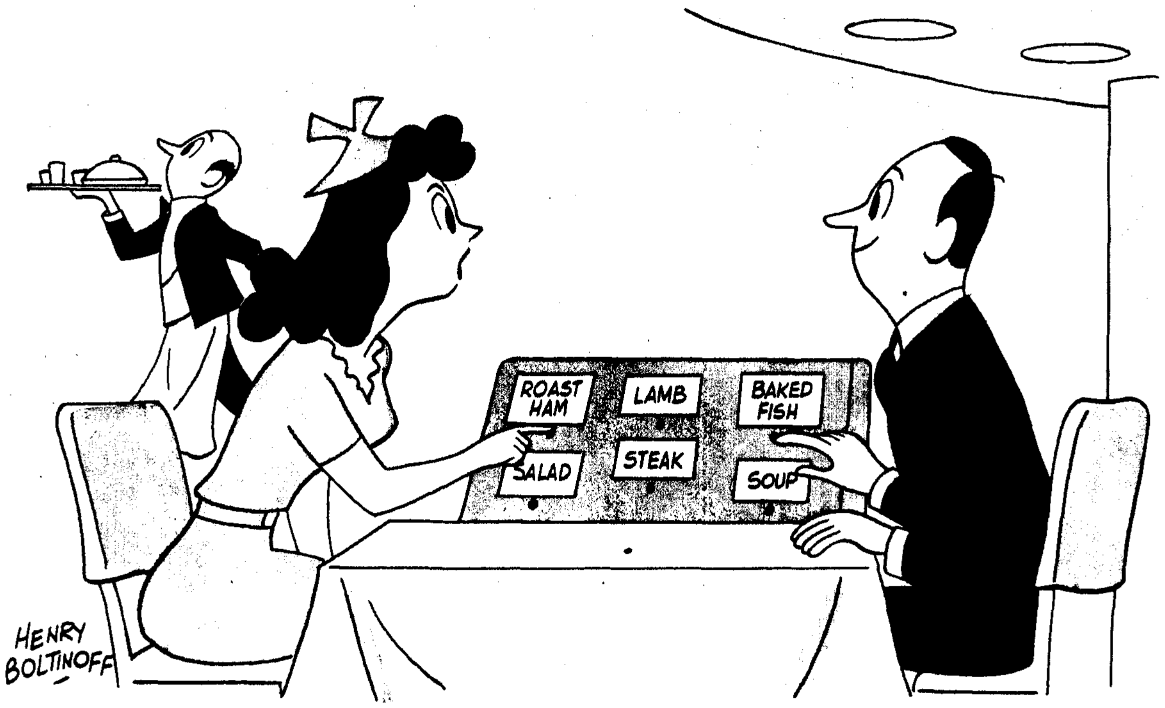

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Push the Button—and Eat

You won't have to wait for your turn to be served in crowded diners and restaurants in the future. A small device like a juke-box control will be installed in front of each seat at the lunch counter, and on the tables. A series of buttons on this will correspond to the various food items on the day's menu. Simply push the buttons for the kind of meal you want, and the waitress will bring your order.

Wires leading from each menu box go to a receiving machine in the kitchen. Pushing the buttons sends impulses to it that punch holes in a numbered card, which then drops out in front of the chef. The customer's location is automatically recorded on the card as well. Other circuits lead to the stockkeeper's office and the cashier's cage. Thus a minute-by-minute record is available through rush hours to show any runs there may be on popular food items. And when you leave, the cashier will have your bill in advance, with no waiting for the check.

Water-Softening Will Be Automatic

Millions of American families struggle with the hard-water problem, using various types of water softeners that require regular cleaning and "reactivation." Now comes a water-softening service—with a system of installing a softener in your home, then taking regular care of it with no more trouble to you than when the power company reads your electric meter.

Heart of the new system is a small timing valve in the softening apparatus. The serviceman opens your tank, puts in new chemicals and sets the valve to do the reconditioning job automatically. It takes him two minutes to do this; the equipment itself does the rest.

The new servicing arrangement will be far cheaper, for you will not buy your softener outright, but merely rent it, together with the service, on a monthly basis. Complete monthly service will cost about $2.25.

New Protection for Your Eyes

Snow blindness and headaches from the intense glare on beaches or on the water have long been known to result from the powerful short waves of ultraviolet in sunlight. Everybody wears deep-tinted glasses as protection against these dangers. But it has always been supposed that the "softer" rays of ultraviolet, just beyond the visible light range, were harmless. Thus, ordinary sunglasses have not been designed to cut out these rays.

Now comes Doctor Ernst Wolf of Harvard, in a research sponsored by the American Optical Company, with the discovery that even the mildest forms of "black light" are harmful to the eyes. Not only do they produce discomfort, but they also cut down the eye's sensitivity and may permanently impair the sight if allowed to enter the eyes too long.

Wolf's research was done on the eyes of young chicks, which closely resemble human eyes. It showed that after long exposure, even to the soft ultraviolet rays, the chicks lost their sensitivity to ordinary light, and if exposed long enough, they did not recover. His conclusion was that human eyes must be fully protected from all ultraviolet if they are to keep their keenness and health.

Out of this will come a demand for a new formula for the lenses of sun goggles—a glass that will stop all black light but will let through as much visible light as possible. Modern glass technology is already on the road to producing sun lenses that are almost water-white. The new standard of protection will soon be built into such glasses as these.

Phone by Radar Waves

The U.S. Army stormed into Germany with the aid of special radio telephone hook-ups, using reflectors set on hilltops or high buildings. Ultrashort-wave beams carried telephone orders and reports beyond the reach of enemy demolition squads. Now, communication engineers are applying this "line-of-sight" radio system to bring telephone service to isolated communities on islands and in wilderness country.

The ingenious radar-type telephone system sends out a beam composed of groups of tiny "pulses," eight thousand such groups every second, eight pulses in each group. Through complicated vacuum-tube sets, one particular pulse in each group is displaced a few millionths of a second to produce a vibration corresponding to human speech, and is "unscrambled" at the receiving end to reproduce the speech sounds again. Meanwhile, each of the other seven pulses can carry a separate conversation as well as many distinct telegraph messages and telephoto impulses.

Large wire-mesh reflectors beam the pulse waves some fifty miles by line of sight to receiving reflectors, which pass the waves along to another set of reflectors. Chains of such devices can be hooked up from hilltop to hilltop to make a channel as long as 2,800 miles. Unlike radio broadcasting, the power level of the beam stays the same. Fading and static interference are cut to a minimum, and weather has no effect on transmission.

Complicated as it is, this radio link can be operated as part of a land-line system.

Now You Can Get . . .

A featherweight piano which can be trundled around a room by the average housewife on cleaning days. The secret is an aluminum plate, or sound board, on which the strings are stretched. This board is eighty pounds lighter than the standard steel plate, yet gives just as good tone. ★★★

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Energy Quotient

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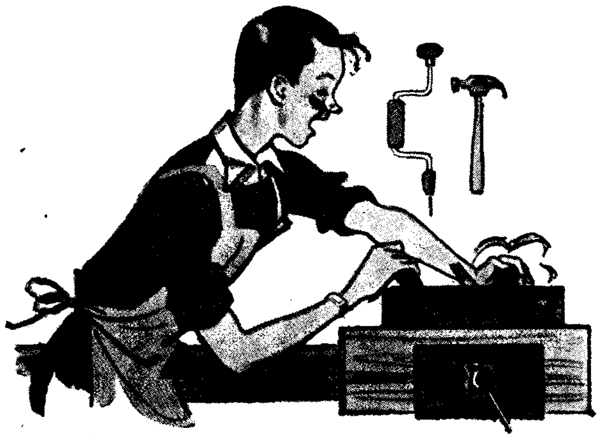
KRISPIES

1 You can do it *any* morning! Simply by adding crisp, tempting Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES, with berries, milk, and sugar, to an ordinary skimpy breakfast! And look how much *extra* energy it can supply . . .*

2 From each delectable RICE KRISPIES' breakfast bowl, *you* can get enough energy to operate a foot-treadle sewing machine for 2½ hours.

3 While Daughter can get enough energy to pound away busily at a typewriter for 2 solid hours.



4 And that active boy can get enough energy to whip easily through a 2-hour period of shopwork.

5 While Father, bless him, can get not only all the energy he needs to drive to and from work (½ hour each way)— but have enough left for a game of ping-pong!

crackle
VITAMIN B1
NIACIN
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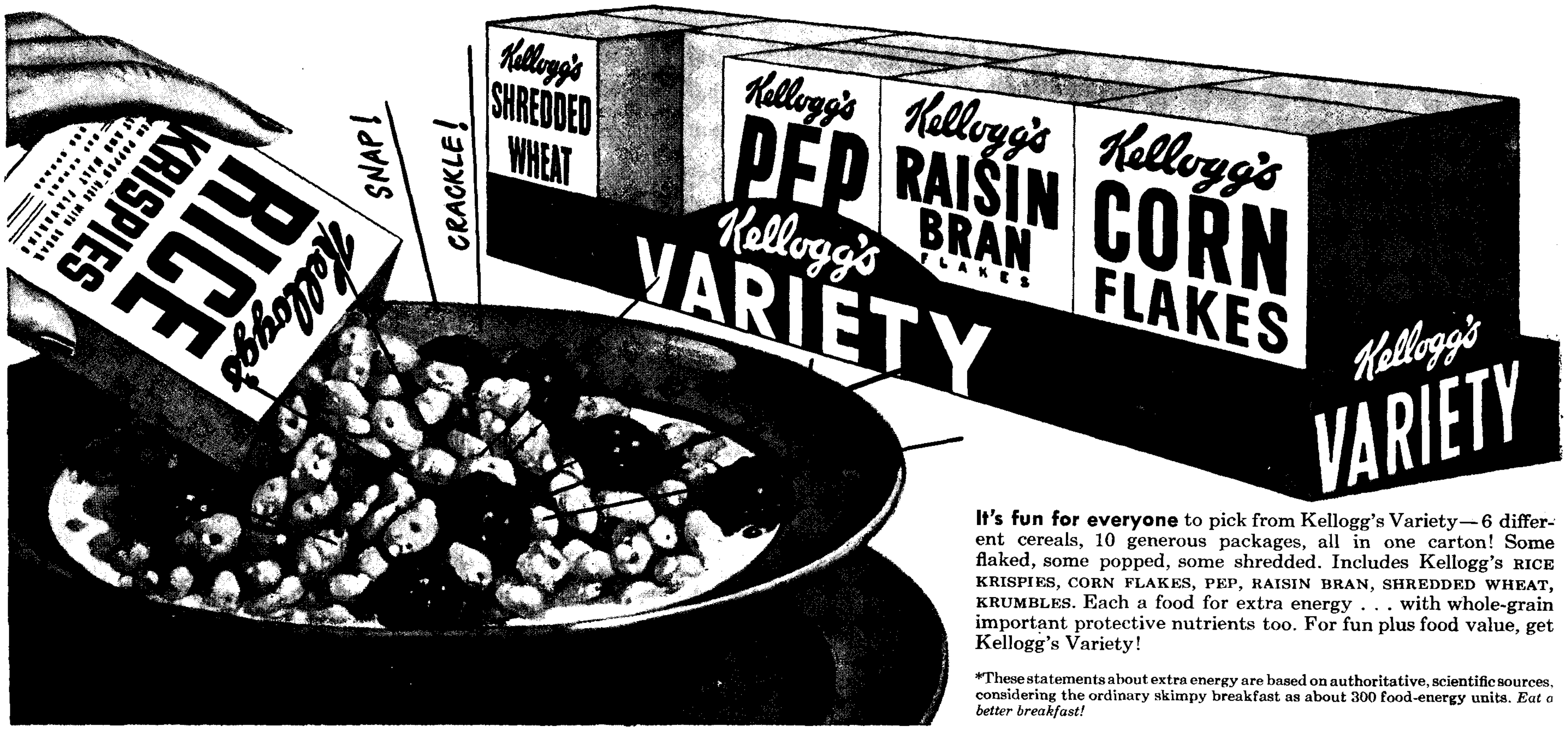
6 In addition, Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES are restored to natural whole-grain food values in energy vitamin B_1, niacin, and iron. Get a regular-sized package at your grocer's.

A Different Cereal for Extra Energy Every Day—with Kellogg's Variety!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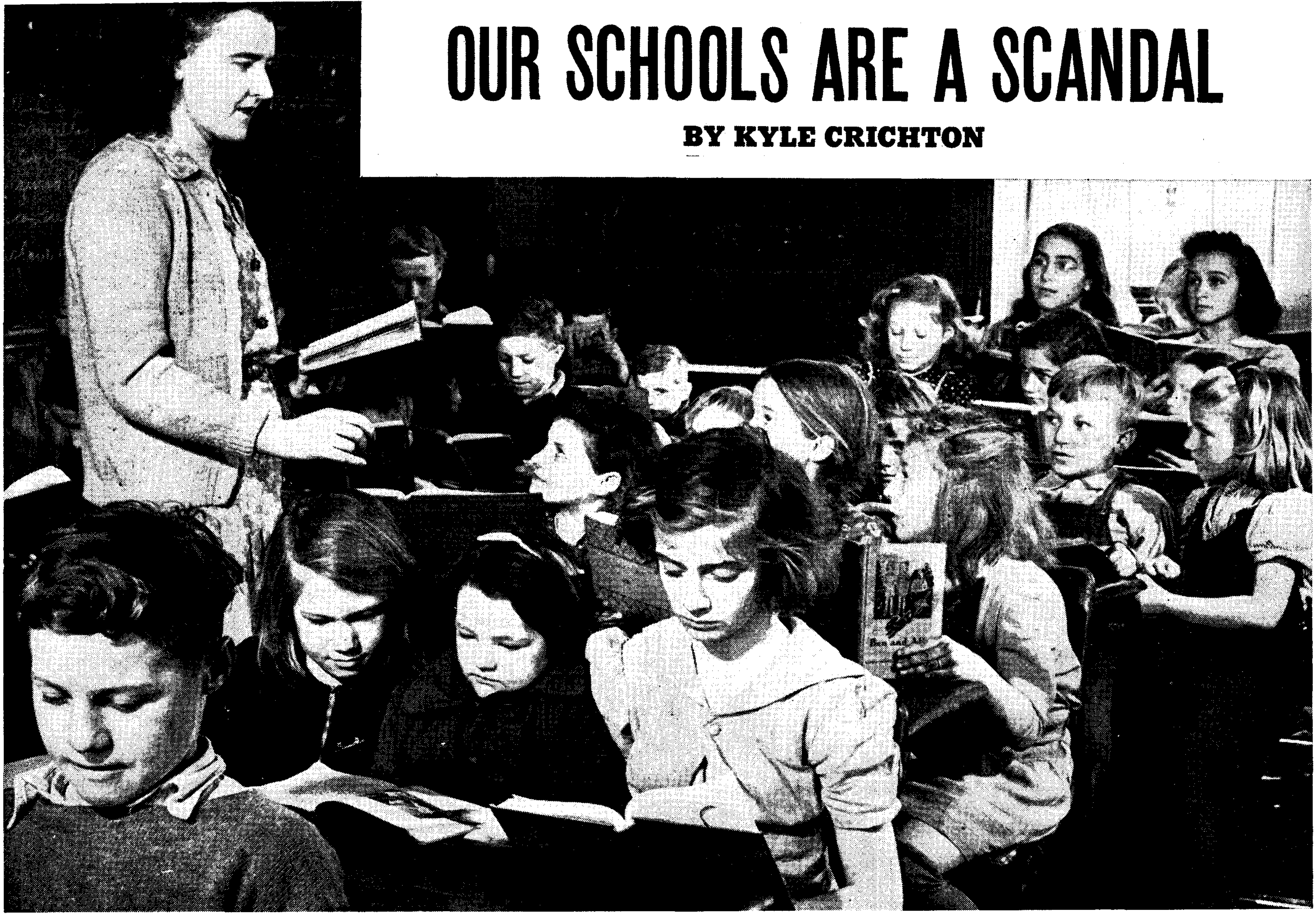
It's fun for everyone to pick from Kellogg's Variety—6 different cereals, 10 generous packages, all in one carton! Some flaked, some popped, some shredded. Includes Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES, CORN FLAKES, PEP, RAISIN BRAN, SHREDDED WHEAT, KRUMBLES. Each a food for extra energy . . . with whole-grain important protective nutrients too. For fun plus food value, get Kellogg's Variety!

*These statements about extra energy are based on authoritative, scientific sources, considering the ordinary skimpy breakfast as about 300 food-energy units. *Eat a better breakfast!*

"THE GRAINS ARE GREAT FOODS"— W. K. Kellogg

OUR SCHOOLS ARE A SCANDAL

BY KYLE CRICHTON



In Bullitt County, Ky., Lillian Smith, a high-school graduate, teaches fifty pupils in a one-room school, receives $875 for eight and one-half months work. She has eight grades and teaches a total of sixty-one classes per day, seven subjects for each of the first three grades, eight for the other five. Note that books are all different

Ten million Americans can't read and write, thousands of teachers are underpaid and, try as they may, our poorer states cannot afford to do anything about it. Every Congress since 1919 has refused to improve the situation

DURING the war a visitor at Camp Edwards in Massachusetts asked the librarian at the Red Cross hut what she needed most in the way of new books.

"Picture books," said the librarian.

"Picture comics?" cried the visitor, with a trace of horror.

"No, I mean simple books for soldiers who can't read or write," replied the librarian.

The visitor was really shocked because he belonged to the great smug majority of Americans who felt that the little old U.S.A. was just about perfect in any of the essentials. He realized that there were sections of the country where the schooling was not so flossy as in Los Angeles or Chicago, but he felt sure that every American boy or girl had at least finished grammar school. When he looked into the figures he was shaken.

The Army was the first to feel the blow. Selective Service boards started out with instructions to reject all illiterates. This was a mechanical war and a soldier would be unable to function unless he could understand techniques and read orders. The draft boards went blithely along on this principle until there was suddenly an agonized cry from the Army. Between the men who were being rejected for physical reasons and the others for illiteracy, almost a third of the possible men were being lost. It was decided then to take the illiterates and educate them.

This was a move of desperation and it was only partially successful but it brought home the awful truth in a way nobody could ignore. According to Lieutenant Colonel Robert H. Owens, 1,704,000 men fell short of the Army's minimum standards of a fourth-grade education in this war!

This was approximately 13 per cent of the men in the armed services and is a nice black eye for American education in general. In the richest country in the world the Army had to stop what it was doing and teach grown men to read and write. Men who had been working for years and raising families of their own sat down for six-weeks courses in which they learned to recite: "This is a rifle—The rifle shoots—I keep my rifle clean—This is my barracks—This is my bed—I make my bed every morning. . . ."

Obviously, something is wrong. We are a great country and we are also a lopsided country. It happens that the states having the greatest percentage of children are also the poorest states. A child born of poor parents in Mississippi or Arkansas, for instance, doesn't get anywhere near so fair a break in life as in some of the richer states, and not even the citizens of those states will maintain otherwise.

If these youngsters are going to get the equal break that our Declaration of Independence postulates, somebody has to make up these inequalities. The federal government is apparently the only agency that can help, but when the subject arises (as it does in every term of Congress), there are shrieks and imprecations so loud you'd think the elimination of mankind was being proposed.

We will go into this opposition later. What is important now are the facts about our schools. There are 790 schools in this country that spend $6,000 a year per classroom. By contrast, there are 1,674 schools which spend less than $100 a classroom per year. This is what John K. Norton of Teachers College, Columbia University, calls the 60 to 1 difference.

Most of the children in the low-grade schools never become really literate. That wouldn't be so bad if the state couldn't do any better and their illiterates stayed put, but it happens that Americans are rovers. Sixty per cent of our people are not living in the states where they were born. So what happens to children in Alabama can have very definite consequences later in Detroit. In short, we bemuse ourselves when we consider education a local problem. In a highly industrial nation like ours, it certainly isn't, and the huge illiterate minority acts as a heavy drag on the country's progress—politically, economically and socially.

The Statistics of Ignorance

Things were bad enough before the war; now they are really serious:

(1) Seven million children between the ages of five and seventeen are not now in school.

(2) More than ten million American adults are functionally illiterate (which means that they can't read a newspaper or a book or write a letter).

(3) One teacher in ten—instead of the one in two hundred of pre-Pearl Harbor days—now holds a substandard teaching certificate.

(4) Teachers' colleges have fifty-three per cent fewer students learning to become educators.

(5) There were 50,000 fewer teaching positions filled in 1944-45, and 280,000 teachers have left the schools since Pearl Harbor.

(6) In October, 1944, there were 10,000 closed classrooms.

Naturally, the war is responsible for some of this but the records show that the condition was almost as bad before we had that excuse. Even with war-swollen salaries there were 28,000 teachers in this country who were paid less than $600 a year; and another 197,000 got less than $1,200. At a recent Senate hearing in Washington, Florence Christmas, an intelligent and well-trained Negro teacher, testified that after fifteen years of service she was now being paid $60 a month for six months of the year. When she was asked why she didn't quit and work in a war factory near by, she replied:

"Teaching is my profession. I want to work with my people."

But other teachers were not so reluctant. The clatter of feet scrambling out the front door was very noticeable. Teaching was the profession best represented in the Wacs and Waves, Spars and Marines. Other teachers escaped to factories and may now return, but there is small likelihood that they will be overjoyed by the prospect.

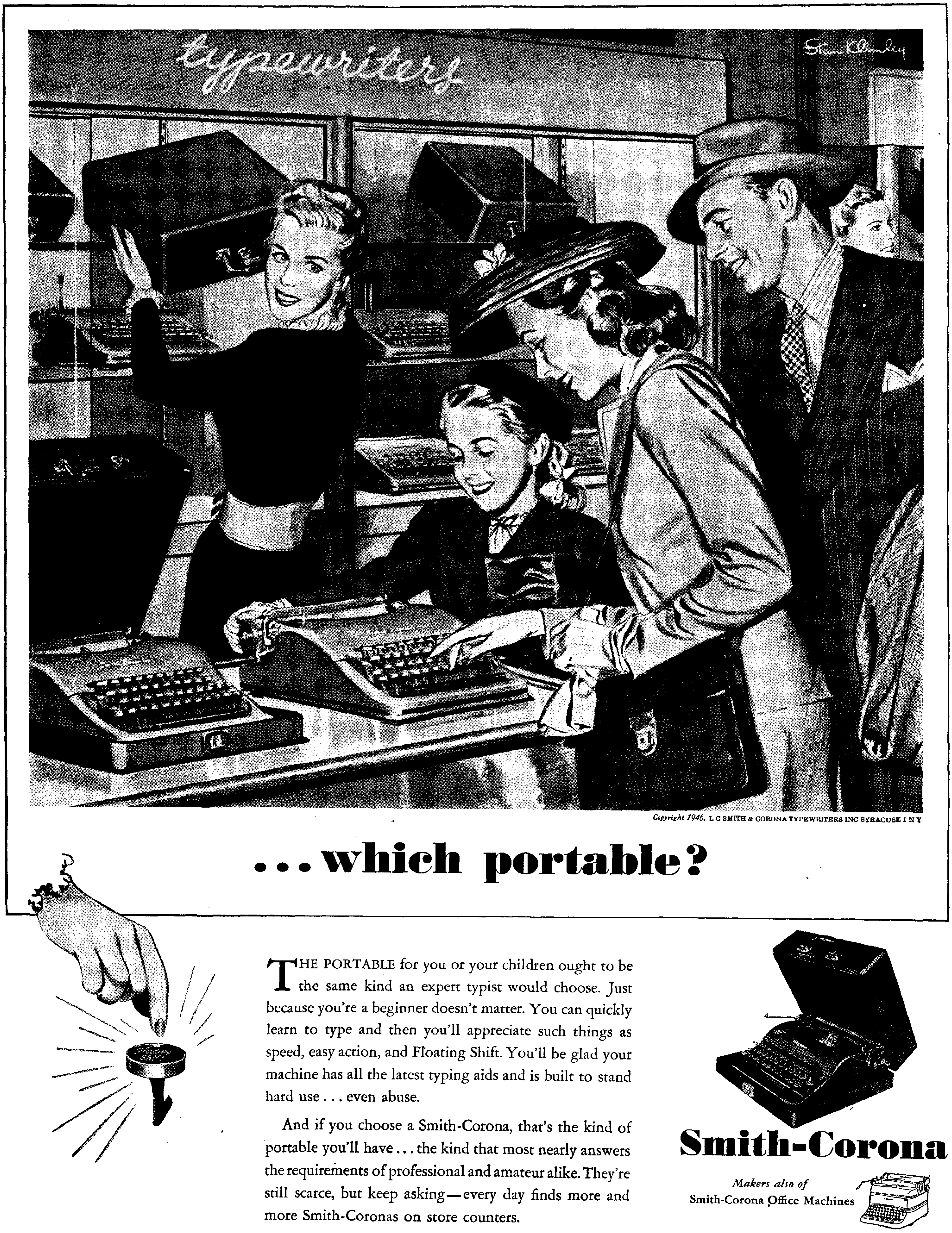
The greatest tragedy is found in states which strain themselves to the utmost to overcome their deficiencies, but still fall short of decent educational standards. For example, in 1943, the state which had the most children of school age (West Virginia) had an estimated income per capita of only $688, while California, with the fewest children per thousand of population, had a per capita income of $1,429. Thus California was three and one third times as able to educate its children as West Virginia. In order to raise a specified amount of money per child, West Virginia would have had to make about three and one half times as much effort as California.

Actually, New Mexico made the greatest effort to support public schools in 1942-43. The national average per pupil is $106 a year. To support its schools New Mexico spent 64 per cent more than its wealth would justify and yet only brought its expenditure up to $92 a year per pupil.

New York spends $179 a pupil and Mississippi is low with $35. Other expenditures are: Arkansas, $43; Alabama, $48; South Carolina, $49; North Carolina, $52; Georgia, $53; Tennessee, $55; Kentucky, $59; Virginia, $64; Florida, $74; Louisiana, $74, and Oklahoma, $75.

(Continued on page 34)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX



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Our Schools Are a Scandal

Continued from page 32

The truth seems to be that schools are no longer America's sweetheart. When there is money to be divided in a state, roads come first, public health second and schools third. Much of this is inevitable but a great part of it stems from an underground and perennial feud between teachers and taxpayer-parents. The teachers feel they are grossly underpaid and keep yelling for more money; the taxpayers consider teaching a soft touch and fiercely resist the raises. "What is so tough about a teacher's life?" ask the taxpayers. "They have short hours, five days a week and long vacations. Most teachers would starve trying to hold any other job and are just waiting around to get married, anyhow." The teachers reply that they have the most nerve-racking job ever invented, battling as many as forty little demons (it is now said to be sixty in some classrooms) who are either actively sadistic or have adopted a manner of silent resistance that defies a grain of learning to pierce their craniums. Thousands of teachers have answered the taxpayer argument by simply retiring from the scene. If teaching is so jolly, they are saying, let somebody else have the pleasure.

The Pros and Cons of "Tenure"

Another thing that really creates a hubbub between the factions is tenure. When a teacher has tenure she can't be ousted from her job except by bringing specific charges against her and giving her a hearing on them. This security makes up in some part for low wages and is supposed to protect the teacher from the whims of school-board members, but it also keeps in their positions teachers who are cordially detested by the parents. The teacher may be crotchety, inefficient and outmoded, but unless she hits somebody with an ax or is caught in some other flagrant misadventure, she stays on.

There are only a few such cases but when they show up, they cause real trouble. Without tenure, however, the teacher is a helpless slave to the prejudices, whims and possible spite of school boards or busybodies. It is an impasse that will probably never be solved. As a prominent woman once said in Washington about civil service: "The only thing worse than civil service is no civil service."

All these conditions have bearing on the main problem of illiteracy. During the last quarter-century, strenuous attempts have been made to even up the inequalities in education by federal grants, but the opposition has always been too strong. As often happens in politics, the roles of the North and South have been reversed in this particular version of the battle over states' rights; the South wanting federal help and the North (in general) fighting it.

The opposition at the moment has the following objections to federal aid:

(a) The federal budget is far overboard and must be reduced. The states have had little share, if any, in war costs and are in excellent financial shape. They should help their own.

(b) Federal control of education will inevitably follow federal grants. We want no part of that.

(c) Even the poorer states could do much more for education than they are doing.

(d) Raising teachers' salaries is not going to help education. If the teachers are no good, giving them more money won't make them better.

(e) Federal aid is a revolutionary proposal, against the very nature of our government. We have never had it and don't want it now.

Nobody will deny that the federal budget is enormous and must be reduced. It is also true that the states have piled up surpluses during the war. But that does not mean that the poorer states can now reach the national average of $105-a-year-a-pupil by their own efforts. The rich states are inclined to look down their noses at the poorer brethren and hint rather tartly that they are stewing in the juice of ignorance because they like it that way. Listen to what John K. Norton has to say on that:

"In 1940, Mississippi paid $12,000,000 for its schools—an average of $400 per classroom unit. It would have cost this state an additional $23,000,000 to have established a $1,650 minimum in all districts—the average for the nation. This would have required a tripling of taxes for education. Why does not Mississippi do this? Because it is already taxing itself heavily to provide $400 per classroom. Its tax effort—as measured by ratio of money raised for education to total income of its people—was 33 per cent above that of the country as a whole. It was 31 per cent greater than that of New York and 30 per cent greater than that of California. To triple educational costs in Mississippi would be equivalent to confiscation of property."

Beyond that, the objectors are entirely wrong in thinking education has never had federal help. It first came in 1785 when the federal government set aside two townships in every county for the purposes of education. When Ohio was admitted to the Union in 1802, it received land grants for educational purposes; similar grants were made to other states in the years that followed.

"These grants comprise 121,000 square miles," says R. B. Marston, of the National Education Association. "An area larger than Italy and nearly two and a half times as large as England."

In addition to that, Land Grant colleges have been established and the federal treasury has made many outright grants of money for education. Since the passage of the Hatch Act in 1887, yearly grants have been made for experimentation in agriculture, and, lately, for vocational schools. The federal treasury was distributing $153,572,186 to the states and territories for education as late as 1940.

"The federal government has never said a word about how the states should handle the money," says Mr. Marston. "The various state agricultural colleges have been one of our proudest successes. Are there any voices raised to halt federal aid for these schools? We've always had federal aid and the control has always been with the states."

And the vocational schools saved our life during the war. Not only did we have 2,000,000 boys previously trained by the program, but the government immediately expanded the schools to such an extent that 10,000,000 additional were trained during the war. That largely supplied the reservoir of trained workers which allowed us to make our great war production record.

"Hundreds of millions of dollars were poured into this program," says Mr. Norton, "and a great deal of it was wasted because we only took such steps in an emergency."

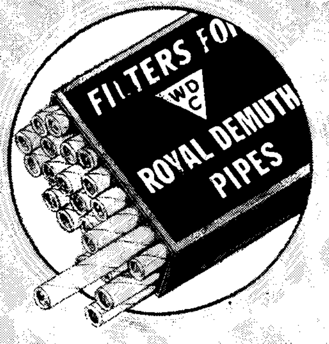
A Demand That Defeated Itself

At a recent meeting in Chicago of the American Association of Junior Colleges, a demand was made for a federal aid to school programs of three billion dollars a year.

This was a brave gesture. The fact that Congress has refused any appropriation whatever since the project was first broached in 1919 would seem to indicate that a more modest approach might have a better chance. Last year there were two bills before Congress—the Thomas-Hill-Ramspeck bill and the Mead-Aiken bill. The first came closer to getting on the floor, losing in committee by the narrow vote of 10-9. This was a bitter pill but it encouraged the federal-aid advocates, who had never before come so close.

In its original form this bill called for an equalization fund of $100,000,000 and an emergency fund of $200,000,000. For a time it was felt that the emergency was over so the latter feature could be dropped, but reports coming in from various sections of the country seem to indicate that the war is not over as far as the schools are concerned.

A report from Georgia had this to say: "The chief worry of this state's many communities at present—and the situation is the same throughout the South—stems from the inability to get qualified teachers in the vari-



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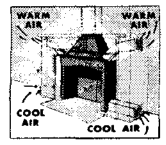
The Heatilator is a steel form around which the masonry is easily built. It assures proper construction, eliminating faults that commonly cause smoking. Firebox, damper, smoke dome and down-draft shelf are built-in parts of the unit. Adds but little to the cost of the fireplace. Sold by leading building material dealers everywhere. Write for illustrated folder.



HEATILATOR, INC.
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HEATILATOR Fireplace

ous school systems. Many schools in Georgia have been forced to close down from lack of teachers. Others are struggling along with high-school students conducting the primary grades. Approximately half the teachers in the state schools now have no professional training. In one instance, a woman who never went beyond the fourth grade is teaching the seventh. The salary scale is miserably low and more capable teachers are being attracted to other states and other professions."

The equalization fund of the Thomas-Hill-Ramspeck bill simply provided that communities having insufficient money for schools would receive enough federal money to bring their standards up to the national level. Naturally some states such as California, Connecticut, Delaware, Nevada, New York and the District of Columbia do not need help and would get none. The fund is restricted to *public* elementary and secondary schools. To qualify for the money, a state would be required to continue to spend for its own schools at least as much as in 1943-44. This is to keep the states from cutting their budgets and allowing the federal government to carry the burden.

Opponents of the bill complain loudly about this latter provision on the ground that it would forever keep the states from lowering school budgets. Proponents answer that it would be silly to talk about reducing salaries, even if we had a depression again.

"Even in New York State with its average salary of $2,697 a year," said a member of the Teachers College faculty, "nobody is getting rich. High-school teachers must have a college degree and in many instances a master's degree. The same training brings real money in other positions. The miracle is that we keep any good teachers at all."

And in the South, where salaries are 'way below New York's level, many of the finest teachers are weaned away by higher salaries. They may have a real devotion to their own people but when they are offered three and four times the money elsewhere, the temptation is hard to resist.

The chances of success for the federal-aid program in Congress are lowered by the conflict between the backers of the Thomas-Hill-Ramspeck bill and the Mead-Aiken bill. The former provides aid solely to public schools. Among the most active defenders of the Mead-Aiken bill are the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the American Federation of Teachers, an affiliate of the A.F. of L. There is fear that the bitterness over this difference of opinion may play into the hands of those who want no federal aid.

There are powerful forces lined up against it. Opposition comes from big business groups (which are naturally opposed to anything that raises taxes) and from those who fear federal domination of the schools and thus of public thought. An answer to their objections appeared recently in a United States Chamber of Commerce booklet, which showed that good business was not possible in areas where illiteracy flourished. In these areas no books and radios were sold, and very little of anything else.

The inference was that a wealthy country is an educated country and the statistics seem to bear this out. This booklet, prepared by a committee, does not necessarily represent the view of the general membership of the U.S. Chamber and certainly not of the powerful New York State Chamber of Commerce, which is a vigorous opponent of federal aid.

Illiteracy and the Ballot

In the meantime, the problem remains. Millions of citizens in the richest country in the world reach voting age without being able to read the names of the candidates on the ballots. There are cynics who maintain that dumping federal money into the states would have no effect whatever. They claim that farmers in the poorer sections need the help of their children at planting and harvest time, and nothing can get them to school during those periods.

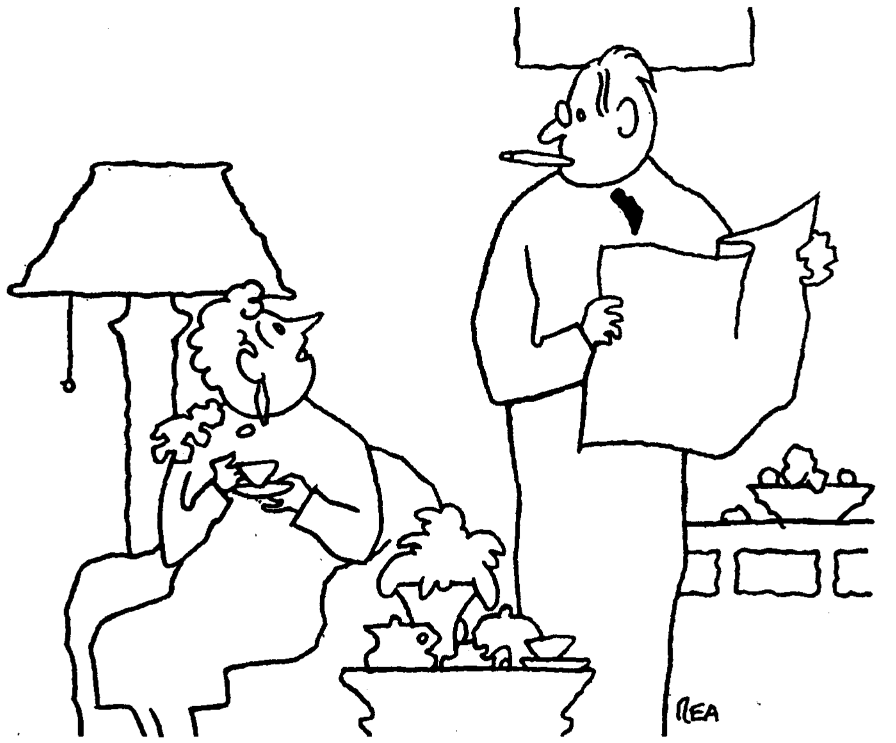
"What difference does it make if you bring nine-months school to the mountains of Kentucky?" they ask. "Do you think those kids are *going* nine months? It would take an army of truant officers armed with Garand rifles to pull it off."

John K. Norton has the answer to that: We must realize that the social liabilities that flow from a denial of educational opportunity are so great that they can no longer be tolerated. Such opportunity should cease to be dependent upon such factors as the economic and cultural status of community and family in which the child lives. It should depend upon the child's willingness and capacity to learn. Anything less makes education a creator of artificial and unfair class lines rather than the instrument of equality.

And, speaking in New York recently, President James Bryant Conant of Harvard shocked many of his listeners by saying that he disagreed with the widely held conception that "any boy who had what it takes can get all the education he wants in the U.S.A." Doctor Conant said that he didn't see how "you and I can preserve democracy here if we fail to practice democracy in the educational field." The remedy, he added, is federal aid to schools.

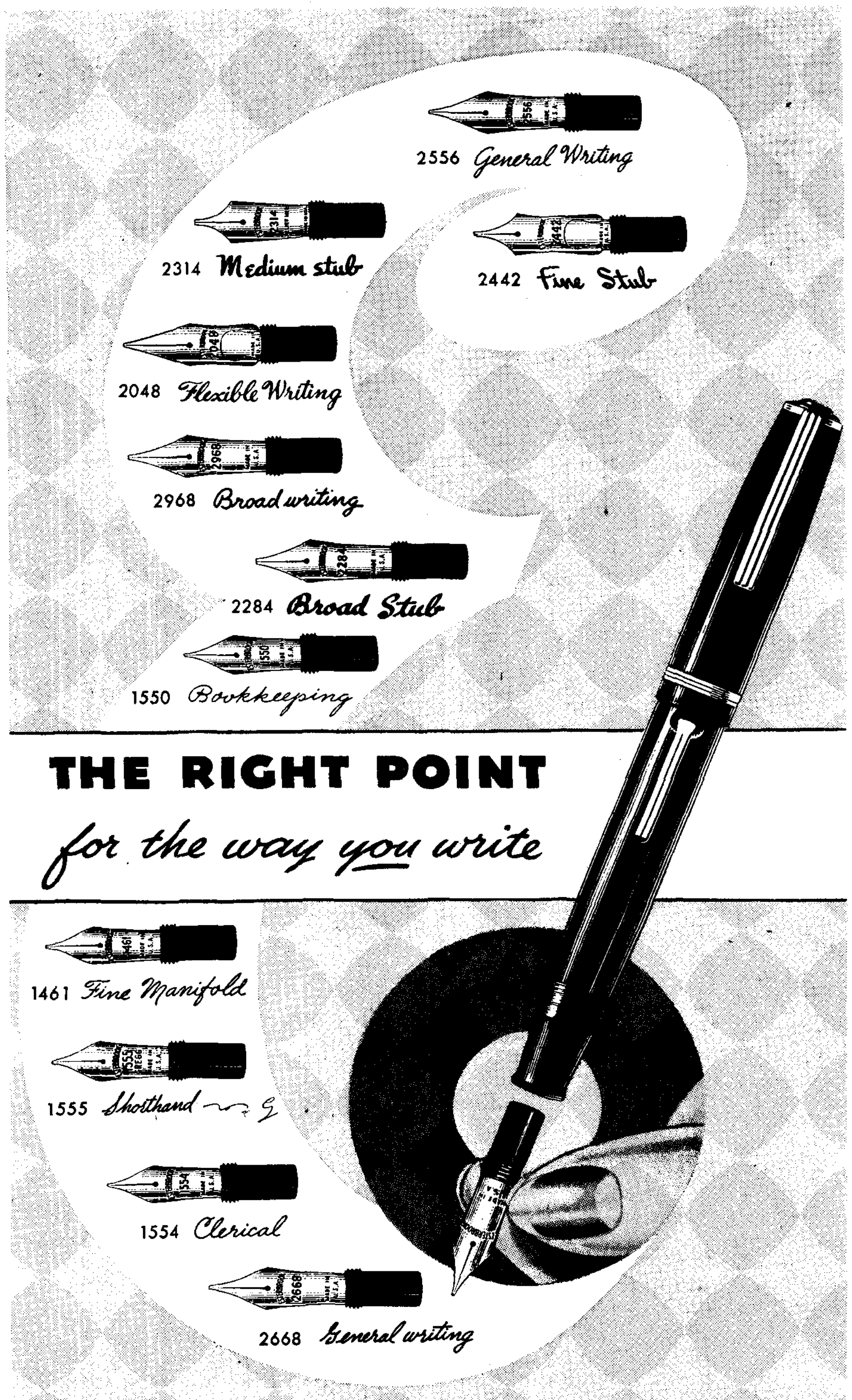
We've been trying to put this over ever since the Smith-Towner bill in 1919—and getting nowhere. What happens now will be important . . . if anything happens at all.

THE END



"But what's so new about a global world, Peter? I thought that's the way it's been ever since Christopher Columbus"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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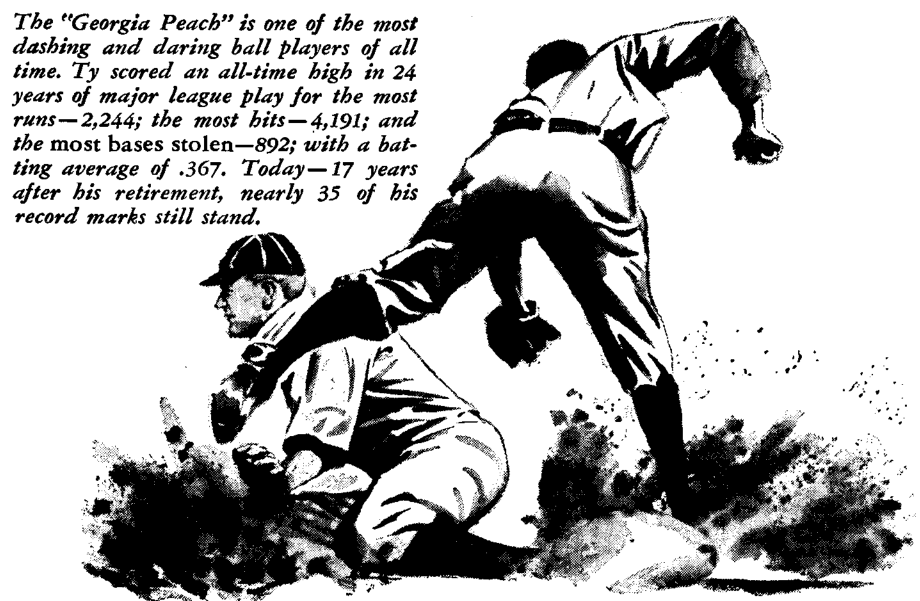

There is Only One

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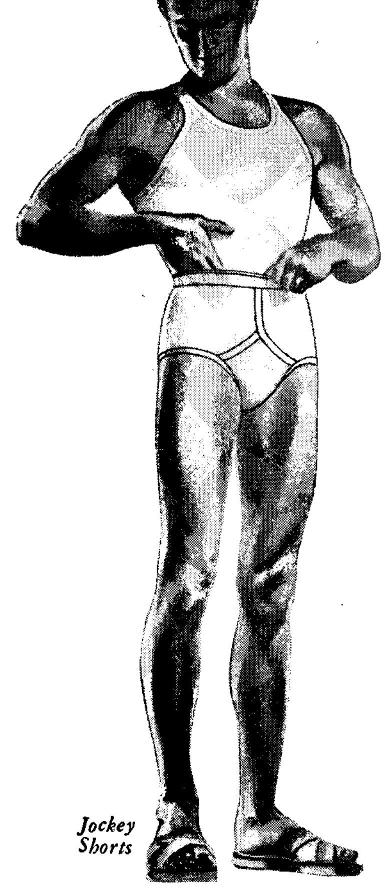

Internationally famous as the underwear that ended "Squirming"—only Jockey brand has the patented Y-Front construction . . . scientifically perfected for correct masculine support. Only Jockey has the "friendly" pouch structurally cradled for gentle bracing, buoyant uplift. The convenient No-Gap opening . . . the bulkless crotch . . . and the smooth seams properly placed for complete freedom of action without chafing or binding are some of the outstanding Jockey *exclusives* for additional all-'round comfort. For both comfort and support Jockey is unequalled—so keep trying to get Jockey. We hope retail stocks will soon increase sufficiently to make shopping less difficult. Remember, the exclusive comfort and support features of Jockey are found in all models, longs or shorts, but only in the garments bearing the label—JOCKEY.

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Medal from Jerusalem

Continued from page 12

"Why don't you all go away and eat your dinner?" Ruth said.

"Lieutenant," Carver said, ignoring her, "take the advice of a veteran of the Middle East. Do not become involved with Palestine." He weaved a little as he spoke. "The human race is doomed in Palestine. For thousands of years. They chop down the forests, burn down the cities, wipe out the inhabitants. When this war is over I'm going back to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and wait until I pick up the morning newspaper and read that everybody in Palestine exterminated everybody else in Palestine the night before." He walked unsteadily over to Ruth's chair and bent over and peered intently into her face. "Beautiful girl," he said, "beautiful, forlorn girl." He straightened up. "Gunnison, I admonish you, as an officer and gentleman, do not harm one hair on this beautiful girl's head."

"Every hair," Mitchell said gravely, "is safe with me."

"If you must drink," Ruth said to Carver sharply, "why don't you do it with Americans? Why do you have to go around with bandits and murderers like these?" She waved her hand toward the Arabs. The journalist smiled, his handsome face frosty and amused in the wavering light.

"Impartiality," Carver boomed. "American impartiality. We are famous for it. Tomorrow I lunch with the president of the Jewish Agency."

Ruth turned to the journalist. "Taif," she said loudly, "I read your last piece."

"Ah, yes," he said, his voice a little dead and without timbre. "Did you like it?"

"You'll be responsible for the death of thousands of Jews," said Ruth.

"Ah, thank you," he said. He smiled. "It is my fondest hope." He turned to Mitchell. "Naturally, Lieutenant," he said, "our charming little Ruth is biased in the matter. It is necessary to give the Arab side of the proposition." He began to speak more seriously, with a severe, oratorical emphasis, like an evangelical preacher. "The world is dazzled by the Jewish accomplishment in Palestine. Fine, clean cities, with plumbing. Industries. Where once was desert. Et cetera."

"Taif, old boy," Carver pulled at his arm, "let's eat and you can lecture the lieutenant some other time."

"No, if you please." The journalist pulled his arm politely away from Carver's hand. "I welcome the opportunity to talk to our American friends. You see, my good Lieutenant, you may be very pleased with the factory and the plumbing, and perhaps, even, from one point of view, they may be good things. But they have nothing to do with the Arab. The Arab has his own culture and, forgive us, the Arab prefers it. The virtues which are particularly Arab are kept alive by primitive living. They die among the plumbing."

"Now," said Ruth, "we have heard a new one. Kill the Jew because he brings the shower bath."

THE journalist smiled indulgently at Ruth, as at a clever child. "Personally," he said, "I have nothing against the Jews. I swear that I do not wish to harm a single Jew living in Palestine today. But I will fight to the death to keep even one more Jew from entering this country."

"Six million Jews have died in Europe," Ruth said, her voice harsh and passionate and surprising to Mitchell. "Where do you want the survivors to go?"

The journalist shrugged. "That," he said, "is a question for the world to decide. If the rest of the world really wants to see the Jewish race survive let them take them in. America, Britain, Russia. . . . I do not notice those large countries taking in great masses of Jews."

"There are no great masses," Ruth said. "There is only a handful."

Taif shrugged. "Even so. The truth may be, perhaps," he paused, a little doubtfully, shrewdly hesitating for effect, reminding Mitchell of an old Latin teacher in a class of Cicero, "the truth may be that the rest of the world really wants to see the Jewish race die out." He turned and smiled warmly at Mitchell. "It is an interesting supposition, Lieutenant. It might be most interesting to examine it before talking any more about Palestine." He walked over to Ruth and leaned over and kissed her fleetingly on the forehead. "Good night, little Ruth," he said, and moved off toward a table across the patio.

"If I see you with that man once more," Ruth spoke to the man who had introduced himself to Mitchell, and who had remained standing at their table, "I'll never talk to you again."

The Arab looked swiftly at Mitchell and said something to Ruth in Arabic.

"No," said Ruth, her voice clipped and sharp. "Definitely no."

The Arab bowed slightly, put out his hand to Mitchell and as they shook hands, said, "Very pleasant meeting you, Lieutenant," and went off to join his friend at their table.

"*Thé dansant* in old Tel Aviv," said Carver. "Bring the kiddies. Good night." He waddled over to the other table.

"Ruth—" Mitchell started to talk.

"Lieutenant Gunnison . . ." It was the soft, apologetic voice of Schneider at his elbow. "I am so anxious for your opinion. What did you think of Stardust?"

MITCHELL turned slowly from staring at Ruth, who was sitting tense and upright in her chair. "Great, Schneider," Mitchell said. "I thought it was sensational."

Schneider beamed with pleasure. "You are too kind," he said. "I will play you Summertime once more."

"Thanks a lot," said Mitchell. He put out his hand and covered Ruth's lying on the table. "You all right?" he asked.

She smiled up at him. "Sure," she said. "I am an admirer of abstract political discussions." Her face grew serious. "Do you want to know what Khazen asked when he spoke to me in Arabic?"

"Not if you don't want to tell me."

"I want to tell you." Ruth absently caressed his fingers. "He asked me if I would meet him later. I told him no."

"I heard you." Mitchell grinned at her. "They probably heard you in Cairo."

"I didn't want you to feel disturbed or doubtful," Ruth said. "Your last night."

"I feel fine," Mitchell said.

"I've been going with him for four years." She played for a moment with the food in the plate that the waiter had put before her. "When I came here in the beginning I was frightened and lonely and he was very decent. He's a contractor for the Americans and British and he's made a fortune during the war. But when Rommel was outside Alexandria he and his friends used to celebrate in secret. I can't stand him any more. He knows it. But he hangs on. Ah, finally, I suppose he'll get me to marry him. I'm not strong enough any more." She looked up at Mitchell and tried to smile. "Don't be shocked, darling," she said. "Americans can't understand how tired the human race can get." She stood up suddenly. "Let's dance."

They went onto the floor and Schneider broke into Summertime when he saw them and smiled fondly at them as they danced. She danced very well, lightly and passionately, and Mitchell knew as he danced that he was going to remember this for a long time, the light, soft pressure of the bright cotton dress, the dark, curved, delicate face below his, the hushed sound of their feet on the old floor under the palms, the clever rich music of the piano under the small blue lights strung out from the stone building. There were a million things that crowded his throat that he wanted to tell her, and there was no way of saying them. He kissed her cheek as the music ended and she glanced up at him, and smiled and said, "There, that's better," and they were laughing by the time they got back to their table.

He paid the bill and they went out, saying

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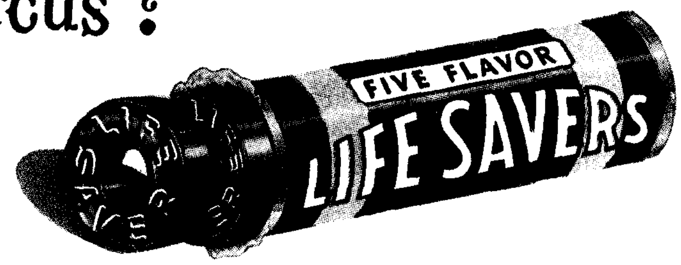

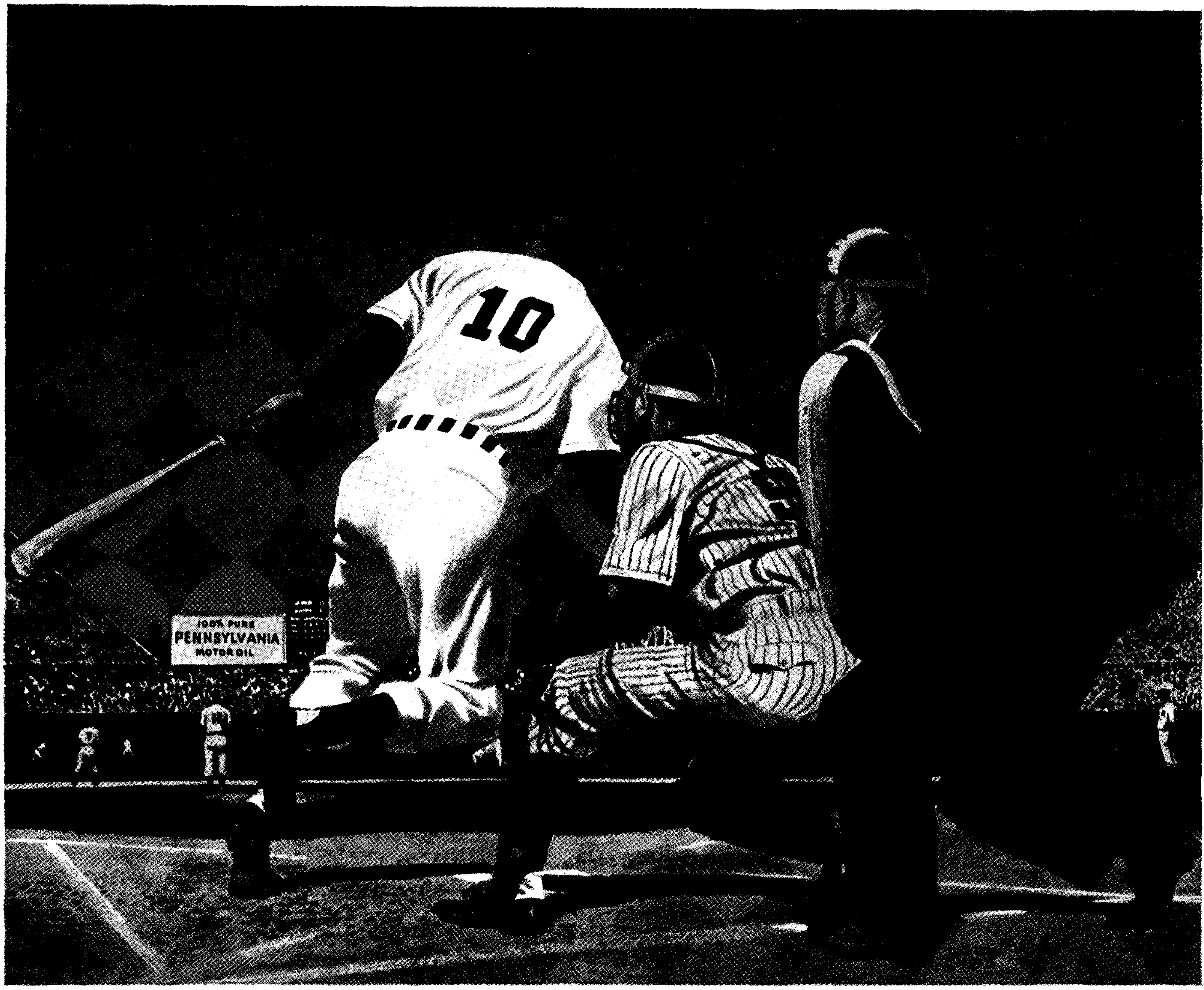

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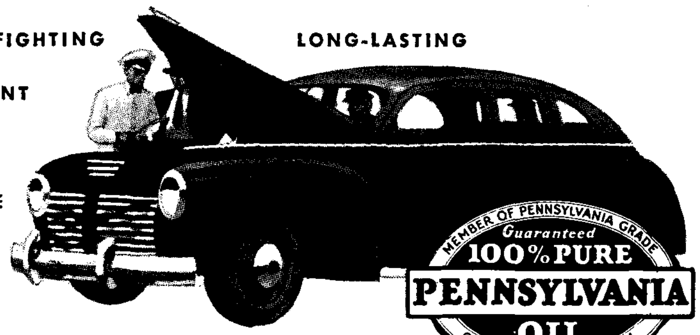

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good night to Schneider, not looking back at the table where Carver and the two Arabs sat. Outside there was an old carriage waiting, its driver dozing and its lights dimmed and they climbed in and sat close together as the driver clucked to the horse and they rattled slowly back toward town. The breeze had gone down as it did at nine o'clock every night and there was a small warm breath of salt off the Mediterranean and every once in a while a jeep rushed past in a whistle of American wind, making the creakings and rustlings of the old carriage older and dearer and more private as they sat there holding onto each other in silence.

THEY got off a block from where Ruth lived because the people from whom she rented her room did not approve of their boarder going out with soldiers. They walked past the corner where the Italian bombers had killed a hundred and thirty people on a Friday morning the year before, and turned into Ruth's street. All the houses were blacked out but there was a tiny sliver of light along one of the windows in the third floor apartment in which Ruth lived and they stopped in dismay when they saw it.

"She's up," Ruth said.

"Doesn't she ever sleep?" Mitchell asked angrily.

Ruth giggled and kissed him. "She can't stay up forever," Ruth said. "We'll take a little walk and by the time we get back she'll be asleep."

Mitchell took her arm and they walked slowly down toward the sea. At the steps leading to the beach, a weaving British lance corporal on his way up with a girl, stiffened and saluted rigidly, his hand quivering with respect for authority. Mitchell saluted back, and Ruth giggled.

"What're you laughing at?" Mitchell asked, when they had passed the lance corporal.

"I laugh," Ruth said, "every time I see you salute."

"Why?"

"I don't know why," she said. "I just laugh. Forgive me." She took off her shoes and walked barefoot in the sand up to the water's edge.

"The Mediterranean," Ruth said. "I hate the Mediterranean."

"What's the matter with it?" Mitchell stared out at the flickering silver path of the moon over the water.

"I was on it," Ruth said, "for over a month. In the hold of a Greek steamer that used to carry cement. Maybe I oughtn't to tell you things like that. You're a tired boy who's been sent here to have a good time so he can go back and fight well. . . ."

"You tell me anything you want to tell me," Mitchell said. "I'll fight all right."

"Should I tell you about Berlin, too? Do you want to hear about Berlin?" Ruth's voice was hard and cold, and somehow a little sardonic, not at all like her voice as he had heard it in the whole week he had known her. The meeting with the journalist at the restaurant had started something stirring within her, something that he hadn't seen before, and he felt that before he left he should see that side of her, too.

"Tell me about Berlin," Mitchell said.

"I worked for a newspaper," Ruth said, her toes digging lightly in the sand, "even after the Nazis came in, and I was in love with the man who wrote the economics column and he was in love with me. . . ."

"Economics?" Mitchell was puzzled.

"The stock exchange. The prophecies and excuses."

"Oh," said Mitchell, trying to picture what a man who wrote stock-exchange tips in Berlin in 1934 would look like.

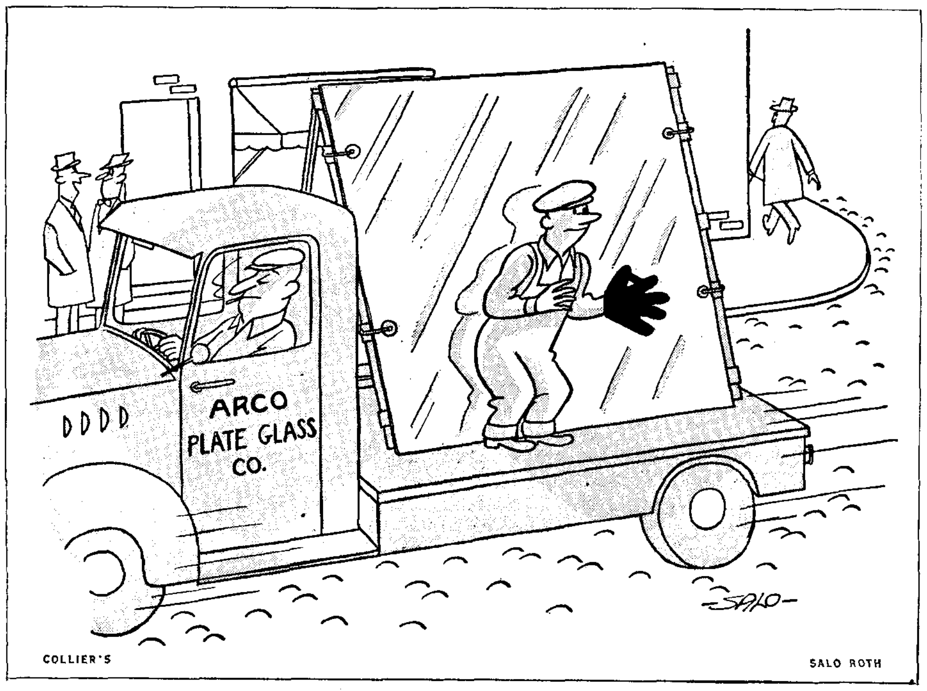
"He was very gay," Ruth said. "Very young, but elegant, with checkered vests and he wore a monocle and he lost all his money at the races. His name was Joachim. He used to take me to the races and to the cafés and it used to drive my mother crazy, because if they ever found out I was a Jewish girl out with a Gentile man, they would have sentenced me to death for polluting the blood stream of the German nation. They'd have sent him to concentration camp, too, but he was always easy and laughing, and he said, 'The important thing is to be brave,' and we were never questioned and I went to every night club in Berlin.

"My father was taken to concentration camp and we decided it was time for me to leave, and Joachim got together all the money he could lay his hands on and gave it to me and I went to Vienna. I was supposed to go to Palestine, if I could, and send for my mother, and for my father, too, if he ever got out of concentration camp. There was an office in Vienna, and it was filled with refugees from all over Germany, and we collected money to buy transportation and bribe the nations of the world to let some of us in. Finally we got a Greek steamer that was supposed to put in at Genoa and pick us up if we managed to get there.

"We gave the man seventy-five thousand dollars in cash in advance because that's the only way he would do it, and somehow we got the Austrian government and the Italian government to look the other way, at a price, and they piled us into freight cars, eight hundred of us, and locked us in, and the trip took a week and a day to Genoa and when we got there the ship never arrived. The Greek took the seventy-five thousand dollars and disappeared.

"Then the Italian government sent us back to Vienna and six people committed suicide because they couldn't bear it, and we started in all over again."

MITCHELL stared at the dark line of the sea where it blended in the distance with the purple of the sky. He tried to think of what it would have been like for his sister and mother if they had been locked into freight cars at Rutland and forced to travel for eight days up to Quebec, say, to wait for an illegal ship to an unknown country. His mother was tall and white-haired and unruffled and pleasant, and his sister was cool



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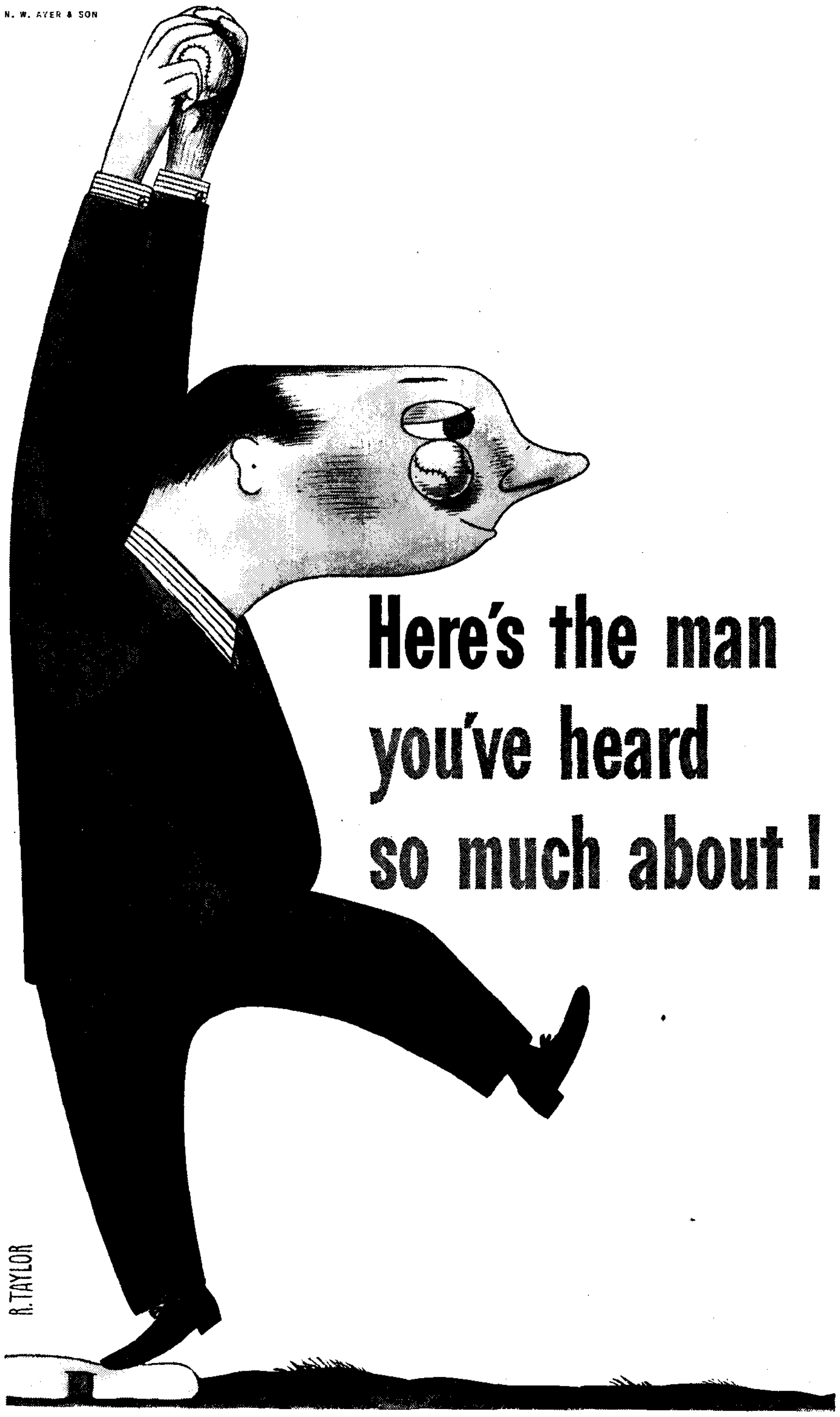

HE's that level-headed business man everybody mentions. The guy who's *in there pitching* every minute—who's got his *eye right on the ball*—and, no matter what the question—is *never caught off-base!*

Sound familiar now? Sure he does! We've all heard those words used time after time to describe some fellow. And we'd form a picture of him as funny as this one—if we took them at face value.

Of course, we never do. Because we realize such phrases are simply more common, or more convenient, or more colorful ways of saying—"*He always wants to know all the facts and figures!*"

That's something you'll find said about *all* smart business men. Not only do they "want the figures"—they want them accurate, economical, and up to the minute, too. Today, more and more, they're getting them by means of Comptometer adding-calculating machines and money-saving Comptometer methods!

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and pretty and irritatingly sure of herself.

"Let's start home," Ruth said. "If my landlady's still up, we'll shoot her."

They turned their backs on the quiet white churn of waves and walked, hand in hand, across the heavy sand of the beach toward the black pile of the buildings of the city.

"Well," Mitchell said, "I want to hear the rest of it."

"No, you don't," Ruth said. "Forgive me for telling you so much. It's too dreary."

"I want to hear," Mitchell said. In the week he had known Ruth, she had been gay and lighthearted and had helped him to forget the things he needed to forget, and now he felt as though he owed it to himself and to Ruth to take back with him some of her agony, too, not only the laughter and the tender jokes and the self-effacing merriment. Suddenly, tonight, she had become terribly dear to him, and he felt responsible to her in a way he had never felt responsible to a girl before. "Tell me," he said.

Ruth shrugged. "Back in Vienna," she said, "we did it all over again. It took two months of hiding and running most of the time, but we collected the money again, and we found ourselves another Greek, and this one turned out to be honest. We got down to Genoa in only five days this time and we boarded the steamer at night and they locked the hatch doors on us and we set sail before dawn. The steamer had been built in 1887." They were at the edge of the beach now and Ruth leaned on Mitchell's shoulder as she put on her shoes.

"Nobody can have any idea," Ruth said, as they went up the steps to the concrete walk above, "of what dirt is like,, until he has been locked in the hold of a fifty-year-old ship with seven hundred people for over a month. People died every day and the ship captain would let a rabbi and three other people up on deck at night to perform the burial service and dump the bodies overboard. The only thing we got to eat was biscuit and canned beef, and there was always worms in everything, even the water we got to drink, and everybody got sores all over their bodies and the old people got too weak to move and the children wept all day, and the relatives of the people who died screamed a good deal of the time, and it is impossible to tell anyone who was not on that boat what it smelled like, in the middle of the summer in the Mediterranean, with a ventilating system that had been installed in Salonika in 1903."

THEY turned off the beach walk and climbed slowly up the hill toward the center of the town, past the clean white very modernistic apartment houses with gardens and fountains and balconies facing the sea.

"We were supposed to be let off in Turkey," Ruth went on, her voice almost without inflection and emotion. "But something went wrong and we had to put out to sea again, and we started toward Palestine, although the British had patrols along every mile of coast line. There was no place else to go. People started to get hallucinations about food, and the sailors would sell a sandwich or a lemon for twenty dollars or a bowl of soup for a gold candlestick."

They turned into Ruth's street and looked up at the window just in time to see the thin edge of light under the blind disappear. They stopped and leaned against a stucco fence in front of a plain white house with cactus plants and a fig tree in the front yard.

"We were on that ship for thirty-five days," Ruth said, "and we came to the coast of Palestine between Haifa and Rehovot, at night, and maybe someone had been bribed, and maybe it was just lucky, but people were waiting for us in rowboats and in eight hours we were all off. Luckily, it was a dark night, and there were no patrols, and we were taken in cars to a movie theater in a little town near Haifa and put inside. The theater had been playing Betty Grable in Campus Confessions, a musical picture, and there were signs with her in tights and ostrich plumes all over it, and the management had written all over the posters, 'Closed this week for repairs.' "

"I saw the picture," Mitchell said. He had seen it one night in Cambridge and he remembered how some of the boys in the audience had whistled when Miss Grable had kissed the leading man.

"We were all told to keep absolutely quiet," Ruth said, "because the British had patrols going through every town. That wasn't so hard with the older people, but it was awful with the children, and one man really proposed that a little girl who kept crying all day be strangled for the good of the others. We sat there for a week, whispering, making a noise like thousands of mice in a cupboard, and each night cars would come and some people would be taken away to a collective farm somewhere in the hills. Finally, my turn came and I stayed on that farm for two years, working in the fields and teaching children how to read and write German. After two years, the British gave you papers, if you managed to dodge them all that time, and so I got my papers and started to work for a canning factory outside Tel Aviv.

"Joachim wrote me and so did my mother, from Berlin. They became good friends once I was gone, and he brought her food, and on Friday nights would come and watch her light the candles."

RUTH was staring up at the window of her home, which was now secure and dark. "He helped my mother get out of Germany," she went on. "She came out in a Portuguese boat and I heard she was coming and I was on the shore at Haifa Harbor when it came in. But the British wouldn't let it dock, and after six days, they insisted that it turn back, and there were thousands of people on the shore, relatives and friends of the people on the boat, and the worst sound I've ever heard in the world was the sound those people on shore made when the boat turned around and started to steam toward the Haifa breakwater. But the boat never got out of the harbor."

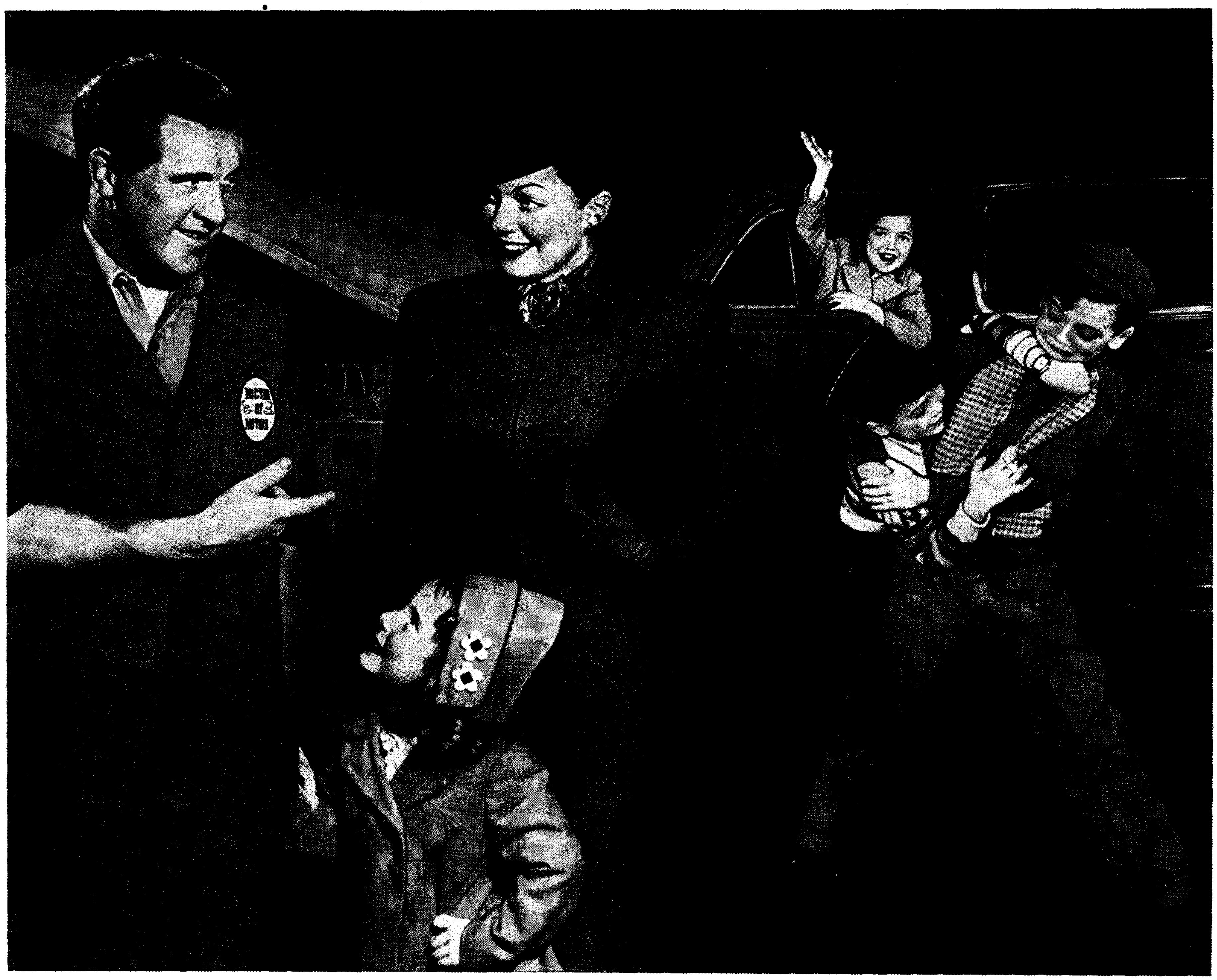
Ruth paused and licked her lips, and spoke very matter-of-factly. "There was an explosion aboard her. We saw the puff of dirty black smoke first, then a long time later we heard the noise, and people on shore were screaming and laughing and crying. Then there was fire and the boat started to go down, and everybody grabbed at any kind of boat they could find and started out toward the steamer, and there were people who couldn't find boats who just jumped into the water, clothes and all, and started to swim.

"My mother was drowned and five hundred other people on the boat, but seven hundred were saved and then the British had to let them in, and I suppose that's what the people who set the bomb figured would happen. Some people would die, but some would be saved. If the boat went back to Europe, everybody would be killed. Of course, they bungled it somewhat, and they didn't figure on the fire, and they thought the boat would sink more slowly and only a few people would be killed, but even so it was a pretty fair bargain."

Ruth lit a cigarette calmly and held the light for Mitchell. "My mother was washed up a week later, and at least her grave is in Palestine. I couldn't tell my father she was dead, so when I wrote to him in concentration camp, I forged letters from my mother, because I had a lot of her letters and I learned how to make good copies. Even now, through the Red Cross, I write him notes in my mother's handwriting and if he's alive he thinks my mother is living on a farm with a family near Rehovot."

Ruth pulled at her cigarette and inhaled deeply and in the increased glow, Mitchell looked at her and thought again as he'd thought so many times before, that it was a wonderful and terrible thing that the human race covered its scars so completely, so that Ruth, standing there, with all this behind her, looked, with her lipstick and fluffy, cleverly combed hair, and her soft, fragile print dress, no different from any one of a thousand girls you might meet at a dance in America.

"Ah," Ruth said, throwing her cigarette away, "she must be asleep by now. Come." She smiled at him, dry-eyed and pleasant, and took his hand, and they walked quietly up through the dim hallways to the apartment where she lived. She opened the door silently and waved him in, her finger to her lips, and when they were safely in her room,



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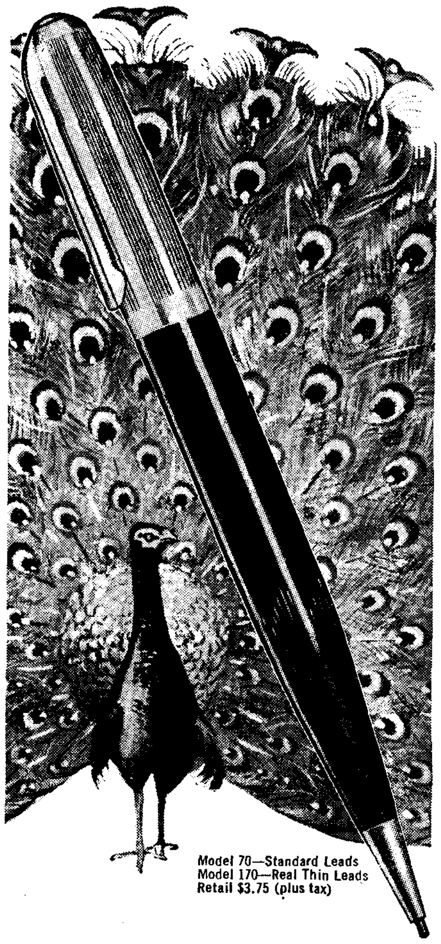

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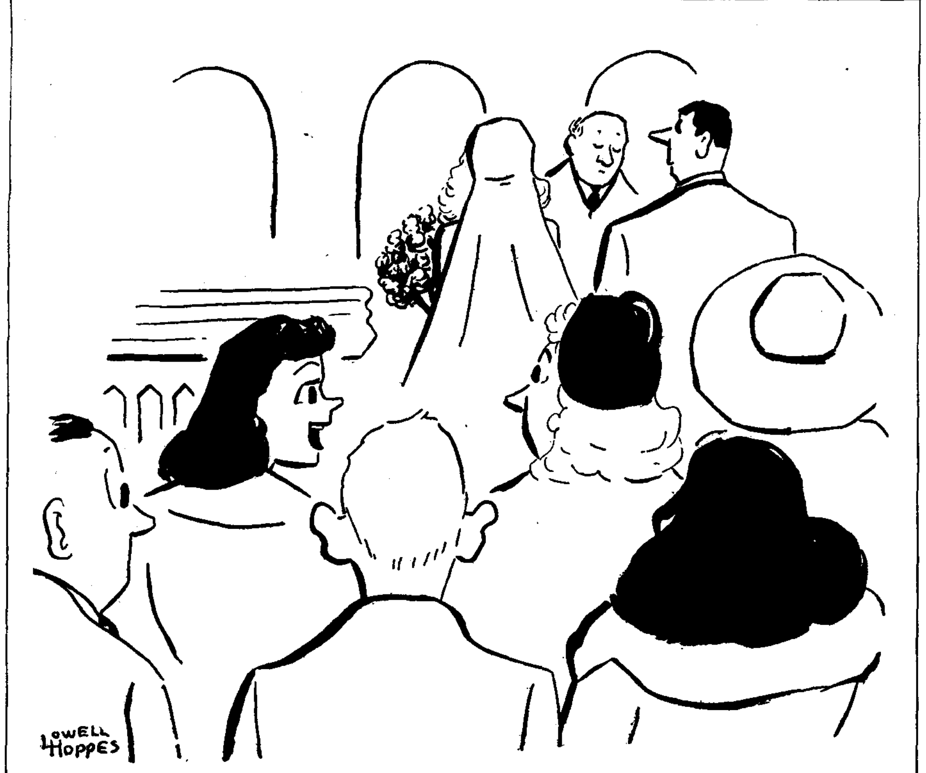


COLLIER'S "Didn't I tell you their engagement wouldn't last?" LOWELL HOPPES

with the door locked behind them, she giggled like a child who has pulled some sly trick on the grown-up world, then kissed him hungrily in the dark room, and whispered, "Mitchell, Mitchell," making the name somehow foreign and tender by the way she said it.

He held her tight, but she pulled away. She put on a light and went over to a chest of drawers in a corner and started to rummage under some scarves. "I have something for you," she said. "Sit down and wait, like a polite boy."

Mitchell sat on the low day bed, blinking in the light. The room was small and painted white and very clean. There was a large piece of Egyptian batik in red and dark green on the wall over the bed and there were three photographs on a dressing table. Mitchell looked at the photographs . . . a round, smiling woman, with a healthy, simple face, Ruth's mother, the picture taken long before the morning when the ship went down in Haifa Harbor. The other two photographs were of men. There was a man who looked like Ruth, obviously her father, a studious, humorous, rather weak face, with frail, delicate bones, and shy, childish eyes. And there was the young man in the checkered vest, slender and laughing and proud of himself, with the monocle in his eye like a burlesque of a German general or a British actor.

"Here." Ruth came over to him and sat down beside him. She had a soft chamois bag and there was a little rich clinking as she put it in his hand. "To take with you."

MITCHELL slowly opened the bag. A heavy silver medal on a chain, glittering dully in the lamplight, fell into his hand. Ruth was crouched on her knees on the couch beside him, looking anxiously at his face to see if her present would meet with favor. Mitchell turned it over. It was a Saint Christopher, old, and irregular, of heavy silver, with the Saint awkward and angular and archaic, and very religious in its loving workmanship.

"It's for voyages," Ruth said, hurriedly. "For a navigator, I thought, it might be quite . . . quite useful . . ." She smiled uncertainly at him. "Of course," she said, "it is not in my religion, but I don't think it would do any harm to give it to you. That's why I went to Jerusalem. Something like this, something holy, might have a tendency to be more effective if it comes from Jerusalem, don't you think?"

"Of course," Mitchell said. "It's bound to be."

"Will you wear it?" Ruth glanced quickly and shyly at him, sitting there, dangling the medal on its chain.

"All the time," Mitchell said. "Day and night, every mission, every jeep ride, year in, year out."

"May I put it on for you?"

Mitchell opened his collar and gave the medal to Ruth. She stood up and he bowed his head and she slipped it on, then leaned over and kissed the back of his neck where the chain lay against the flesh.

She stepped back. "Now," she said, matter-of-factly. "There we are." She went over to the lamp. "We don't need this any more." She put the light out and went over to the window and threw back the blackout blinds, and a faint breeze carrying salt and the scent of gardens came into the room.

SHE stood at the window, looking out, and Mitchell got up and crossed over to her, feeling the unfamiliar cool jewelry of the medal dangling against his chest. He stood behind her, silently, holding her lightly, looking out over the moonlit city.

Mitchell wanted to tell her that he would remember her, remember everything about her, her drowned mother and imprisoned father, her old, courageous lover, drinking champagne with her at the Nazi cafés; he wanted to tell her that he would remember the dealings with the Greek sailor and the hold of the ship that had been built in 1887 and the dying Jews buying a bowl of soup with a gold candlestick; he wanted to tell her that flying over the Germans in Europe or watching the first snow fall at Stowe he would remember the small boat grating on the sand in the darkness outside Rehovot and the week in the closed movie theater with the British patrols outside; he wanted to tell her that the terror and courage would not be forgotten, but he didn't know how to say it, and besides, being honest with himself, he knew it would be difficult to remember, and finally, back in Vermont, it would blur and cloud over and seem unreal as a story in a child's book, read many years ago and now almost forgotten. He held her more tightly, but he said nothing.

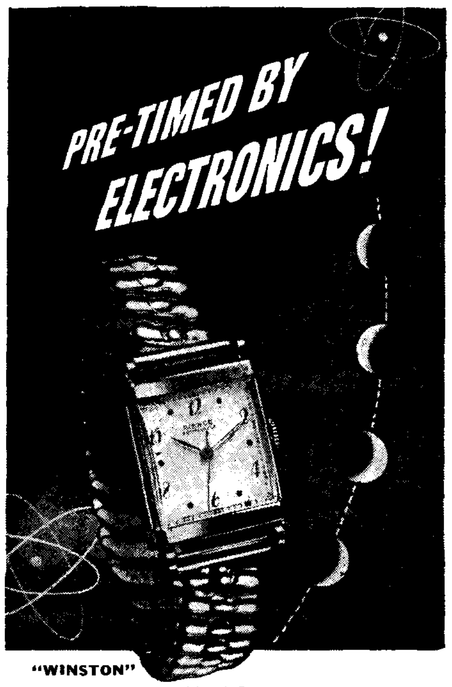
"There he is," Ruth said, her voice casual and unimpressed. "See him standing down there next to the house with the picket gate . . ."

Mitchell looked over Ruth's shoulder. Down on the street, thirty yards from the entrance of Ruth's house, was a small, dark figure, almost completely lost in shadow.

"Ali Khazen," Ruth said. "He comes and waits outside my window. Ah . . ." she sighed, "I suppose finally he'll kill me."

She turned away from the window and looked up at him gravely. She held him and kissed his cheek and chuckled a little. "Now, Lieutenant," she said, "tell me about Vermont."

THE END



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Peaceful in the Country

Continued from page 21

blabbing about that Inspector Carmody of yours as if no one else knew the least thing about police work! Inspector Carmody this, and Inspector Carmody that! Maybe you should have married him."

Kilpatrick blinked at her. What was she getting hot about? All he wanted to show her was that if they had to handle a job like this in New York—

"In New York, in New York, in New York!" Caroline said. "I suppose that dirty town and that wonderful Inspector Carmody are the only things that matter a bit to you. They're just about all I've heard since we got here yesterday. Well, let me tell you that I'm getting pretty sick of them. You go out this morning and everyone you see is a quaint rural character. That's just too bad. Maybe you better change that attitude and change it right now. I've had about all of it I can take."

She went inside, slamming the door after her. Kilpatrick brooded alone on the porch until lunchtime. Later, there was a strained afternoon, and a strained evening. They sat out on the porch again, with Aunt Bertha and Cousin Henry Stearns, because no one suggested doing anything else; and then at nine or nine-thirty Kilpatrick walked downtown with Cousin Henry Stearns for some ice cream.

On the way home, out of boredom and desperation—and without hoping that anything valuable would develop from it—he mentioned to Cousin Henry Stearns that once, in a New York boardinghouse, he had lived next door to a fellow from here—someone named Chalky or Chekky Brimmer. Cousin Henry Stearns, a sharp-nosed little man, looked up at Kilpatrick, pursed his lips, and turned out to be a gold mine.

"Know him," Cousin Henry Stearns said, shaking his head, "Oh, my! Lowdown, sneakin' sort of fella. Always up to some trick or other. Always chasin' around after women."

Before they got back to Elm Avenue an attentive but almost incredulous Kilpatrick learned about the last time Chekky Brimmer had been in town, eight months ago. He learned, too, about the girl Chekky had then, who still worked as a waitress in the Little Beaver Café on South Main, and about the new clothes and the diamond ring she had begun to sport last week end, about the time Chekky Brimmer would have cut in for his share on the loft job.

Everything began to shape up nicely. Much heartened, even jovial again with Caroline, Kilpatrick pretended that he was out of cigarettes as soon as the ice cream was finished, and started off on a stroll that took him eventually into the Little Beaver Café.

THERE was only one waitress. She was plump, had bright eyes and dimples, a lithe way of moving, and a very good-looking diamond-and-platinum ring. A slow town, she admitted, after Kilpatrick had stared her up and down insolently. He asked what there was to do around here at night. She couldn't suggest anything. The way she left him at once, with a slightly bored expression that permitted itself to be slightly bored, showed that she didn't much care, either.

Kilpatrick ordered another couple of drinks, and handed out two fifty-cent tips, but they did not seem to get him anywhere in particular. At eleven-thirty, considerably piqued because he had not anticipated a rebuff of that kind in a place like the Little Beaver Café, he went home and found Caroline asleep, or pretending to be asleep. He didn't get so much as a "Good night" out of her, and of course he didn't give one, either.

In the morning, he got up early to avoid Caroline at breakfast. In the afternoon, he accompanied Cousin Henry Stearns downtown on a business trip. In the evening, when Caroline continued to treat him like a worm, he walked out through the back door and down to the Little Beaver Café, in a dangerously sullen mood.

This time he did not leave any tips around, or make any overtures. It seemed to be a vast improvement in method. He had his table wiped off—it hadn't been touched last night—and his drink mixed for him. "What's wrong?" he demanded sarcastically. "Has someone around here decided to start treating a paying customer like an ordinary human being?"

The barmaid seemed to think that was pretty cute. She laughed, sat down across from him, and took one of his cigarettes. She began to call him Curly and Big Boy. In what he considered to be the best George Raft tradition, Kilpatrick called her Sweetheart as if it were her first name, not a term of endearment.

He remained gruff, since that seemed to be the attitude called for—gruff and cautious.

NOT until twenty minutes later, after he had had two more drinks and told her that he sold food supplies out of Philadelphia, did he admire the diamond-and-platinum ring. That seemed to please her. She held it out across the table so that he could get a better look at it.

"Nice job," Kilpatrick told her, squeezing her hand just a little. "It looks like three or four hundred dollars to me. Who donated? The regular boy friend?"

She blew smoke at him kittenishly. Who wanted to know?

"Little Curly," Kilpatrick said, tough but playful about it. "I've been out on the road a long time, sweetheart. I like company so long as trouble doesn't come along with it. If the boy friend isn't around, maybe we can step out some night and have a little fun for ourselves. If he is, I'm marking myself off the list. I scare easy."

"I wouldn't say you looked it," the barmaid told him.

"Okay," Kilpatrick said, not releasing her hand at once. "Is he or isn't he? You're the doctor, sweetheart."

"Harrisburg far enough?" she said.

"Harrisburg's fine," Kilpatrick said. He managed to keep everything out of his voice that he wanted to keep out of it. "What's the Joe do? Work up there?"

"That's very likely," she said. She looked down at the ring, pouting. "That man does the dumbest things, Curly. When I don't see him for months and months he can't come straight back here—oh, no! He's got to stop in Harrisburg."

"Nice town," Kilpatrick said. "I hit it three times a year. Good hotels." He could understand why Brimmer would stop in Harrisburg, in order to make a careful reconnaissance of the home grounds before appearing on them in person. Well, he said, Harrisburg seemed safe enough. If she could call up the boy friend's hotel there, so he wouldn't try to call her back here later, she and Kilpatrick might hit that roadhouse outside of town. Not much past eleven now.

"Wish I could call him," the barmaid said. Her eyes glittered. "Sometimes he gets me so mad! But I didn't say he was in Harrisburg yet. He'll get there tonight on the 12:30 train."

"Then what are we worried about?" Kilpatrick said. He made a casual show of inspecting his wrist watch. "Suppose I get the car and stop back here in half an hour?"

The barmaid got up and patted his hair. "Little Curly," she said. "Make it twenty minutes."

"Make it fifteen, sweetheart," Kilpatrick said. He had everything he needed now. He turned in the doorway, very well satisfied with himself, and the barmaid smiled and waved coyly at him. He flicked a forefinger at her.

Two or three minutes later, he bounced smugly up the Elm Avenue steps, and saw Caroline waiting for him on the porch.

"Just where have you been?" Caroline asked quietly. She seemed all prepared for something or other. Her arms were folded, and one toe tapped jerkily, as if she were unconscious of it, against the floor.

"Downtown," Kilpatrick said. "I'm in a rush, baby. Don't hold me up now."

He started for the front door.

"I'll hold you up," Caroline said shakily;

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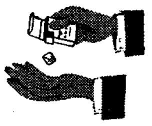

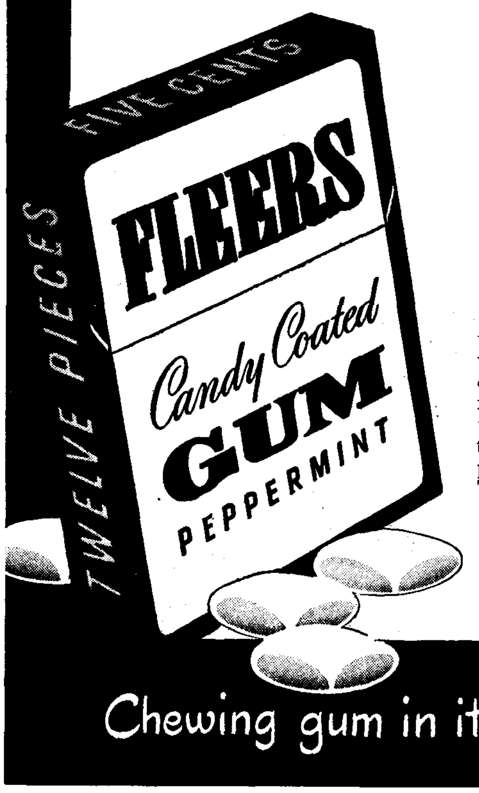

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her eyes looked blurred. "I just waited out here for one thing, Tony Kilpatrick: to tell you that if you have any idea, even the faintest idea, that you can humiliate me by running off night after night like this—"

Kilpatrick twisted his wrist watch up against the living-room light. Twenty-five to twelve. He muttered something, started inside, stopped, remembered that this was the first time Caroline had spoken to him in two days, and whirled frenziedly on her. He'd talk to her in the morning, he said; there were a few remarks he wouldn't mind making then. Now he just wanted to ask what gave her the idea she could set that Dutch jaw at him whenever she wanted to. He could tell her who had started all this; who had treated him like a dog, and worse than a dog, just because—

"Watch your tongue," Caroline said. Her contempt was superb. "You're being almost funny."

"What do you think you are?" Kilpatrick demanded breathlessly. "Anything but mean and petty and unreasonable and stupid?" She smiled coolly to herself—a smile that infuriated him—and he came back, stood over the swing, and practically bawled at her the whole story of the barmaid and the 12:30 Harrisburg train. "That's what I've been doing last night and tonight too—getting everything settled because your local Komedy Kops can't be trusted with it. I'm not so smart, maybe, but I've found out everything I wanted to find out. I—"

"Do you think so?" Caroline said. She looked up directly and scornfully at him. "You know what I wonder? I wonder why she wants to get you up to Harrisburg tonight. Here's something you ought to know, Tony Kilpatrick—that every time you turn on that masculine charm of yours you do it so obviously, and with such typical conceit, that you couldn't take in an average high-school girl. Have you any serious idea that you fooled her for half a second?"

Kilpatrick froze in the doorway.

"All right," he said thickly. Things had begun to hum in his head: it was almost a quarter to twelve now. "What did that last crack mean?"

"Oh, dear," Caroline said. Now she appeared genuinely distressed. "Here I am getting you all worried with those stupid and provincial ideas of mine. I suppose it's nothing but the fantastic notion that when you went down there and began to shine up to her with that big-city superiority of yours, she must have wondered about you. You couldn't stay here where you belonged—naturally! You had to do everything on your own hook. You never bothered to remember that practically everybody in town heard that I married a New York policeman this spring. In a town like this, she could have found out who you were and what you were up to in half an hour, if she wanted to. I think she wanted to. Hadn't you thought of that?"

Kilpatrick wet his lips. "Sure. But—"

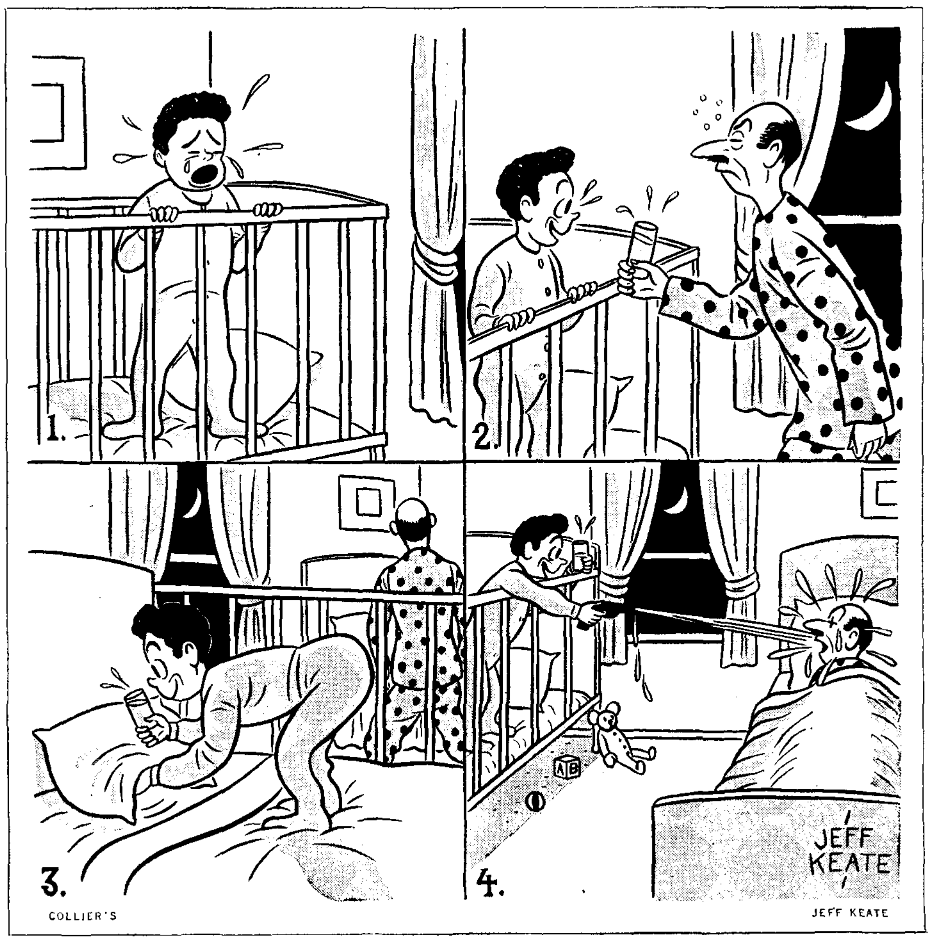
"But," Caroline said, smiling brightly out at the rhododendron bush where Sam Engelhardt had kissed her, "isn't everything else perfectly obvious? She snubbed you last night when she didn't know who you were; she fell all over you tonight—when she did. I'd suspect that there was some reason for it besides your masculine fascination. The train that stops at Harrisburg at twelve-thirty gets to the junction over here at midnight. Suppose he's on that, so that she couldn't get in touch with him after she found out about you? Wouldn't she do exactly what she's doing—get you up to Harrisburg on some fool's errand, so that she can warn him and get him out of town before you're back again?"

KILPATRICK stared down at her just long enough to race through mentally all the successive stages of that argument. A moment later, seeing the barmaid and the Harrisburg story in a blindingly different light, he ran in and snatched Cousin Henry Stearns's car keys from the mantel. It was eleven-fifty-one when the four-cylinder job roared past the Town Hall corner. It was eleven-fifty-nine—ages later—before the junction lights appeared in front of him.

Just beyond the highway turnoff, he got out of the car and sprinted up the rest of the way to the platform. The barmaid was standing off by herself, at the darkest end. A small coupé—hers, probably—stood with its lights dimmed and its motor idling on the gravel driveway in back of her.

Making a wide detour around the lighted area, Kilpatrick circled in again, breathless but triumphant, on the other side of the coupé. He was just in time. A metallic humming began way off, deepened, and was replaced by the sudden melancholy hoarseness of a train whistle. Delicate light shimmered across the rails. A man with an eyeshade in his hand walked out of the ticket office. The barmaid threw away her cigarette, glanced back at the coupé, and pulled nervously at the collar of her coat.

Four or five Pullmans rolled by. The barmaid ran along after them. Half a minute later she came back past the ticket office holding Caspar Claude Brimmer's arm against her, and talking anxiously up at him. They



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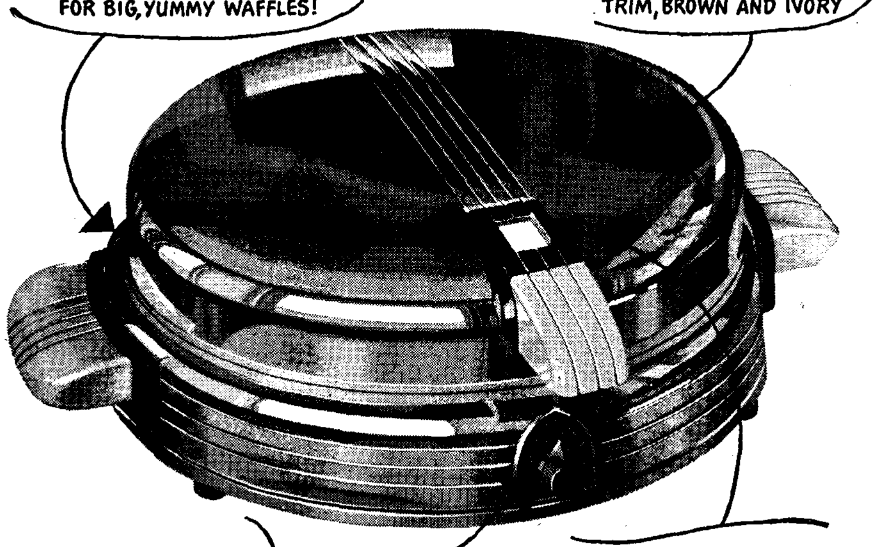
GLEAMING CHROMIUM! TWO-TONE BAKELITE TRIM, BROWN AND IVORY

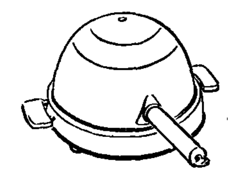


DIAL YOUR WAFFLES —LIGHT OR CRUNCHY

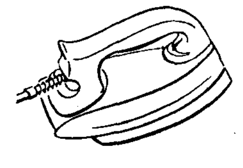
FULLY AUTOMATIC! LIGHT SHOWS WHEN TO POUR, WHEN TO SERVE.

By makers of the Twin-O-Matic Waffle Baker

Manning Bowman Means Best



SMOKELESS TABLE BROILER
No smoke, odor, effort



IRON-THAT-WAGS-ITS-TAIL
Light weight—swivel cord

LONG-LAST PERCOLATOR
Dripless spout—dignified design

paused under a light. Then they came on again toward the coupé, and Kilpatrick crouched down behind it. She got in first. As soon as she did, Kilpatrick, timing everything with the utmost care, moved around fast and caught Caspar Claude Brimmer as he was preparing to follow her.

There wasn't anything much to that part, because Brimmer stiffened up the moment he felt Kilpatrick's gun against his ribs. "That's the stuff," Kilpatrick said, out of one side of his mouth. "Watch it, Caspar. Watch the hands, now." He risked one quick glance at the barmaid, jerking his head at her. "Outside," he said.

In the next instant, two things happened simultaneously:—He grasped the inside door lever with his left hand to hold it open, and the barmaid, either through fright or a really brilliant improvisation, slammed the car forward in low gear.

It jerked ahead four or five feet; then it stalled. But in that distance Kilpatrick was yanked after it like the tail on a kite. The string of lights over the platform, the ticket office, Caspar Claude Brimmer, all swung around and back at him in an unrealistic circle. He went down. Brimmer ran off into the woods. Kilpatrick fired, missed, had no chance to fire again, rolled over, got up, and dashed madly around the coupé and after Brimmer.

Five seconds later, just when he was beginning to pick up speed, a fence rail caught him in the pit of the stomach. He plunged over it head first, rolled down a slope, and lost his hat. He couldn't see anything. All at once the darkness had become impenetrable. He got up wheezing, stopped, listened, trying frantically to catch some sound, some movement; and then ran on again in what he presumed to be the direction of the state highway.

Bushes tore at him. An animal squealed and thrashed around on his left. He ran that way, thinking that Brimmer had disturbed it. The thrashing stopped. A tree slammed into him. He staggered, caught at it, and ran around it into a bigger one.

This time he went down, collapsed, and stayed down for thirty or forty seconds. Streaks of colored light swam ahead of him. He could smell grass and hear small night rustlings. He was trying to suck air into his chest. Then a car whined up and stopped somewhere near by. The barmaid, he thought. He began to run ahead, gasping, furious.

The darkness thinned out. Vague over-all details assumed shape. A few stars, a hill over there, another tree, a shape racing around it— He fired twice at that, and then ran on after it with his lips drawn far back into his cheeks. His second wind came to him. He began to feel savagely exultant, as if he were running with no effort at all, on foam rubber that automatically snapped his legs back under him.

It was not important that he had no chance to fire again. He could wait. He was sure now that he could run all night if he had to —longer than Brimmer, longer than anybody. Fresh night air slapped at him. A fence appeared left of him, and he followed it over a low hill and past a line of trees.

Something moved up ahead. He saw it, almost fired at it, and then dropped himself flat on the ground. He brushed the hair out of his eyes. *Got him now,* he thought savagely—*got him trapped up there between the fence and the trees.* A car honked and honked. Go on, sweetheart, he told himself grimly. Maybe he doesn't hear you. Or maybe he thinks that if he just lies quiet now . . .

Kilpatrick inched forward. The car honked again insistently. Someone shouted back of him in the meadow. He crawled a few yards, reached the trees, and saw something dark and motionless behind the trees, waiting. *Ten feet or so,* Kilpatrick thought; *one quick rush and everything's over.*

He crouched, wiped his coat sleeve across his mouth, and made the rush. "Brimmer!" he shouted, in the middle of it. An enormous shape, much larger than Brimmer, half-seen, terrifying, bore straight down on him. He blazed away at it with both hands clasping the gun to steady it. Apparently he missed. It reared up over him, whinnying, hooves beating the air, and raced past. He fell backward. For quite a long time his heart pounded so fast inside him that he could neither breathe nor move.

It was the first time in his life that he had ever been importantly frightened. He heard the shouts again, but he had no idea what to do about them because he did not know where Brimmer was, where the road was, where *he* was. Eventually, he realized that the yells were for him. All right, all right, he thought. All the exultation was gone out of him. His stomach hurt. His chest hurt. His right shoulder hurt. The horse was still plunging around him in a circle. He was still frightened. Probably what he felt like least in the world at that moment was one of Inspector Carmody's resourceful and self-assured young men.

At last, by placing the junction lights behind him, he located the highway. When he stepped on to the concrete, he could see Brimmer, the barmaid, the fat chief of the North Carmel Police Department, and a couple of patrolmen gathered before a pair of headlights. The fat chief was bellowing Kilpatrick's name, over and over.

"Okay, okay," Kilpatrick mumbled, so low that he could not have been heard five feet off. He dusted ineffectually at his knees, smoothed his coat, pulled his tie straight, and walked toward them. Of course, the first thing they wanted to know was what he had been shooting at down there.

When he got home, Caroline studied him, said, "Well," in a remarkably tactful manner, and led him back into the kitchen. There, instead of exclaiming at his appearance under lights, and asking him to look at himself and his suit, she made some sort of concerned sound with her lips and got busy with a washcloth and hot water.

She had called the chief, she admitted at last, not because she imagined Tony was going to need any help at the junction, but because it had seemed to her that they might as well make sure it went off all right. It had, hadn't it?

"Fine," Kilpatrick said hoarsely. It was the first word he had spoken since he came in. "Haven't you heard? The North Carmel boys had got there just in time to pick up Brimmer and Brimmer's girl on the state highway. I spent my time chasing a horse around the meadow, taking pot shots at it."

"Oh," Caroline said, and stopped there. Kilpatrick looked up wretchedly at her.

"That's it," he said. "That's the story they're going to be talking about here for the next ten years. Kilpatrick and the horse. The funniest thing that ever happened in North Carmel."

"I think they've got their nerve," Caroline said. "But what do you care about them, Tony?" She put her arms around him, in an even nicer way than usual. She kissed him between his chin and his lower lip, and made various small but consoling sounds.

"You've got Mamma," she said softly. "And Mamma doesn't care. Mamma loves you."

"My girl," Kilpatrick said, a little absently. She sighed. She looked around at him, put out the light; and Kilpatrick got up and followed her out of the kitchen, muttering to himself.

"So they had a big time," he said on the way through the dining room. "So okay. So let them come up to New York sometime. They'd still find out more from a cop like Carmody in half an hour—"

Caroline put out the dining-room light. He followed her once more. He didn't quite know how or why she was back on his side again after all the illogical difficulties they'd had; but if Mamma still loved him, he had managed to salvage a little out of this mess. Mamma mattered a good deal, he discovered suddenly. Mamma—

"Hey!" he said, not very loudly, as if he'd just become aware of something. "Come back here. What was that look in the kitchen for? What's this Mamma business?"

Caroline did not come back, but she stopped on the third step. Her eyes shone darkly and nicely, not all for him.

"Mr. Sherlock," Caroline said. "What do you think?"

THE END

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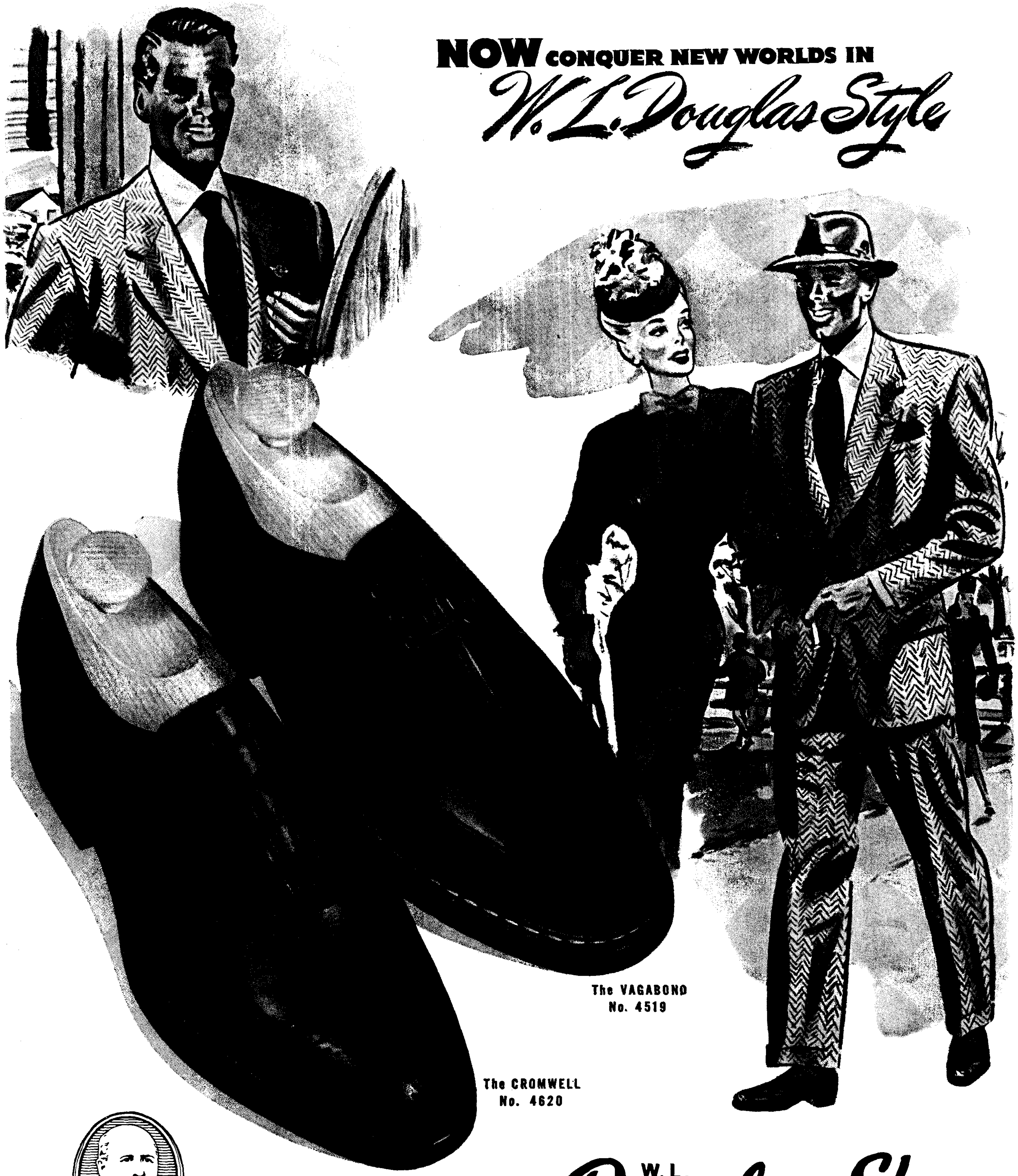

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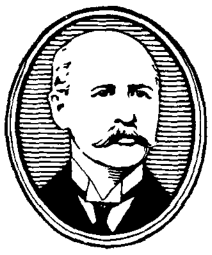

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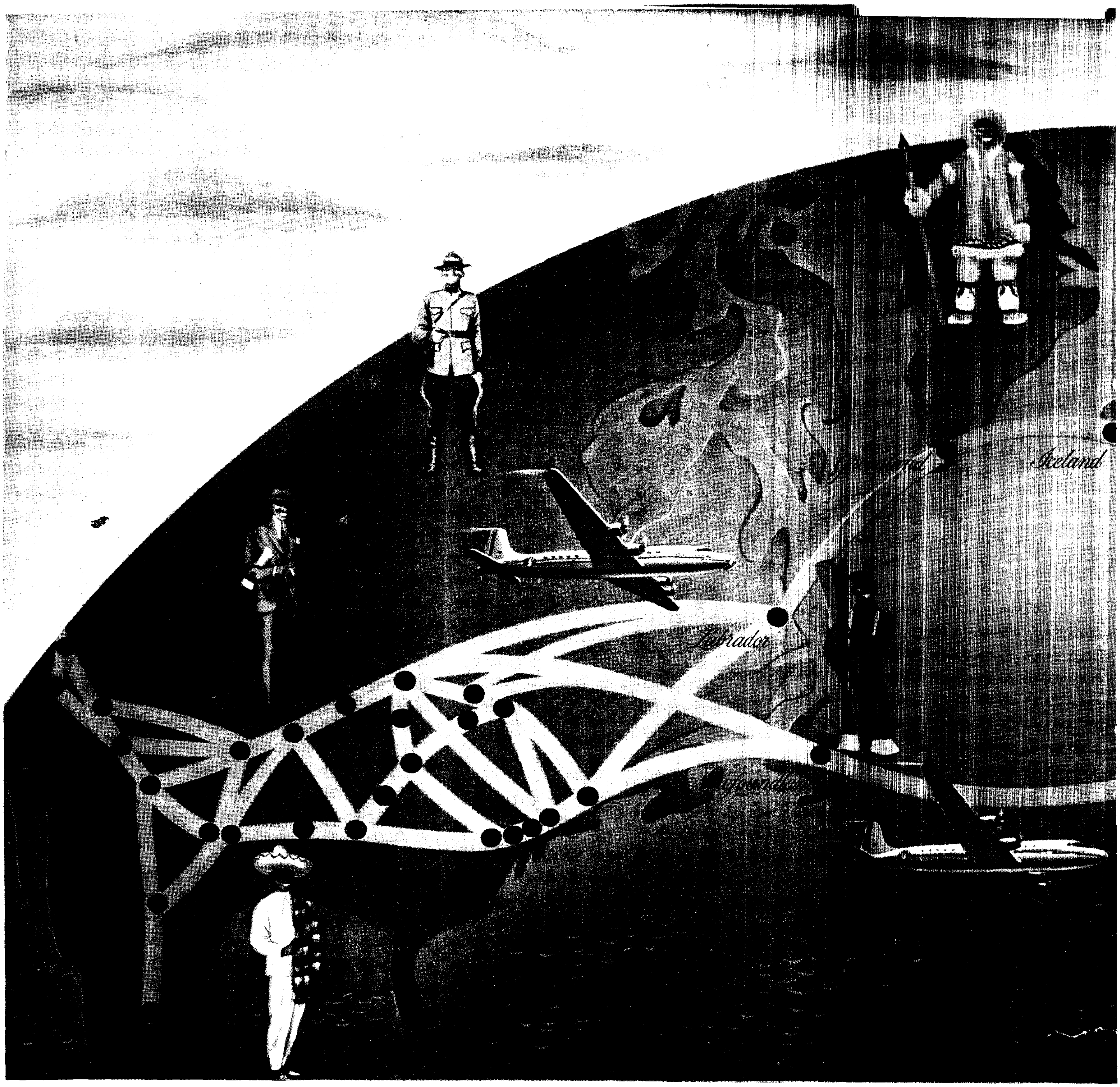


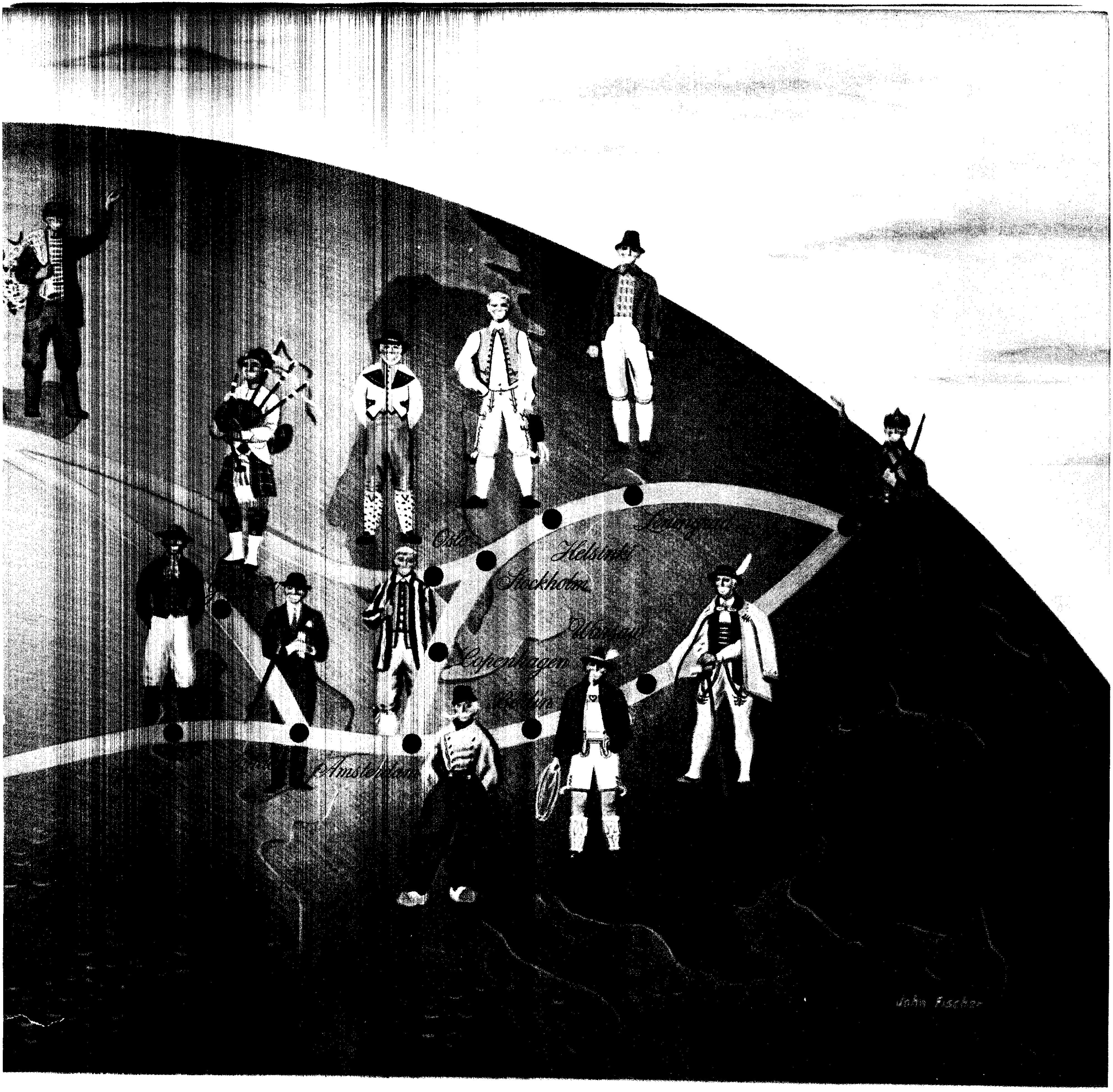
MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS

WHAT would the founders of our nation think of this ma They came to America to put vast distance between ther selves and the prohibitions of the "old world." They sought th protection of isolation in order to start from scratch and crea new freedom and opportunities.

Our ancestors came from "foreign" lands: from Scandinavi Russia, Ireland, Poland, England, The Netherlands, Franc Germany, Italy and from many others. For centuries these cou tries were far away, on the other side of the world.

Now, air transportation cancels physical isolation. Americ Airlines makes the people of Canada, Mexico and the Unit States neighbors to the people of Europe, and makes the peop of the old world neighbors to us.

Whereas land and water separate the earth's inhabitants, a unites them!



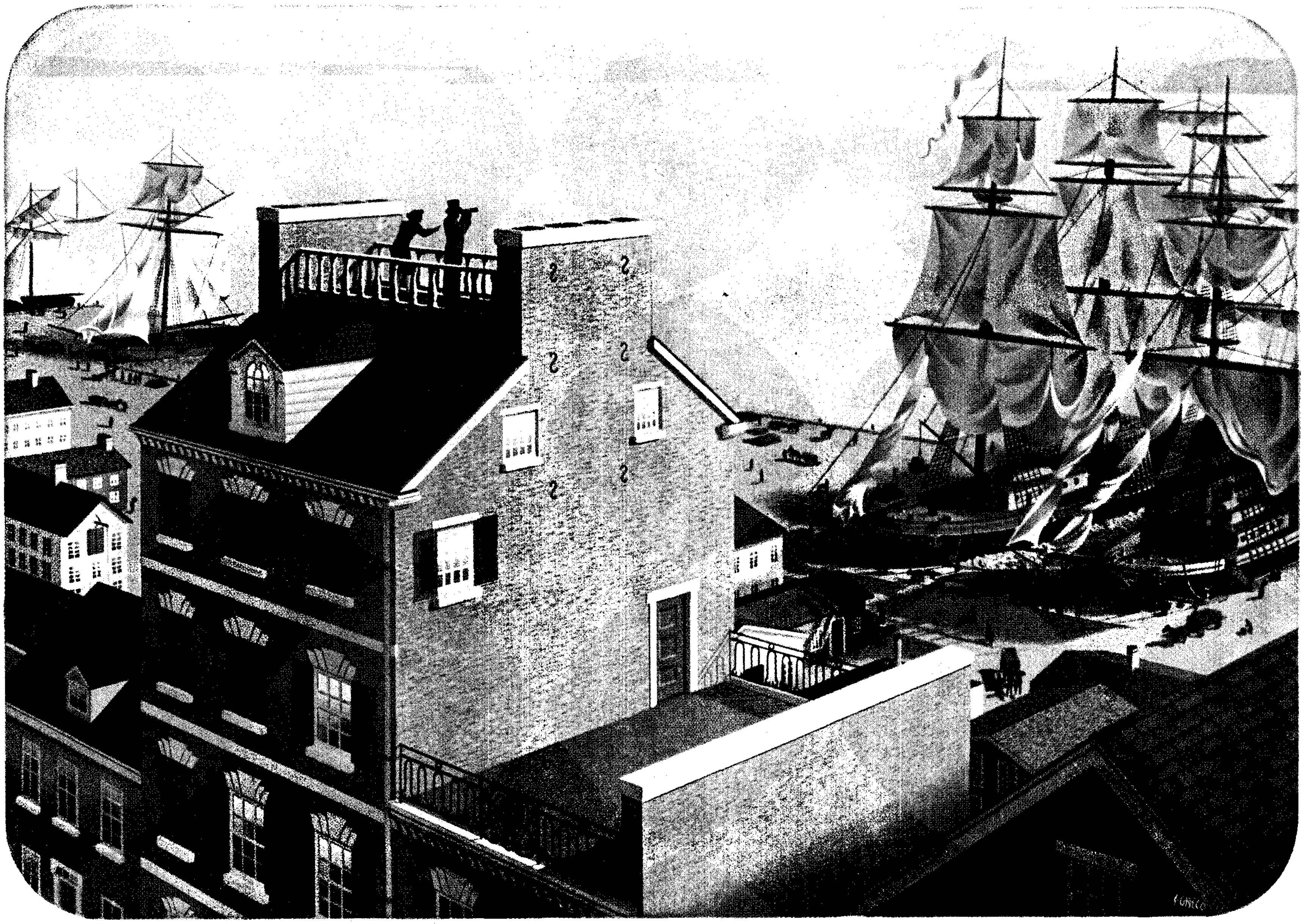
Effectively our planet has been reduced in size from the big, old world in which the Mayflower required 65 days to make its transatlantic journey, to the small, new world in which only hours are required to travel from your home town to Europe.

The pictorial map above shows much more than the national and international routes of American Airlines System, certificated by our government to serve 17 nations. It shows how our world has changed and, as a result, how our concepts of geography and the relationship of people must change. It shows that all people now live upon the one, universal highway of air . . . all accessible . . . with no place on earth isolated from the airplane.

Air travel on behalf of governments and for business purposes, and ultimately for pleasure, now is being utilized by people on both sides of the Atlantic. American Airlines System offers daily transatlantic services.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *System*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



STEPHEN GIRARD SIGHTING ONE OF HIS INBOUND VESSELS FROM HIS HOME, PHILADELPHIA...CIRCA 1799*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"During the Revolution and for many years afterward Philadelphia continued to be the most splendid city of the country . . . the largest, the richest, and the most luxurious."

...HENRY L. NELSON... "THE CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA"

Philadelphia's famed merchants and mariners saw to it that no other Colonial locality eclipsed their own great port in the manner of sumptuous living. A "heritage of hospitality" proudly sustained by Philadelphia Blend. A whisky worthy of its high traditions...rich, gratifying, yet delightfully mild. A whisky you might reserve for special occasions...yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend...regularly and often.

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*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

Washington Playground

Continued from page 22

annum—and they call it free-loading around here.

No more do Washingtonians skimp along on hors d'oeuvres and *petit fours* washed down with fruit punch. Turkeys, hams, sturgeon and caviar, pheasants with their feathers on, stuffed pigs with apples in their snouts, and towering cakes elaborately iced, are the fare. Champagne and Scotch, bourbon and vodka, flow freely. Orchids and orchestras, top hats and tiaras and shiny limousines with chauffeurs, and glamor. Social climbers and gate crashers add confusion.

The White House has continued the wartime ban on official entertaining and at some private parties the napkins still are paper, but the boiled shirts and bare shoulders are blooming elsewhere. The men are popping out of uniform and the women are more beautifully dressed, bejeweled and sleekly coifed than they've been in many a day.

Partying is simply busting out all over. There is as much demand for entertaining as there is for automobiles, radios and washing machines. Maybe more so here, where there is a necessity for building fences, nationally as well as internationally, and where there is plenty of money with which to build them.

The Colombians celebrated the redecoration of their embassy; the Dominicans honored the new Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden; the Mississippians, the governor of Mississippi; the American Christian Palestine committee, the delegates to the International Christian Conference for Palestine; the National Press Club, President Truman.

A press agent threw a binge in honor of ten pounds of garlic received from a friend on the West Coast; Lilly Daché, in honor of a flock of new hats.

The Virginia horsy set entertains capitalites with "hunt breakfasts" around 5 in the afternoon. Canapés, sandwiches, turkey, hot potatoes, cakes, ices and liquor are served.

For the first time since the war, Washington's old families are introducing their daughters to society with traditional pomp, champagne, flowers and music. Most breathtaking of these affairs was the debut of Hallie Katherine Elkins, daughter of former Senator and Mrs. Davis Elkins and great-granddaughter of the late Senator Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia.

The affair cost $15,000. Seven hundred of this went for the orchestra. Nobody knows how much it cost to have the champagne spout from a fountain in the center of the room in the Mayflower, or how much the hotel charged to bring out the gold service on which kings, presidents and premiers have dined in the glamorous past.

Then there are some real down-to-earth parties that never get publicity. Lots of affairs are definitely on the q.t. because of the ax-grinding motives behind them.

During the Wilson Administration, society editors had difficulty getting any news from the White House, so they called upon Joseph Tumulty, Wilson's secretary. They explained that society news was very important in Washington, not only for its social implications, but for its political inferences.

"I know it's important," Tumulty replied. "We've been watching a young man about town for several weeks. The parties he's gone to and the people he's entertained kept him from getting the diplomatic appointment he wanted."

Today, especially, when the guest list is of the melting-pot variety, hostesses refuse to give out the names. Who is seen with whom might lead to worse complications than losing a diplomatic appointment.

Deliberate Faux Pas

Some hostesses take particular delight in inviting people of conflicting interests and opinions to the same functions. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and Mrs. Eleanor "Cissie" Patterson, publisher of the Washington Times-Herald, give fabulous parties with guest lists that cut across a wide section of political and social thinking. Supreme Court justices, labor leaders, columnists, artists, congressmen, titled bigwigs, clubwomen, debutantes, dowagers, prize fighters and priests often find themselves rubbing linen at Washington affairs.

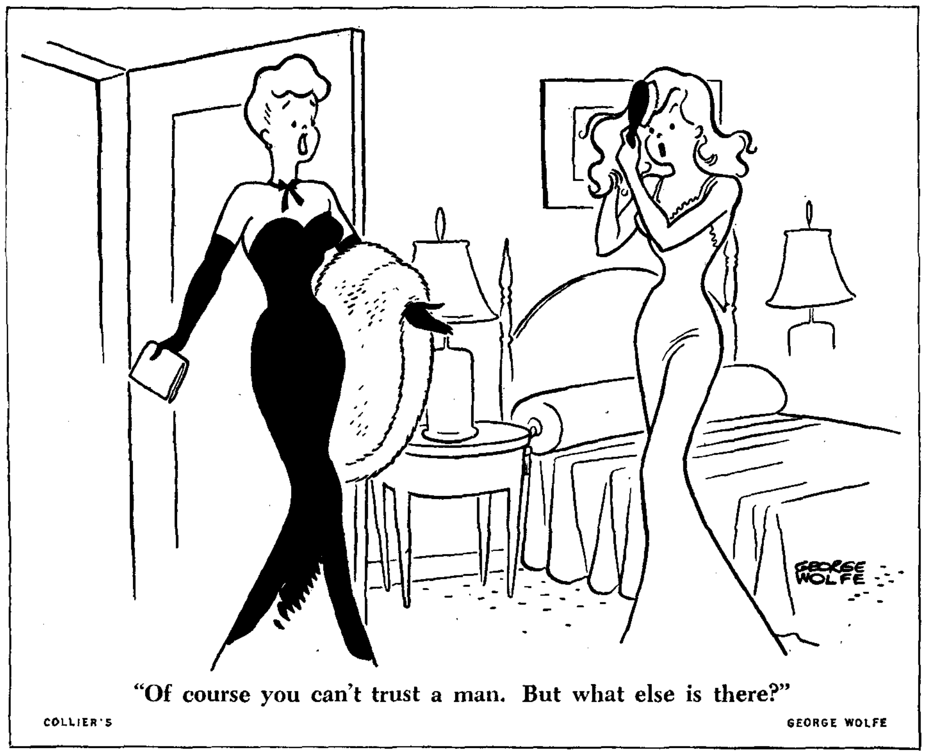
At a party given by Mrs. George Mesta, Oklahoma oil heiress, a shy guest found herself with her arm around bald Texas Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, and the then Vice-President Harry Truman's arm around her. Over her shoulder she caught the amused glances of Louis Bromfield, novelist, and Brock Pemberton, New York theatrical producer.

A ventriloquist from New York threw his voice off into a far corner and said to Rayburn, "Nice head of skin you have."

Admiral William H. Standley, former ambassador to Russia, proposed a toast and former Ambassador Patrick Hurley cut in with a wild "yip-yip-eye-yea-ay." Rosa Ponselle sang Schubert's Ave Maria and Senator A. B. "Happy" Chandler sang My Old Kentucky Home, while the Duchess of Windsor's Aunt Betsy (Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman) received a lot of attention.

People usually get invited to parties from key lists set up by social secretaries or by the diplomats themselves, or by making formal calls and leaving cards.

With the White House canceling its official



"Of course you can't trust a man. But what else is there?"

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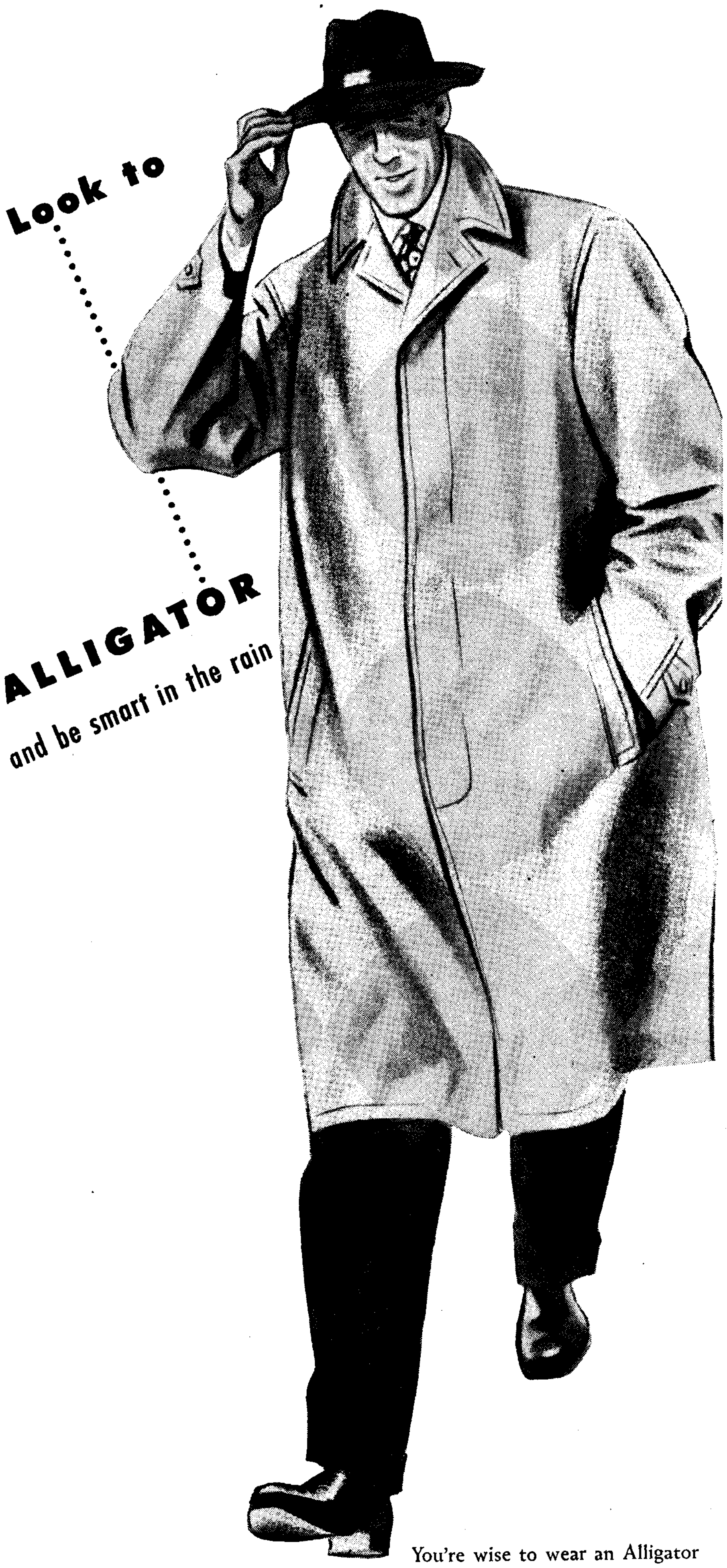

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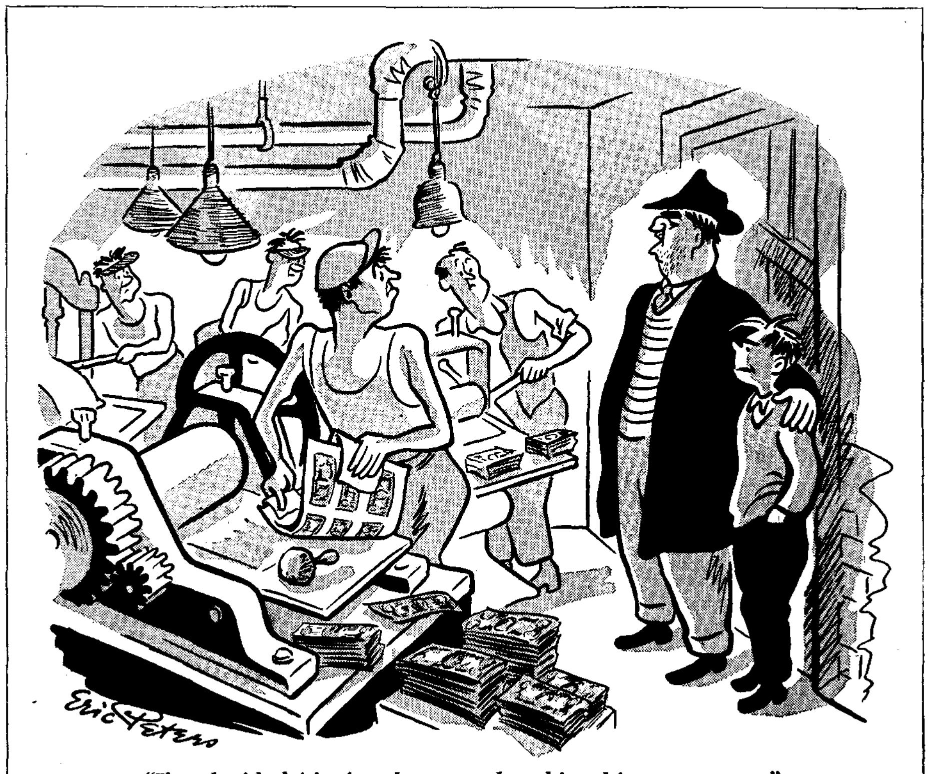

COLLIER'S "I've decided it's time he started making his own money" ERIC PETERS

season, "calling" is not in order, but anyone may leave cards any place he wants to and plenty of folks do, especially at the embassies. They won't meet the wife of the ambassador behind the tea table as in the old days, but they will get on the embassy list and thus be invited to at least one affair during the season.

Many of the invitations are delivered by hand, but frequently a hostess whips up a party at the last minute and sends telegrams. Mrs. McLean had telegrams in the mail saying: "I'm having an informal supper in honor of Miss Grace Moore and her husband, Mr. Parera, after the opera Friday, November 2d, at Friendship. I hope so much you can be with us that night. With best regards."

An "Informal" New Year's Eve

Even for her famed annual New Year's party, this year she sent telegrams inviting her friends to dine with her "very informally" at Friendship, though the party turned out to be the usual dilly it always is.

Washington's biggest menace is the social climber. With the newcomers still invading the capital, it's getting tougher for ambitious hostesses to find out just who are the "right people."

The celebrity turnover is reflected in the new Social List, "exclusively Washington," which has 3,000 changes out of 5,000 names. Six hundred names were dropped and 700 were added. These last include new government officials and new arrivals. During the war, many New Yorkers flooded the town. Now the cast is definitely Middle Western because of the influx of Trumanites.

Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, publisher of the Social List, who inherited it from her socialite mother, says that in 25 years of Washington social turmoil, she's never seen anything like it.

"There are more social climbers per foot in Washington than in any other city in the U.S.A.," she sighs. "I guess that's because there are more opportunities here."

What also made things hectic is that within a year there were four complete social upsets: the elections in November, 1944, the State Department shake-up later that month, the President's death in April, and Truman's Cabinet and Administration changes in August.

The Washington Social List can't be exactly like the Social Register and include just bluebloods, for it's impossible to leave out some high-ranking government official even if his family did come from the wrong side of the tracks.

Unlike any other city in the world, Washington is alive with numerous cliques. These include (1) the cave dwellers, or old residents, (2) the diplomats, (3) the higher-ups in government (who Mrs. Shaw admits are quite often "nice people with money and background"), (4) the Congressional and military crowds and (5) the "odd and sundry" group, not to mention newspaper and radio correspondents who are swamped with invitations to everything under the sun.

Mrs. Shaw has protected herself in the selecting of eligibles to the List by letting a board of governors act as a front. They can be as choosy as they like.

Last year there were more than 300 personal requests from those ambitious to get into the book. Out of this number only 20 per cent made the grade. Some people even tried to bribe Mrs. Shaw to get into the lists.

In New York it's hard to crack the 400, but people can become social successes overnight in Washington if they play their cards right—if their food is marvelous, the service excellent and liquor flows freely.

Some people, however, barge right in, and with lots of money, throw a bang-up party, invite a lot of people and hope they'll come —which they do.

And the darnedest things happen. At one party a gentleman with a highball in his hand edged up to an overdressed lady standing near by and whispered: "Who's the rich missus giving this blowout?"

"I am," the woman replied.

Two prominent senators one day climbed into the same taxi after a party at the Mayflower. It was given by a man whose name was always in the social columns.

Said one senator to the other: "Who is the chap who gave the party?"

"Good grief, chum," replied the other with a roar. "I was just going to ask you. I thought he must be a bosom pal, the way you were slapping him on the back and calling him by his first name."

The Uninvited—Like Locusts

The biggest nuisances are the gate crashers. One hostess invited 150 to a buffet supper and ended up with 210, many of them people she'd never set eyes on. During prohibition when the embassies were the only oases for the thirsty, crashers pushed in by the thousands.

Diplomats, especially those new to the capital, are stymied by the overflow still, but are afraid of offending someone who might be important, so they just look bewildered and let the hordes move in.

However, many of those who entertain are now sending "R.S.V.P." invitations and insisting that even their intimate friends present cards on arrival. They even mark the number expected in the corner of the card. If four come instead of two, two are politely turned away.

"Snatchers" constitute another nuisance;

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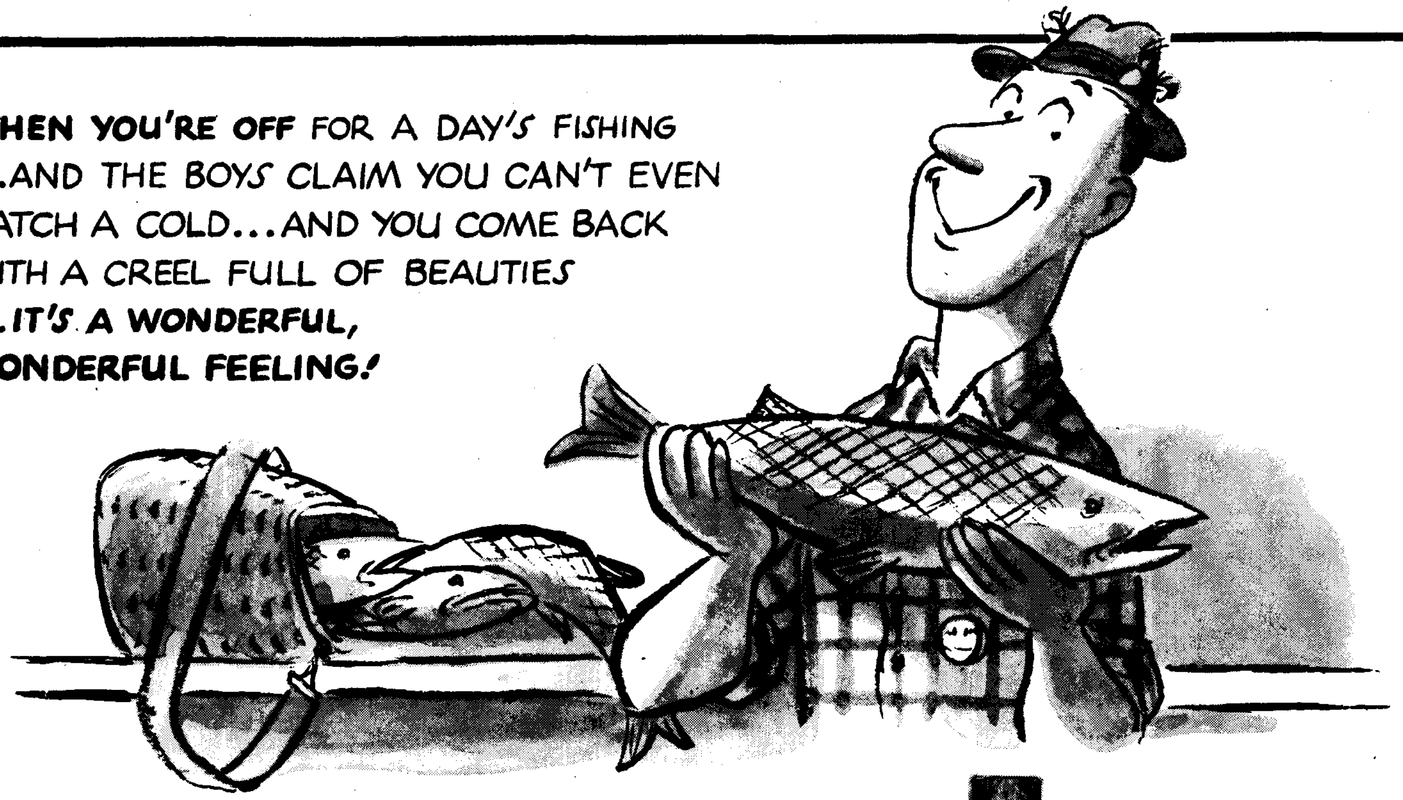
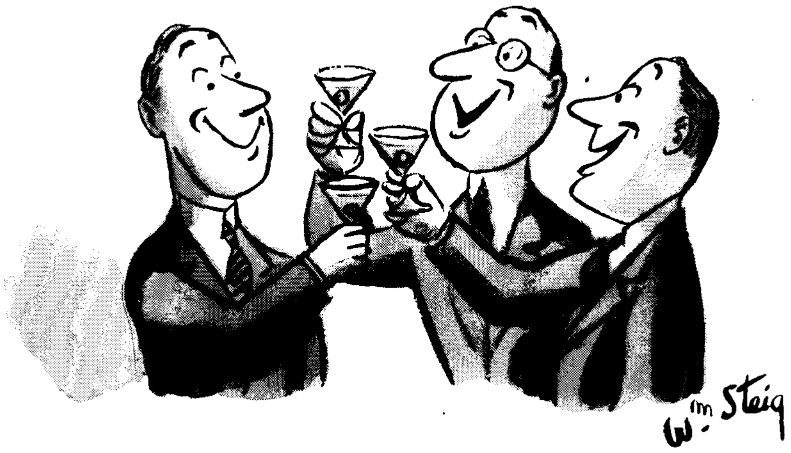
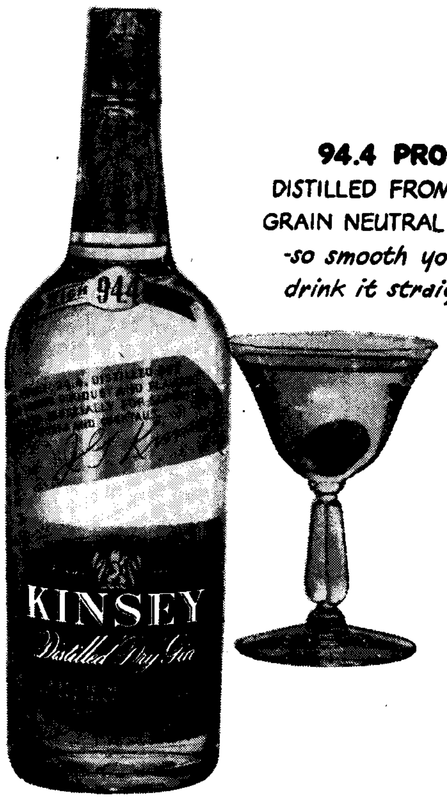
WHEN YOU'RE OFF FOR A DAY'S FISHING ...AND THE BOYS CLAIM YOU CAN'T EVEN CATCH A COLD...AND YOU COME BACK WITH A CREEL FULL OF BEAUTIES ...***IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!***





WHEN YOU SERVE MARTINIS MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN...AND THE BOYS SAY "HEY, THESE ARE SLICK, HOW DO YOU GET 'EM SO SMOOTH AND DELICIOUS?... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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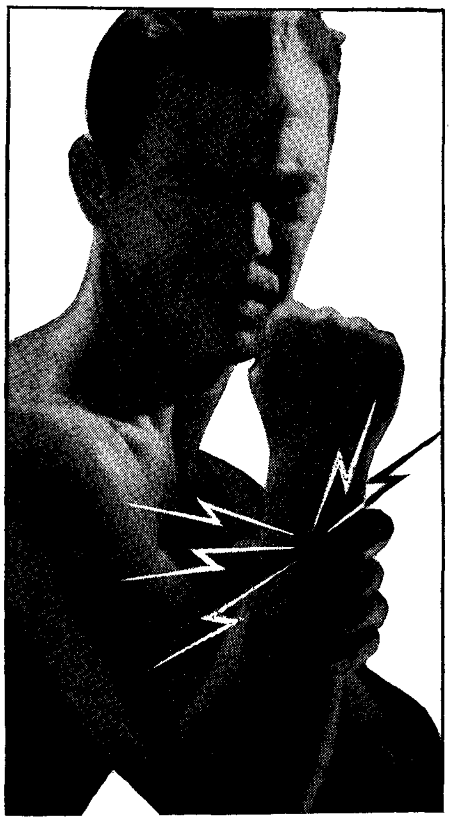

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★ABSORBINE Jr.

one sees odds and ends of White House silver, ash trays, and napkins all over town. One night at a White House reception, a society reporter actually saw a gentleman take the knife and fork off his salad plate as he returned it to the buffet table in the state dining room and slip them into a back trouser pocket. Later when the guests moved into the East Room and the tables had been cleared, the reporter asked an usher if they'd missed any silver. He looked at her with amusement and said, "Yes, we did, but we found it. We sort of brushed against the men and when they jingled, we found the stuff."

At the Chinese party some of the guests who were left alone on the lawn were seen making off with full bottles of liquor.

And in the days when open house was a recognized custom and anyone could march right into anyone's home, snatching was an even more profitable business.

Calling was a major industry in those days, too. It was imperative for anyone who hoped to get anywhere, or be anyone socially, to call first at the White House.

Official and social Washington were obliged to call at the Executive Mansion annually; on the wives of Cabinet members on Wednesdays; Congressional wives on Tuesdays; wives of the senators on Thursdays, and wives of the Diplomatic Corps on Fridays. Saturday was always the "at home" day for social Washington itself.

Open House in Full Measure

Days at home were a solemn rite, prepared as one prepares for a banquet, with roast hams and turkeys. Anyone could drop in, and that meant ANYONE. All one had to do was to watch for the lists of those entertaining, which were always published in advance, and then move in.

In those years, too, even boarding schools used to advertise in their catalogues that they could take their students to these affairs and they used to arrive by the dozens.

One day, a sight-seeing bus pulled up in front of the residence of the late Senator Borah of Idaho. The driver told the passengers that Mrs. Borah was receiving that day and they could go in if they wanted to. Mrs. Borah and her assisting hostesses had to keep an eye on the callers because they tried to snatch the flowers and gadgets of all kinds.

There used to be several old "biddies" about town who toted big bags with them to these affairs. Into them they slipped sandwiches, tea cakes, after-dinner mints and even sugar cubes, which they carted off home to offset lean pickings in their own cabinet or icebox.

The embassies and some of the private hostesses, who entertain on a large scale, put away their own rare crystal, silver, linen and china when they entertain the mobs. Sometimes they even put away the carpets so that guests won't scrunch out their cigarettes on them. They call on caterers who bring in everything, including chairs.

The catering business is thriving. Not only do the caterers supply the things that might be taken away in coat pockets and evening bags; they supply what's taken away "in person"—the turkeys, hams, sandwiches, cakes, ices and, sometimes, the liquor.

Butlers, dishwashers, car-callers, checkroom girls are always supplied by the caterers and you see the same faces over and over again and get to know them by their first names. They may "buttle" for Mrs. McLean at a breakfast, the Icelandic minister at a cocktail party, and the Mexican ambassador at a reception all in the same day.

At one party this winter, for a recently arrived Latin-American diplomat, all the butlers were supplied by the town's leading caterer. The food was lavish and plentiful. So were the drinks. One of the butlers had too much. He fell down the steps three times. He got belligerent. The host had to lock him in a downstairs room. The other butlers, hearing of this, threatened to strike, right in the middle of buttling.

"Seated" dinners, done by caterers, cost from $5 to $7 a head, not including liquor, or service. Butlers get about $9 for receptions, and the chef who moves in for the bigger affairs, a few days ahead of time, gets $25 a day. When the Russians give a party for 2,000 guests they hire as many as 40 butlers and 10 dishwashers.

Turkeys and hams cost $1.75 a pound for cooked weight. Shrimps "with sauce and toothpicks" are $2.50 a pound. Canapés are $8 to $10 a hundred. The caterers usually count on supplying six to seven pieces of food per person, not including the snatchers.

The question of protocol—or who ranks whom—is, in Washington, of momentous importance. The good social secretary is a great help in getting people off on the right foot, but there is a dearth of them now, hostesses complain.

Mrs. Shaw's Social List, with its added advice as to precedence and social usages, is the bible which most follow these days.

She warns that you must never make the mistake of inviting the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and an ambassador to the same dinner; nor the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the President pro tem of the Senate. Nobody has figured out who of these outranks whom.

"It is also well to remember that titles of nobility, unless accompanied by diplomatic or military rank, carry no claim to precedence in this country," she adds.

In the instance of several senators being present, all of whom were "sworn in" upon the same date, precedence is determined in accordance with the date the state they represent entered the Union. Thus hostesses must be up on their history as well as their manners.

The gilded merry-go-round of capital social life received its postwar impetus from the late afternoon reception given by the French ambassador and Madame Bonnet for General Charles de Gaulle at the great stone embassy overlooking Rock Creek Park on Kalorama Road.

Three thousand were invited and had to stand in lines, three deep, down the long walks which circle up to the embassy. The general stood with the ambassador and Madame Bonnet—chic, slender and slightly bored—in the elegant salon by the French doors leading to the terrace.

The line passed by slowly, but the champagne went fast—so fast, that by the time the last 1,000 guests had crammed into the place, there was not a drop left to whet another Washington whistle.

A few days later, the Chileans gave a party, also for 3,000. They had 20 hams and 15 turkeys, salads and sandwiches, cakes with a special Chilean icing, rare, out-of-season fruits, 15 cases of Scotch and 20 cases of champagne, plus bowls and bowls of a punch made with Chilean wine and fresh fruit.

On the heels of this affair was the binge given by the Russians, who always spend more money than anyone else on their shindigs. This was to celebrate the 28th anniversary of the Red Armies of Russia.

Shades of Old Russia

The salute *Pozdraviajic Krasnaya Armya* ran like an undercurrent through the thickly crowded rooms of the elaborate embassy. Up the red-carpeted staircase came most of the big moguls of Washington. Vodka glasses clinked, heels clicked. It was by no means a proletariat party, even though the town's society editors were not invited. (They crashed.)

It was the first time at a Soviet reception in Washington that state seemed to be recognizing church. Patriarchal Archbishop Alexis, plenipotentiary delegate of the Russian patriarch, who came to the United States to settle differences between clergymen in the Russian Orthodox Church, was a compelling figure in the throng.

Gay as the season is, the Babylon isn't yet up to the lavishness of its old partying days when hosts used to stud the ceilings with fresh orchids and let loose live butterflies and doves, and when debutantes made their bows and gave away hand-painted cars to lucky guests.

But, as Mrs. Shaw says, if you live long enough, you may see anything happen here.

"It all simmers down," she says, "to the business of not only keeping up with the Joneses, but going them one better."

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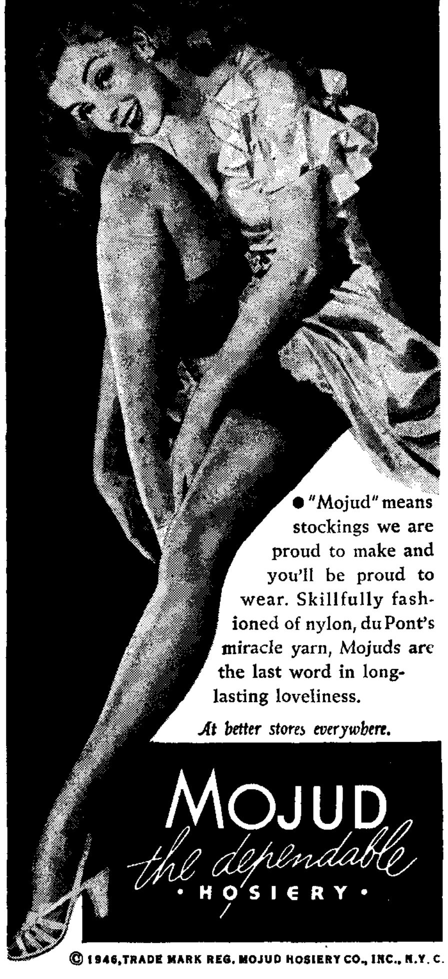

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The Magic Guitar

Continued from page 24

"I bought it from Armando, the radio singer," Mrs. Dudley explained.

Ezequias bowed politely and turned his eyes again to the hills. There was something in the poise of his head that made Mrs. Dudley realize that he saw more than the darkening hills. Somewhere off there was his village, she thought, his home. He was plainly a lonely boy that night. He had come down from the hills to work and he had been unlucky. He had broken dishes and he had been demoted; he had failed. Mrs. Dudley felt very sorry for Ezequias.

"Would you like to play my guitar?" she asked.

There was an instant's hesitation, then he slowly turned his head and she saw his shy smile. He shook his head gently. "I do not play the guitar, señora."

"Really?" said Mrs. Dudley. "I thought you were all born knowing how. Come here, I'll show you."

Mrs. Dudley admitted to me that it was audacious of her to intrude on this lonely Indian and to offer her own inadequate talents in the role of teacher. But at least, she said, she thought she could show him some chords, and she did. She made him sit beside her on the bench, after many breathless protests, and for half an hour she sat with him in the garden, teaching him the strings and the chords.

"In my village," Ezequias told her, "there were five guitars, but they were not as beautiful as this one. Señora, it is very good of you to let me handle it."

"Suppose you just keep it tonight," Mrs. Dudley said impulsively. "Practice your chords, and you can give it back to me tomorrow."

"I would be afraid," Ezequias said. "Something might happen to it."

"Because of the dishes?" Mrs. Dudley said. "Why, the best waiters in the world break dishes."

His big eyes looked into hers, and his mouth opened a little. "In Mexico City last spring," Mrs. Dudley went on, "at the very best restaurant, I saw a waiter drop a tray of dishes. There were enchiladas all over the floor."

His dark eyes brightened as he visualized the mess there must have been, and Mrs. Dudley said, "He was a good waiter, too. He slipped, or something."

Ezequias shook his head. "I did not slip," he said simply. "I was looking at Rosita in the garden."

"It was an accident," Mrs. Dudley said. "I'm not worried about the guitar."

"She was so beautiful in the garden," said Ezequias. "I'm afraid I will never be a good waiter."

"Then you will be a good gardener," Mrs. Dudley said confidently. "Now you take the guitar, and let's hear no more about it." . . .

After she had gone to bed that night Mrs. Dudley lay listening for an exploratory chord from the small house across the patio where the hotel staff lived, but she heard no sound.

The next morning Rosita came to Mrs. Dudley's room and said with a little shrug of her shoulders, "Here is guitar."

Mrs. Dudley saw that there were roses entwined in the strings, and as she took the guitar from Rosita's hands the girl said, "Ezequias said to give it to you."

"That's sweet," Mrs. Dudley said, smiling at the roses. "Isn't that sweet, Rosita?"

"You be careful," Rosita said. "That's too fine a guitar for Ezequias to handle. Have you looked at it? Are you sure no strings are broken?"

"It seems to be intact," Mrs. Dudley said, and smiled.

IT WAS a fine, clear day, and Mrs. Dudley passed most of it practicing sky washes on the backs of discarded water colors. In the afternoon, when she noticed Ezequias in the garden, she went to thank him for the roses.

"I listened last night," she said. "I didn't hear you practicing, Ezequias."

"Oh, señora, I went to the house of a friend who plays very well. He was teaching me."

"Oh," Mrs. Dudley said, a little disappointed.

"My friend said he has never seen so fine a guitar, señora," Ezequias said. "It gave us so much pleasure last night."

"Then you must borrow it again," Mrs. Dudley said. "Any night you wish, Ezequias."

"Thank you, señora," Ezequias said, but his polite smile showed that he would never presume so much, and it was the smile that affected Mrs. Dudley and persuaded her to continue her interest in the Indian boy. She really thought that he seemed less alone that morning, even more sure of himself, and she believed the guitar was the reason for it.

"I play so badly the guitar is wasted on me," she said. "I want you to take it every night, Ezequias, and learn to play it. I insist on it."

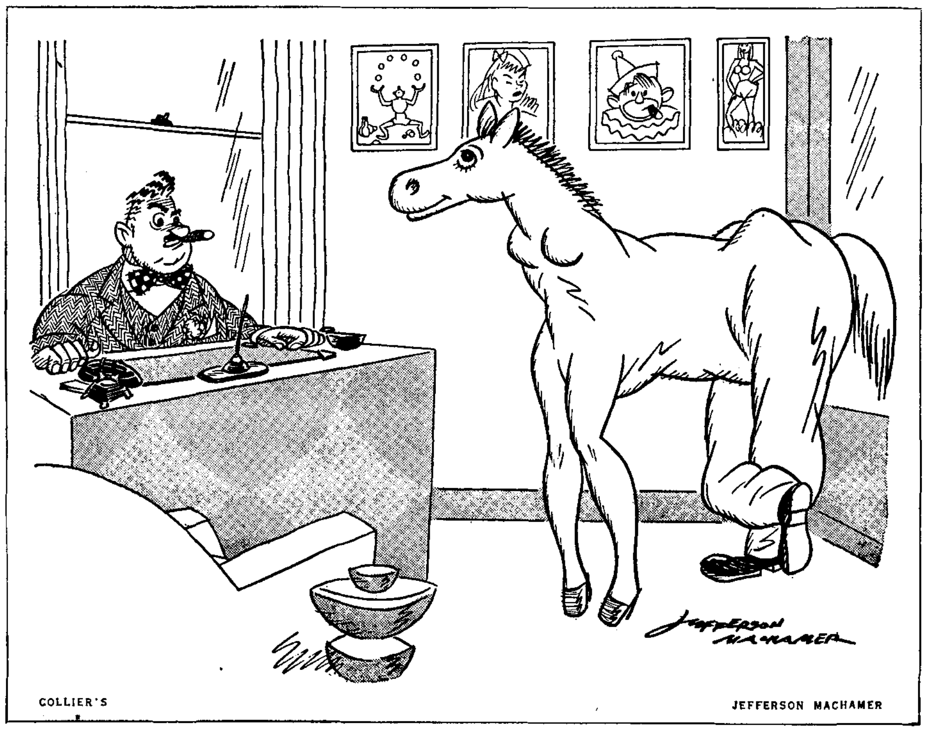
"Oh, no, señora," Ezequias said.

"Meet me on the terrace after dinner," Mrs. Dudley said. "I will play it during the day. It will be yours each night."

Ezequias protested, but there was a shine in his eyes, an eager light that made Mrs. Dudley happy she had made the suggestion. After dinner, when she went onto the terrace with the guitar in her hand, she found Ezequias.

He did not appear to be waiting; he was gazing off at the hills, and he started slightly when Mrs. Dudley called his name. There were more protests, but at last he took the guitar, and Mrs. Dudley watched him walk away, cradling it carefully in his arms.

Next morning there was a single hibiscus



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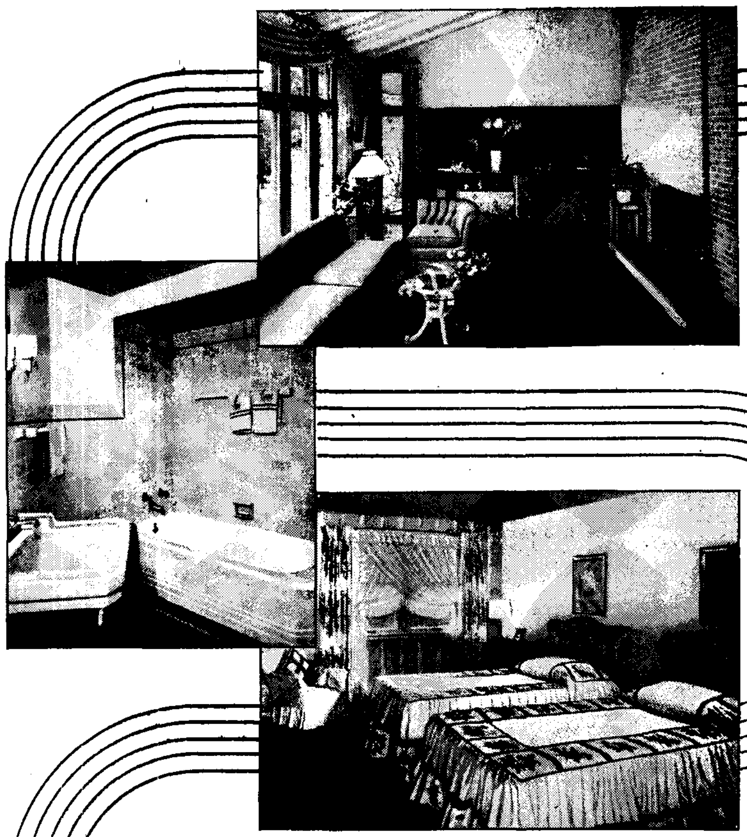

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entwined in the strings when Rosita brought the guitar to Mrs. Dudley.

"Not broken yet," Rosita said cheerfully.

"Of course, it's not broken." Mrs. Dudley was indignant.

Rosita said as she set about straightening the room, "I think perhaps he is subsidized by the pottery works, this Ezequias. It is something like that. They are making him a waiter again."

"Really?" Mrs. Dudley said. "Well, that's good news."

"Alfonso told me," Rosita said. "I think he is taking a big chance."

Alfonso was the assistant manager of the hotel. Mrs. Dudley was not surprised that Rosita had the news from Alfonso; the assistant manager was sought after by the women of the hotel staff.

On her way to lunch that day Mrs. Dudley paused to tell Alfonso that she was glad he had given Ezequias another chance.

"It was to please you, Señora Dudley," said Alfonso. "I have made him your waiter." He gave her a little smile that discounted the maternal in her interest in Ezequias.

The Indian boy was waiting in the dining room, with shining eyes and shining face. He took her order, and gave her outrageous preference over the other guests in his service. When she was sipping her coffee he came and stood by her table.

"It was so good of you to let me use your guitar," he said. "But, señora, I must pay for it."

"Why, I couldn't think of that, Ezequias," Mrs. Dudley protested.

He bent his head, and she barely heard his whisper. "Señora, perhaps you would sell me the guitar?"

Mrs. Dudley hesitated, looked up into his dark eyes.

"I know, of course, that it is very expensive," he said hurriedly. "I could not pay it all at once. But perhaps, if I could have a little time, señora, and pay you something here and a little there . . ." His whisper faded away.

Mrs. Dudley thought that it would take a long time for Ezequias to earn the seventy-five pesos she had paid for the guitar, but she felt very strongly that she wanted him to have it, that it was very important for him to have the guitar.

"Yes, it is expensive, Ezequias," she said. "I would have to charge you twenty-five pesos."

His smile showed that he believed he could manage twenty-five pesos. He whispered, "Perhaps if I could pay you five pesos each week, señora, then in five weeks—what do you think?"

Mrs. Dudley, an interesting contradiction of generosity and thrift, made her deal with Ezequias.

"Pay me four pesos each week, if you like," she said. "The other peso will be my tip. I usually tip my waiter a peso at the end of the week, so instead of tipping you, Ezequias, I'll add a peso to your four pesos. How is that?"

Ezequias thought it was a perfect arrangement, and the transfer of the guitar was begun. Mrs. Dudley retained it during the day, and Ezequias called for it each evening, and each day she felt that the guitar was a little less hers and he thought of it as a little more his.

AS THE days passed, Mrs. Dudley noticed that Ezequias no longer stood on the terrace with his nostalgic gaze fixed on the distant hills. His time was occupied now. In the dining room he was an attentive, eager waiter. He made mistakes, confused orders, and dropped a few dishes, but he had become a good friend of the chef, an important asset in a waiter when special favors were desired of the kitchen.

What progress he was making with his guitar lessons Mrs. Dudley did not know. Each morning the guitar appeared in her room, with a different flower arrangement for each day of the week, and each night Mrs. Dudley carried it down to dinner with her and left it for Ezequias.

She had an intimation of the progress he had made one day when her afternoon siesta was interrupted by a soft voice calling, "Señora Dudley." She went to the window and looked out. The hotel was built on a hillside, and although her room was on the second floor, the windows at one side were only a few feet above the ground. She looked down and saw four young Mexicans standing in the road, smiling at her.

"Señora Dudley?" one of them asked.

"Yes?"

"Could you do us a great favor, señora?" The youth flourished his hat. "Could you lend us your so beautiful guitar?"

It was the first Mrs. Dudley had known that her guitar was becoming well known in Taxco. She smiled and said, "I'm sorry. You'll have to ask Ezequias about it."

The boy's smile was doleful now. "Fifty centavos is so much to pay," he said.

"Fifty centavos?" said Mrs. Dudley. "What's this about fifty centavos?"

"Ezequias charges always fifty centavos," one of the other boys said.

"Just the same," said Mrs. Dudley, "you'll have to speak to Ezequias."

The boys exchanged glances as if what she said had been a confirmation. They all murmured politely and moved away along the road, and at dinner that night Mrs. Dudley said to Ezequias, "I understand you've been renting the guitar, Ezequias."

"Oh, señora." His soft voice was apologetic. "Never has the guitar been out of my sight. Is it wrong to let my friends play it a little?"

"I suppose not," Mrs. Dudley said, and smiled. Actually she was rather proud of Ezequias' initiative.

BY CHRISTMAS the guitar was nearly paid for, all but three pesos, and Mrs. Dudley brought it to a little party for the Americans at the hotel. She and a young woman from Michigan had trimmed a Christmas tree, which was a curiosity in the town. They had asked the people of the hotel in for the party, and it was a stiff evening of polite, blank faces and polite, stilted voices, until Mrs. Dudley brought out the guitar.

"Now who is going to play for us?" she asked.

Alfonso, the assistant manager, looked at the guitar as if he had never seen such an instrument before. Ezequias was there and his gaze was equally blank. Mrs. Dudley looked from one dark face to another. She was sure that each of them could play, at least a little, but obviously none wished to intrude his talents on this alien festival. At length Mrs. Dudley played the guitar herself and apologetically sang Mexican songs.

Soon there were smiles, then warm applause when she had finished. Suddenly she put the guitar into Ezequias' hands.

"Today is Christmas Eve," she said. "On Christmas we make presents to our friends in my country. Ezequias, here is your present."

"Oh, señora," Ezequias said softly, and Mrs. Dudley thought that he had calculated, as she had, that the present amounted to precisely three pesos.

"That's a very fine present, Ezequias," Alfonso said, with a note of respect in his voice.

"So now you must play for us, Ezequias," Mrs. Dudley said eagerly.

Ezequias smiled, and sat down with the guitar in his lap. He gave her only one quick glance from his thick-lashed eyes, then he began to play and to sing very softly an old song they all loved, La Borrachita. He played the instrument as Mrs. Dudley could never hope to play it, and a smile of satisfaction took possession of her face as she sat listening.

She glanced around the group clustered near the tiny Christmas tree. Alfonso was nodding his head slightly, watching Ezequias steadily, and Rosita's black eyes were bright and dancing. There were handclappings and delighted cries, and all called on Ezequias to sing another song as soon as he was through.

He hesitated an instant. There was no shyness in his smile now; it was confident, and very proud. His voice said, a little huskily, "It is the finest guitar in Taxco. Don't you think so, Rosita?"

"Anyone can see that," Rosita said. "Play some more."

It was a great triumph for Ezequias, for Mrs. Dudley, and for the guitar of Armando Porfirio, the radio singer. Ezequias' eyes shone and his slender fingers caressed the

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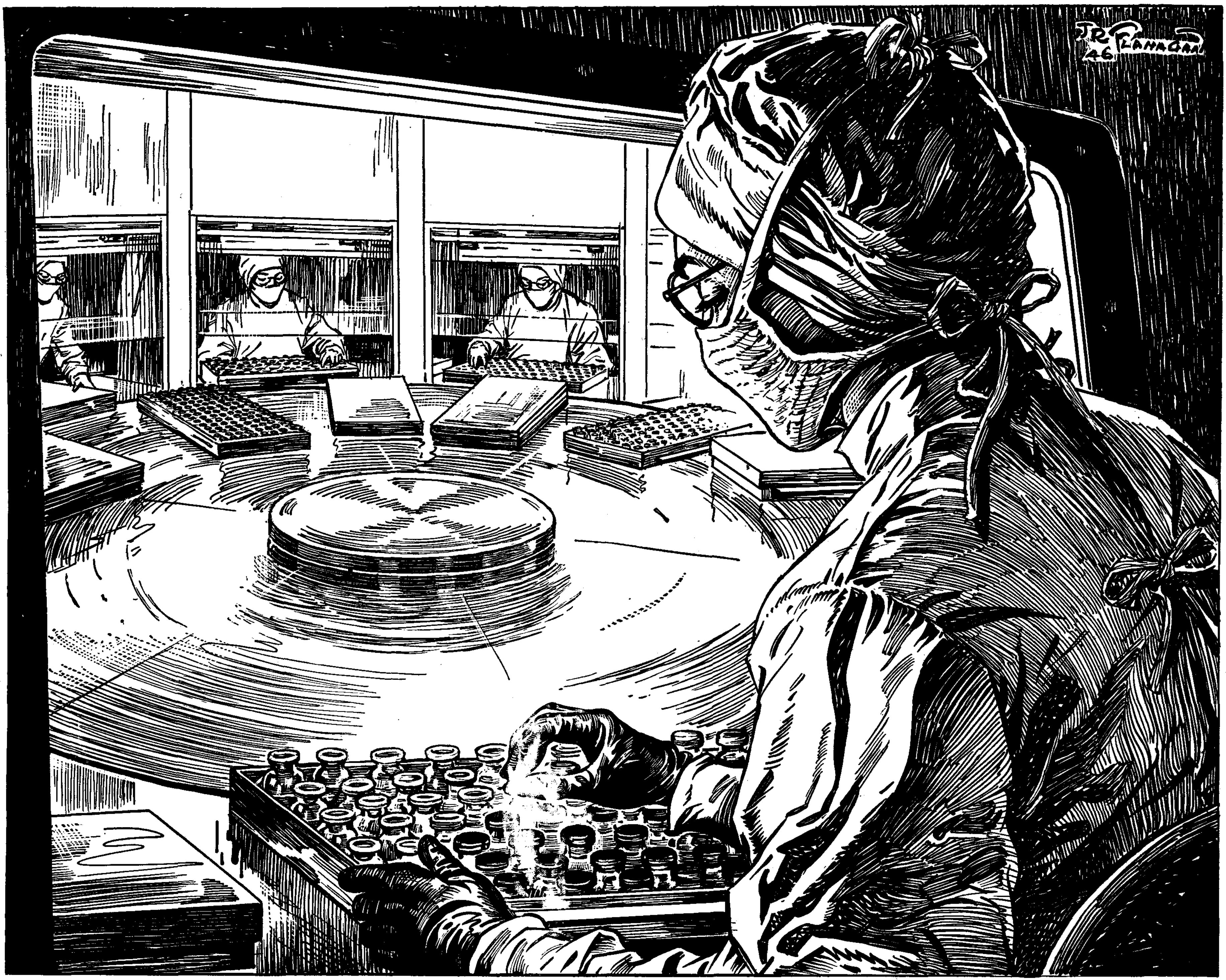

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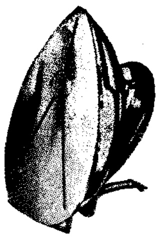

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strings, and now and then his glance met Rosita's. Mrs. Dudley's satisfaction grew; she felt that she had accomplished a great deal here in Taxco. Hers was the deep, vicarious satisfaction of the matchmaker and it was indeed a wonderful satisfaction for a woman who had reached the years when travel was for the sake of travel and living for the sake of people.

After she had gone to bed that night she heard the soft music of the guitar on the terrace and went to her window. She saw Ezequias leaning against the wall, but he was not gazing off at the hills. He was singing softly for a girl beside him, and the girl was Rosita. Mrs. Dudley went happily back to bed.

NEXT morning Rosita came to her room, and the phrase of English that Mrs. Dudley had heard so often was on her lips, "Here is guitar." Rosita set it on the bureau and added softly in Spanish, "Your magic guitar, señora."

Mrs. Dudley smiled. "But it's Ezequias' guitar now."

"He wants you to have it every day," Rosita said. "He will take it at night, as before."

"I see," Mrs. Dudley said. "That's nice." She was watching Rosita's face, trying to catch her evasive dark eyes. She asked, "Don't you think he plays very well?"

"Oh, yes," Rosita said. "Very well indeed. Very well on his magic guitar."

"What do you mean by that? Twice you've called it a magic guitar."

"Ezequias is to be headwaiter," Rosita said. "Alfonso told him last night."

"Headwaiter!" Mrs. Dudley cried.

"He is still not a good waiter," Rosita said. "It's only the guitar."

"Rosita," Mrs. Dudley said, "is it because he plays so well that Alfonso made him headwaiter? Really?"

Rosita shrugged her shoulders. "I said it was the guitar, señora."

"Because he owns the best guitar in Taxco, I suppose," Mrs. Dudley said wonderingly. "That's *nice*." This, she thought, was Mexico. It was so irrelevant, so gloriously irrelevant. Ezequias could break a thousand dishes and yet he was headwaiter because of his guitar. The wonderful guitar of Armando Porfirio, the radio singer, was the mark of his social position. What a wonderful, contradictory, impractical, beautiful country, Mrs. Dudley thought. Aloud she said, "You know, I like Mexico very much, Rosita."

"Yes?" Rosita gave her a curious glance, then came the inevitable shrug. "Why not?" She hesitated an instant. "Ezequias is a nice boy," she said. "Not a good waiter, but a nice boy, and he plays his guitar very well. I think I will ask him to play at my wedding, señora."

"Your wedding?" said Mrs. Dudley.

"I will speak to Alfonso about it," Rosita said, and went smiling to the door.

"Good heavens," Mrs. Dudley said. "Is it Alfonso you're going to marry?"

Rosita turned at the door, her eyes shining naughtily, her smile roguish. "Did you think I was going to take little Ezequias away?" she asked, and then she was gone.

Mexico, Mrs. Dudley told me, is a land of surprises. She had taken it for granted that Ezequias would win Rosita's hand, and instead she had chosen Alfonso, the serious young assistant manager.

On her way to dinner that evening she stopped to congratulate Alfonso, and mentioned also that she was delighted Ezequias had been promoted to headwaiter.

"I am glad you are pleased," Alfonso said.

"It is wonderful," Mrs. Dudley said. "To think that because a boy owns the finest guitar in town his position is so enhanced that he is made headwaiter!"

"It is a very fine guitar, of course," Alfonso said. "It was a generous gift, Señora Dudley."

"Oh, not at all," said Mrs. Dudley, having the three pesos in mind. "I think Ezequias will make a superb headwaiter, Alfonso."

"I hope so," Alfonso said politely.

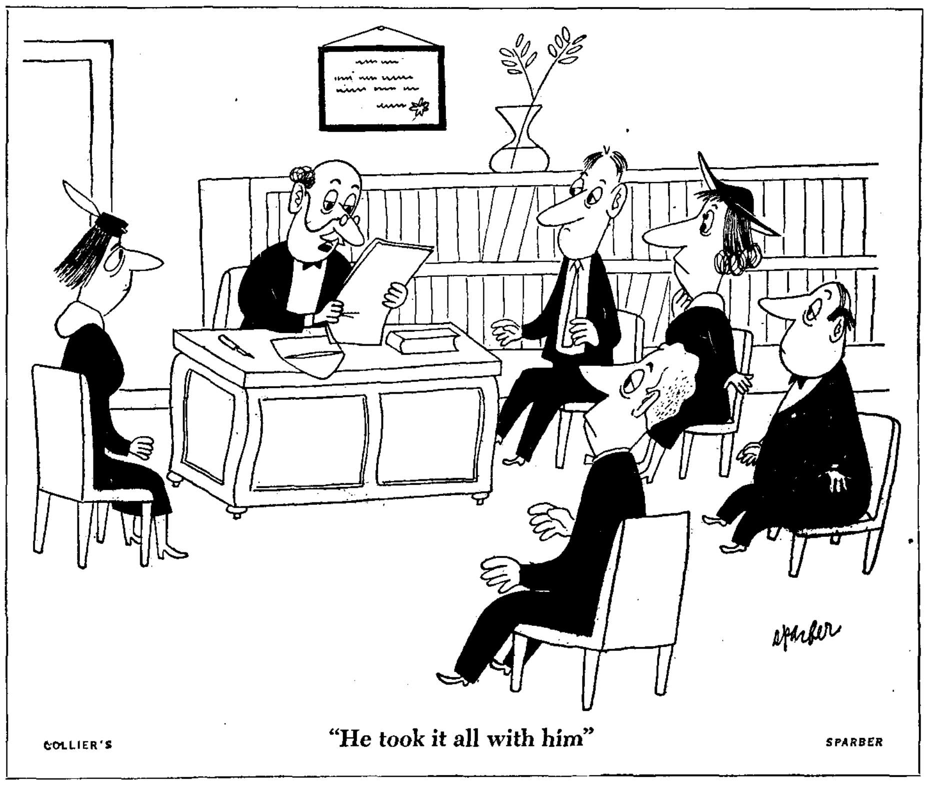
"It is certainly a miraculous guitar," Mrs. Dudley said, a little breathlessly. "Alfonso, if it had not been for the guitar do you think Ezequias would *ever* have been promoted?"

"Why not?" Alfonso said, and raised his eyebrows. "He is headwaiter because American ladies are so fond of him." His lips lifted a little in a bland smile. "It is good business."

MEXICO, Mrs. Dudley said again, is a land of surprises. She remembered the gleam in Rosita's eyes and the odd manner of the four youths on the hillside, and she became acutely aware of what had probably been said as Ezequias carried her guitar about Taxco, the wonderful guitar, which the American lady had brought to town and given to the Indian boy working at the hotel. The intimation was there that if he had failed in the conquest of Rosita, he had not failed altogether, and Mrs. Dudley wondered if it were possible that this shy, gentle Indian boy, down from the hills in his first contact with the worldly, had boasted just a little.

But my friend Mrs. Dudley is an understanding woman, not lacking in good humor, and she has never regretted that she left behind in Taxco the fine guitar of Armando Porfirio, the radio singer, even though the instrument she bought to replace it has not the same quality at all. For nowadays, when she makes her annual visit to Taxco, Mrs. Dudley plucks out "*Taxco de mis amores, jardincito de flores*" on Armando's miraculous guitar. It is left for her in her room each morning, with flowers entwined in the strings, by the new assistant manager, Ezequias, and it gives her a certain standing, she says, in the hotel.

THE END



"He took it all with him"

Did you ever see a rabbit turn GREEN with envy?

It's strictly in the Easter mood—this sprightly neckwear by Wilson Brothers. The crisp, fresh patterns sing of Spring—were created expressly for the famous Duratwill fabric, a Wilson Brothers exclusive introduced last year. (Duratwill is satin-smooth and *wrinkle free*. Dimples and drapes well. *Won't* slip or slide.)

Hurry to your Wilson Brothers dealer and ask to see the new Duratwills. They'll step up your outfits to Easter parade proportions the year 'round. When you see the superior quality, you'll turn pink with pleasure!

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THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

Especially nice
After a nasty day
Is that highball coming soon.

For the whiskey and ice
Always seem to play
A pleasant and cheerful tune.
H. E. Kelley

Especially nice after a nasty day

There's a touch-of-quality about Old Thompson that makes it really something to look forward to. That's because this whiskey is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore in the inimitable Glenmore way. Pour Old Thompson in that pre-dinner drink and reach the height of highball enjoyment.

Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Incorporated,
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BRAND
Blended Whiskey

A Glenmore Product

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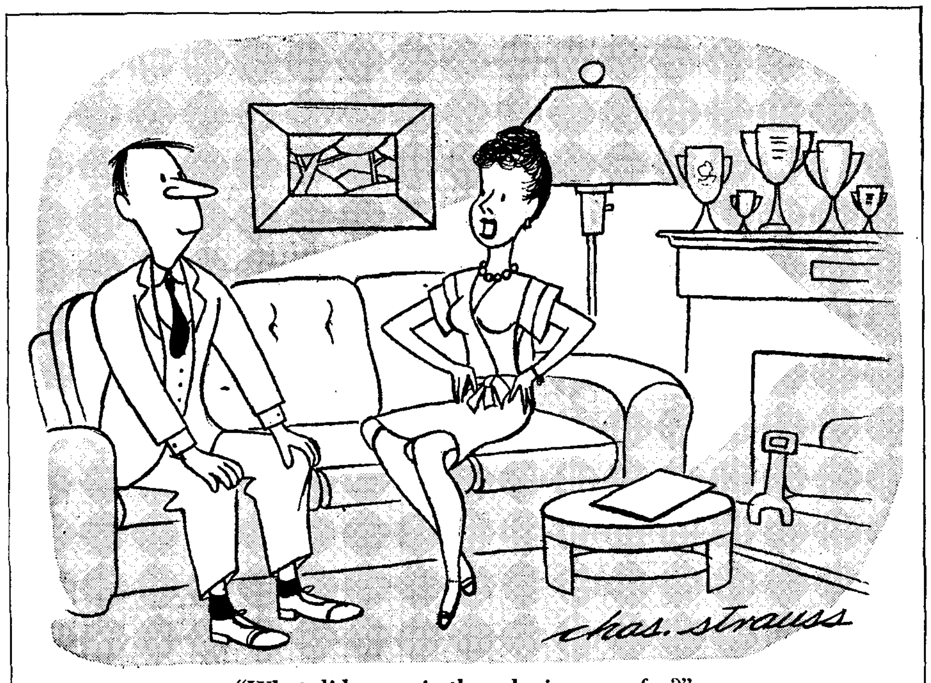
G. D. CO.

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS



COLLIER'S "What did you win those loving cups for?" CHARLES STRAUSS

One Timeless Spring

Continued from page 16

was worst of all the poisons. I wouldn't touch it again, ever!

I strapped my books and went to the door.

"Douglas, you didn't kiss me," said Mom.

"Oh," I said, and shuffled to kiss her.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "'By. So long, Dad."

Everybody said goodby. I walked to school, thinking deep inside, like shouting down a long, cold well.

I RAN down through the ravine and swung on a vine, way out; the ground dropped away, I smelled the cool morning air, sweet and high, and I screamed with laughter, and the wind threw away my thoughts. I tossed myself in a flip against the embankment and rolled down as birds whistled at me and a squirrel hopped like brown fuzz blown by the wind up around a tree trunk. Down the path the other kids fell like a small avalanche, yelling. "Ahh—eee—yah!" Pounding their chests, skipping rocks on the water, jumping their hands down to catch at crayfish. The crayfish jetted away in dusty spurts. We all laughed and joked.

A girl passed by on the green wooden bridge above us. Her name was Clarisse Mellin. We all hee-hawed at her, told her to go on, go on, we didn't want her with us, go on, go on! But my voice caught and trailed off, and I watched her going, slowly. I didn't look away.

From way off in the morning we heard the school bell ring.

We scrambled up trails we'd made during many summers over the years. The grass was worn; we knew each snake hole and bump, each tree, every vine, every weed of it. After school we'd made tree huts here, high up over the shining creek, jumped in the water naked, gone on long hikes down the ravine to where it emptied lonely and abandoned into the big blue of Lake Michigan, near the tannery and the asbestos works and the docks.

Now, as we panted up to school, I stopped, afraid again. "You go on ahead," I said.

The last bell tolled. The kids ran. I looked at the school with vines growing on it. I heard the voices inside, making a high, all-the-time noise. I heard little desk bells tinkle and sharp teacher voices reaching out.

Poison, I thought. The teachers, too! They want me sick! They teach you how to be sicker and sicker! And—and how to *enjoy* being sick!

"Good morning, Douglas."

I heard high-heeled shoes on the cement walk. Miss Adams, the principal, with her *pince-nez* and wide, pale face and close-cropped dark hair, stood behind me.

"Come along in," she said, holding my shoulder firmly. "You're late. Come along."

She guided me, one two, one two, one two, upstairs, up the stairs to my fate. . . .

Mr. Jordan was a plump man with thinning hair and serious green eyes and a way of rocking on his heels before his charts. Today he had a large illustration of a body with all its skin off. Exposed, were green, blue, pink and yellow veins, capillaries, muscles, tendons, organs, lungs, bones and fatty tissues.

Mr. Jordan nodded before the chart. "There's a great similarity between cancer and normal cell reproduction. Cancer is simply a normal function gone wild. Overproduction of cellular material—"

I raised my hand. "How does food—I mean—what makes the body grow?"

"A good question, Douglas." He tapped the chart. "Food, taken into the body, is broken down, assimilated, and—"

I listened and I knew what Mr. Jordan was trying to do to me. My childhood was in my mind like a fossil imprint on soft shale rock. Mr. Jordan was trying to polish and smooth it away. Eventually it would all be gone, all my beliefs and imaginings. My mother changed my body with food, Mr. Jordan worked on my mind with words.

So I began to draw pictures on paper, not listening. I hummed little songs, made up a language all my own. The rest of the day I heard nothing. I resisted the attack, I counteracted the poison.

But then after school I passed Mrs. Singer's store and I bought candy. I couldn't help it. And after I ate it I wrote on the back of the wrapper: "This is the last candy I'm going to eat. Even at the Saturday matinee, when Tom Mix comes on the screen with Tony, I won't eat candy again."

I looked at the candy bars stacked like a harvest on the shelves. Orange wrappers with sky blue words saying "Chocolate." Yellow and violet wrappers with little blue words on them. I felt the candy in my body, making my cells grow. Mrs. Singer sold hundreds of candy bars each day. Was she in conspiracy? Did she know what she was doing to children with them? Was she jealous of them being so young? Did she want them to grow old? I wanted to kill her!

"What you doing?"

Bill Arno had come up behind me while I was writing on the candy wrapper. Clarisse Mellin was with him. She looked at me with her blue eyes and said nothing.

I hid the paper. "Nothing," I said.

We all walked along. We saw kids playing hopscotch and kick the can and playing mibs on the hard ground, and I turned to Bill and I said, "We won't be allowed to do that next year, or maybe the year after."

Bill only laughed and said, "Sure, we will. Who'll stop us?"

"*They* will," I said.

"Who's they?" asked Bill.

"Never mind," I said. "Just wait and see."

"Aw,' said Bill. "You're crazy."

"You don't understand!" I cried. "You play and run around and eat, and all the time they're tricking you and making you think different and act different and walk different. And all of a sudden one day you'll stop playing and have to worry!" My face was hot and my hands were clenched. I was blind with rage. Bill turned, laughing, and walked away. "Over Annie Over!" someone sang, tossing a ball over a housetop.

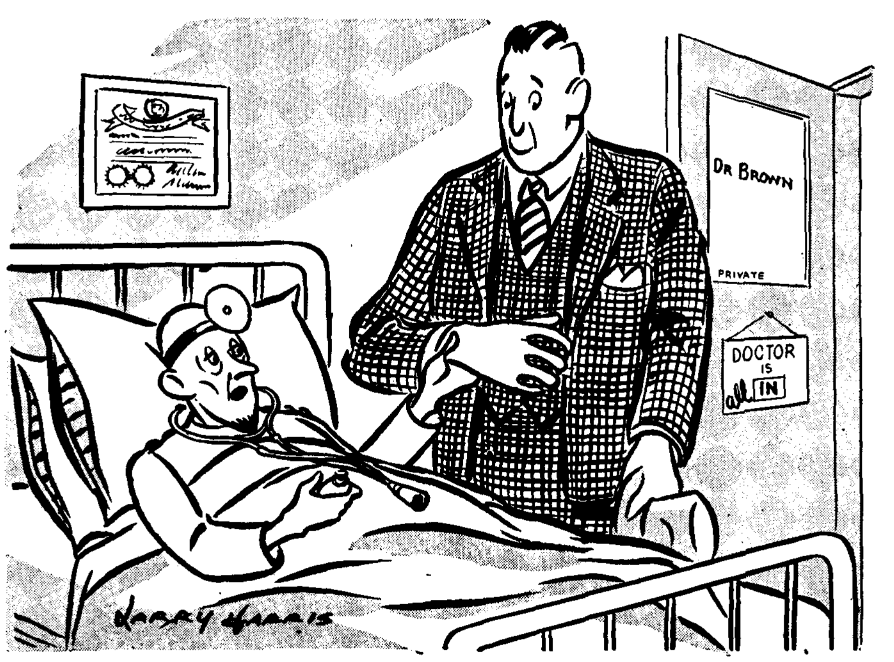
YOU might go all day without breakfast or lunch, but what about supper? My stomach shouted as I slid into my chair at the supper table. I held onto my knees, looking down at them. I won't eat, I told myself. I'll show them. I'll fight them.

Dad pretended to be considerate. "Let him go without supper," he said to my mother, when he saw me neglect my food. He winked at her. "He'll eat later."

All evening long I played on the warm brick streets of town, rattling the tin cans and climbing the trees in the growing dark.

Coming into the kitchen at ten o'clock, I realized it was no use. There was a note on top of the icebox which said, "Help yourself. Dad."

I opened the refrigerator, and a little cool breath breathed out against me, cold, with the smell of rimed foods on it. Inside was



"You're driving yourself too hard, Mr. Witherspoon. What you need is a rest"
COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

clean as a WHISTLE!

The gleaming whiteness of a Sani-Flush-cleaned toilet bowl means real cleanliness. SANI-FLUSH removes stains and invisible film where germs lurk and odors thrive. Remember—a clean toilet bowl has no odor. The chemical, disinfecting action of SANI-FLUSH, used regularly, ensures a clean, odorless toilet bowl always.

No messy scrubbing—effective in hard and soft water—safe in septic tanks—sold everywhere. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sani-Flush
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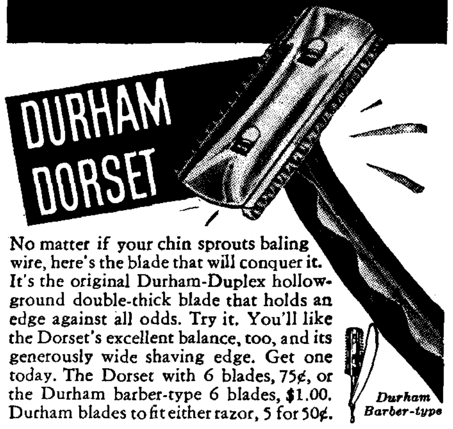

MEN! MEET THE RAZOR with the HE-MAN BLADE!

No matter if your chin sprouts baling wire, here's the blade that will conquer it. It's the original Durham-Duplex hollow-ground double-thick blade that holds an edge against all odds. Try it. You'll like the Dorset's excellent balance, too, and its generously wide shaving edge. Get one today. The Dorset with 6 blades, 75¢, or the Durham barber-type 6 blades, $1.00. Durham blades to fit either razor, 5 for 50¢.

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These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Government.

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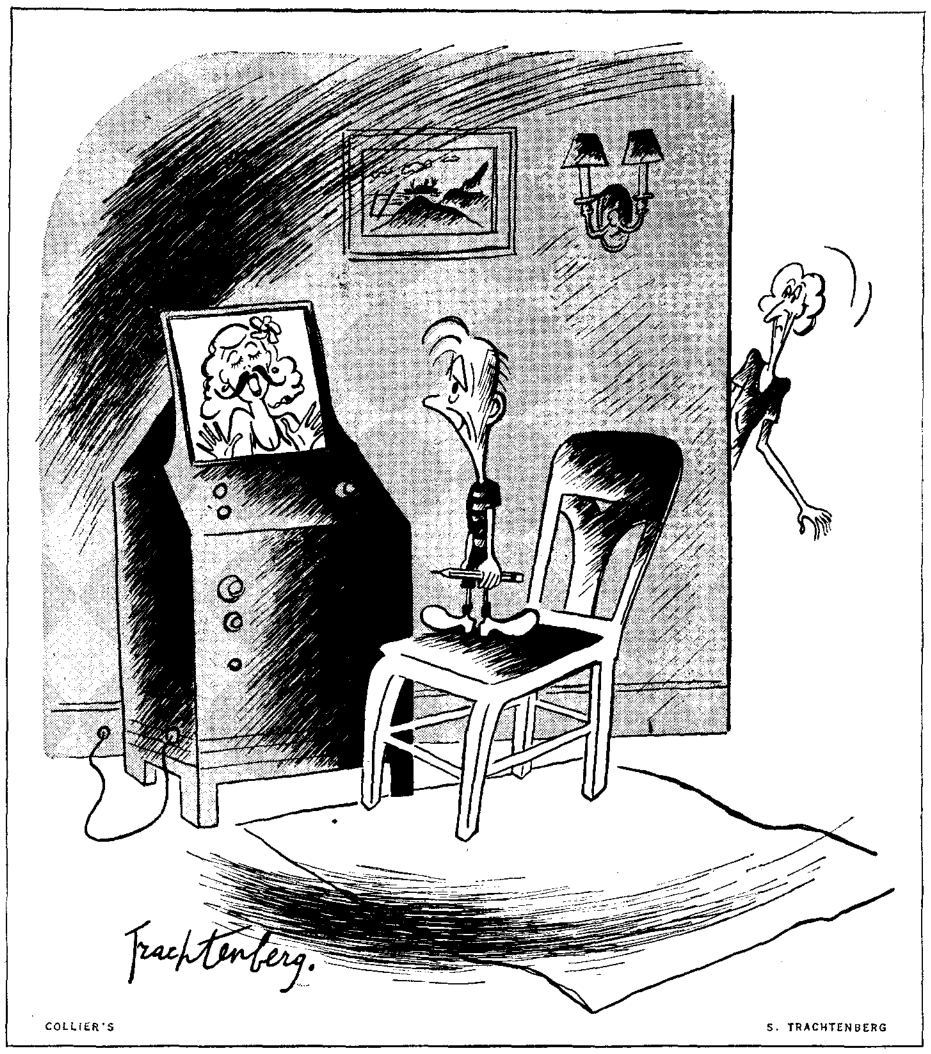
HANDLE WITH CARE

Soothe it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE

At the first sign of irritation, we suggest you gargle or spray your throat with GLYCO-THYMOLINE. It helps to soothe and heal the delicate membranes of nose and throat, so often irritated by common colds and ordinary sore throats.

For over half a century, thousands have used GLYCO-THYMOLINE. Ask *your* physician and druggist, too! Keep a bottle handy... and use it as directed!

GLYCO-THYMOLINE



COLLIER'S S. TRACHTENBERG

the wondrous half-ruin of a chicken. Members of celery were piled like cords of wood. Strawberries grew in a thicket of parsley.

My hands blurred. They made motions that caused an illusion of a dozen hands. Like those pictures of Eastern goddesses they worship in temples. One hand with a tomato in it. One hand grasping a banana. A third hand seizing strawberries!. A fourth, fifth, sixth hand caught in mid-motion, each with a bit of cheese, olive or radish!

Half an hour later I knelt by the toilet bowl and swiftly raised the seat. Then, rapidly, I opened my mouth, and shoved a spoon back, back along my tongue, down, down along my gagging throat. . . .

Lying in bed, I shuddered and tasted the acrid memory in my mouth, glad to be rid of the food I had so eagerly ingested. I hated myself for my weakness. I lay trembling, empty, hungry again, but too sick, now, to eat. . . .

I was very weak in the morning, and noticeably pale, for my mother made a comment on it. "If you're not better by Monday," she said, "to the doctor's with you!"

IT WAS Saturday. The day of shouting, and no tiny little silver bells for teachers to silence it; the day when the colorless giants moved on the pale screen at the Elite movie house in the long theater dark, and children were only children, and not things growing.

I saw no one. In the morning when I should have been hiking out along the North Shore Rail Line, where the hot sun simmered up from the long parallels of metal, I lolled about in terrific indecision. And by the time I got to the ravine it was already mid-afternoon and it was deserted; all of the kids had run downtown to see the matinee and suck lemon drops.

The ravine was very alone, it looked so undisturbed and old and green, I was a little afraid of it. I had never seen it so quiet. The vines hung quietly upon the trees and the water went over the rocks and the birds sang high up.

I went down the secret trail, hiding behind bushes, pausing, going on.

Clarisse Mellin was crossing the bridge as I reached it. She was coming home from town with some little packages under her arm. We said hello, self-consciously.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Oh, walking around," I said.

"All alone?"

"Yeah. All the other guys are downtown."

She hesitated, then said, "Can I walk with you?"

"I guess so," I said. "Come on."

We walked down through the ravine. It was humming like a big dynamo. Nothing seemed to want to move, everything was very quiet. Pink darning needles flew and bumped on air pockets, and hovered over the sparkling creek water.

Clarisse's hand bumped mine as we walked along the trail. I smelled the moist dank smell of the ravine and the soft new smell of Clarisse beside me.

We came to a place where there was a cross trail.

"We built a tree hut up there last year," I said, pointing.

"Where?" Clarisse stepped close to me to see where my finger was pointing. "I don't see."

"There," I said, my voice breaking, and pointed again.

Very quietly, she put her arm around me. I was so surprised and bewildered I almost cried out. Then, trembling, her lips kissed me, and my own hands were moving to hold her and I was shaking and shouting inside myself.

The silence was like a green explosion. The water bubbled on in the creek bed. I couldn't breathe.

I knew it was all over. I was lost. From this moment on, it would be a touching, an eating of foods, a learning of language and algebra and logic, a movement and an emotion, a kissing and a holding, a whirl of feeling that caught and sucked me drowning under. I knew I was lost forever now, and I didn't care. But I *did* care, and I was laughing and crying all in one, and there was nothing to do about it, but hold her and love her with all my decided and rioting body and mind.

I could have gone on fighting my war against Mother and Dad and school and food and things in books, but I couldn't fight this sweetness on my lips and this warmness in my hands, and the new odor in my nostrils.

"Clarisse, Clarisse," I cried, holding her, looking over her shoulder blindly, whispering to her. "Clarisse!"

THE END

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SCHAEFFER'S "Smootheez"

Stainless Chrome Steel
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A New Thrill in Watch Wearing
Sold on Money Back Guarantee
Insist on the Genuine "Smootheez"
AT JEWELRY & DEPT. STORES Everywhere

Any Week

Continued from page 4

the proprietor whether he had "that aria from Rinso that I've been hearing on the radio."

A GROWING number of you have been asking what became of that reorganization and modernization of the State Department that was promised when Mr. Secretary Byrnes took over the joint. In fact, some of our latest mail on the subject wants to know what has become of Mr. Secretary Byrnes. For example, a Washington customer writes that considerable progress has been made. He says that whereas the State Department's foreign-policy motto used to be: We will do it *after* you (Britain) do it, it now reads: We will do it *when* you (Britain) do it. As for our hemispheric policy, he assures us, the Department is almost evenly divided—Mr. Spruille Braden versus The Others—between denouncing Nazi Argentina and assuring democratic Argentina that we really don't mean it.

IN THE same mail we receive an Alas Letter from Miss Cleone Pritick of Little Rock, Arkansas, and one of a different kind from Miss Beatrice Sotch of Albany, New York. Miss Pritick says: "What a shame. How ashamed of us the returning service boys must be as they see that we have not abolished the sale of alcoholic liquors during their absence." But from Miss Sotch we hear merely that "more than seven hundred package-store licenses have been granted to veterans by the State Liquor Authority since last July."

WHILE the UNO is doing its best to make the world a little cleaner—and nobody wants that more than we do—the United States of America will in many ways be the U.S.A. of old. And in these ways nobody wants that either any more than we. Looking around for signs we see that Indiana is having a magnificent time enriching pious-looking racketeers who for three dollars will sell you Paradise Seeds, Holy Powder, Love Lotions, Joshua Salve, Soul Soup and Lady Lather, the last being a beauty magic warranted to change a bearded lady into an Ingrid Bergman in three applications. Incidentally, we hadn't heard of Lady Lather since we bought a bottle in Suspension, Alabama, a few years ago and used it on our dog who hasn't had fleas since. The Hex Preachers in Indiana are also doing a big business in Black or Hell-down Candles which are guaranteed to burn hell out of you if directions are carefully followed. All this indicates a slow but sure return to normal American living and we have reserved a devastating punch in the nose for any guy who is against that.

WE ARE a bit mystified by this one. Doubtless someone said it somewhere and Mr. Luiz Sam Chin of Honolulu, deciding we were guilty, chides us gently and briefly thus: "Dear Honored: No anger from you please when I inform the truth to you that never, never is long underwear of wool worn generally in the Hawaiian Islands."

AND while we've been doing all that, we find that The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, for which corporation we toil, has been electing a few more vice-presidents. We have looked carefully over the list and cannot find our name. We are, therefore, still one of the hands, armed with a typewriter and a broom which we use alternatingly while humming Songs of Revolution which are pretty dismal stuff, music and lyrics, but which were sent to us from Brooklyn, New York, by a guy named Democratus The Bum. And whoever named him wasn't kidding either. . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

seat with the pilot. And it continues in the air as the pilot points to iceboats racing 5,000 feet below on Greenwood Lake, or explains to the passenger who has never flown before just what caused that bump a moment ago, or, if there is time at Buffalo, goes a few miles out of the way to show his passengers Niagara Falls from the air.

For those who have been brought up on DC-3s and are planning flights in the four-engined DC-4s and Constellations, a trip via Robinson is a new sensation.

It is for all the world like riding along in the air in a comfortable family car. Also it is the way we used to have fun flying on the budding airlines more than fifteen years ago.

ALL five Robinson pilots, each from the Army or Navy with experience ranging from B-25 bombers to "so many transatlantic crossings I lost count," seem to enjoy it as they explain the mysteries of the instrument panel. No wonder that the Robinson passengers who have learned to read the altimeter, turn and bank, rate of climb and air-speed indicators, and who have watched from the vantage point of what in a big airliner would be the copilot's seat as the airplane banks and glides in for a landing, feel themselves aloof and superior to those inexperienced mortals whose flying has been confined to winged Pullman cars.

There is a very good business reason back of the use of the small airplane, quite apart from the good relations with the customers the intimate atmosphere helps create. The airline sells speed—not cruising speed in the air—but the speed with which the passenger arrives at his ultimate destination. Because the smaller airplane is easier to handle, load and service on the ground, the total elapsed time is frequently much less than the large airliners, especially on short hauls, even though its cruising speed may be considerably under that of a larger airplane. For this reason, the Robinson line intends to stick to the smallest possible airplanes permitting efficient handling of the business, like the 200-mile-an-hour Beechcrafts just going into service.

Up to the present, the line has had to operate on a strictly contact basis; that is, the ground must always be in sight. Flights could be made only when visibility complied with regulations and had to be completed within daylight hours. The new Beechcrafts will be equipped for instrument flight, which is expected to permit the line to meet the community's needs more fully than in the past by flying above the clouds, in the overcast, and at night.

When the line was started, weather forecasting was a difficult problem. The Weather Bureau had no observers directly on the Ithaca-New York route. The best that could be done was to take actual conditions some distance away and attempt to forecast approximate conditions. This was not satisfactory because the terrain provided some weather tricks all its own.

The Weather Bureau, however, has been most co-operative and now three weather stations have been installed. Approximately fifteen minutes flying time apart, they give an actual report of conditions all along the route.

These, plus new teletype communications linking the airline's Buffalo and New York flight offices with Ithaca, permit close co-ordination of flight plans.

In spite of the success which has come to Ithaca's airline, Mr. Robinson is quick to warn against overoptimism on the part of other enthusiasts who would start their own airlines. It isn't easy. The would-be operator must have sufficient financial backing to stand the drain of month after month of red ink. Just like any other business, airline operation has its angles, each of which must be mastered in turn; and the learning costs money. . . . CLINTON R. HARROWER

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MANAGING DIRECTOR

- ● And now, original Paintings, Reproductions and Objects of Art bearing The Hall of Art insignia are available in better stores throughout the country.

Reproductions, superbly framed from . . .	$10
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did those Beech-Nut people get such a fine long-lasting flavor?
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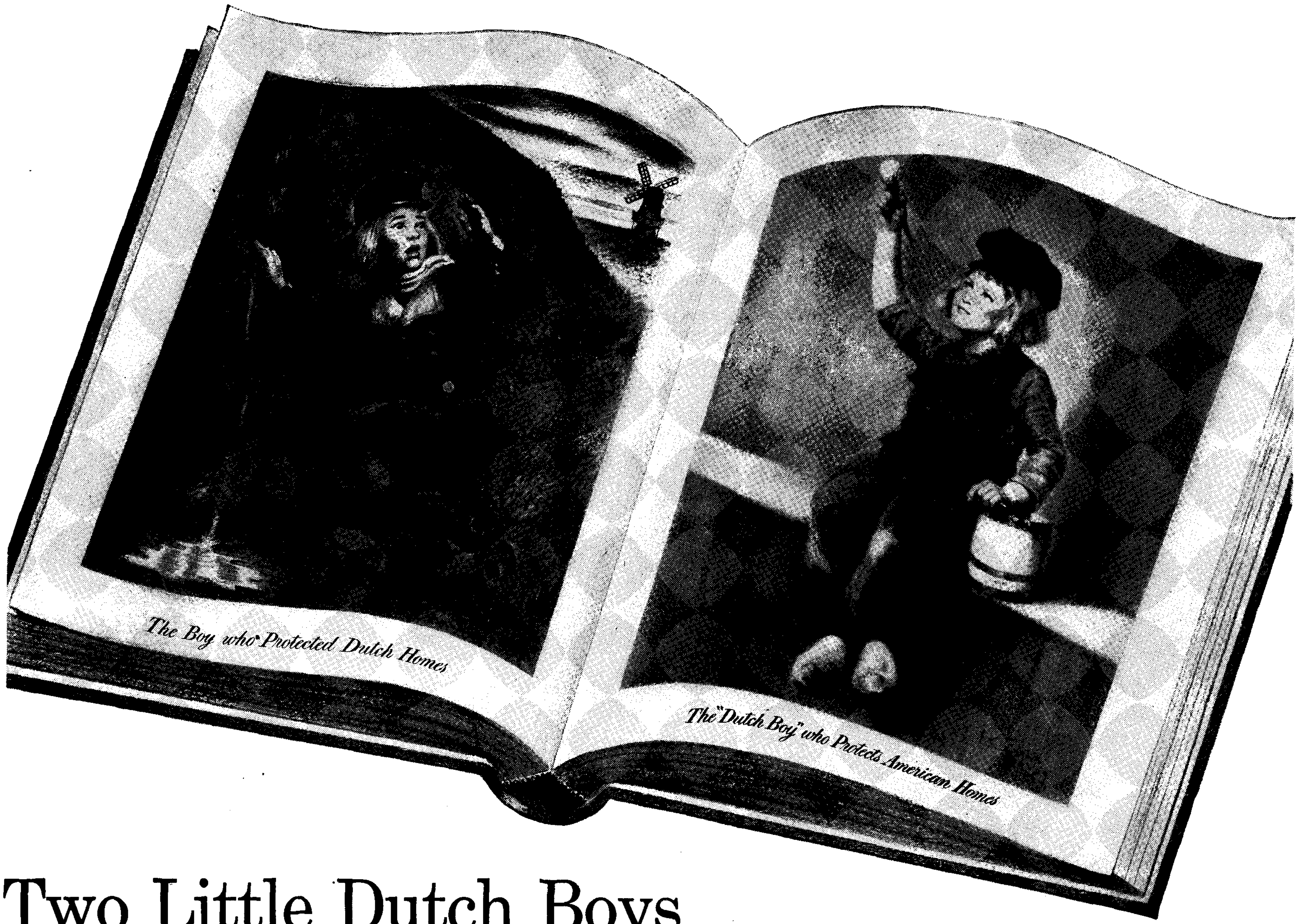
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING


The Boy who Protected Dutch Homes
The "Dutch Boy" who Protects American Homes

Two Little Dutch Boys

. . . and How They Saved Their Countries' Homes

Once there was a little Dutch Boy.

He lived in Holland, where the people's homes are protected by dykes or walls to keep out the sea.

One evening in a lonely spot he saw a hole in the dyke. The water was leaking in. He knew the hole would soon grow larger and his country would be flooded. So he put his finger in the hole. He was very tired and cold, but all night long he stuck to his post.

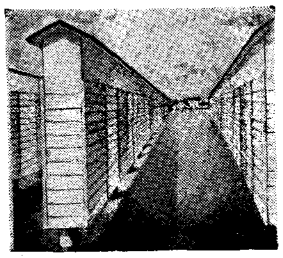
The next morning the people found him, still standing guard with grim Dutch stubbornness. And to this day they tell the story of the little Dutch Boy who saved their homes.

* * *

This is the story of another little boy who became famous right here in America.

He, too, has had a finger in protecting homes—*our* homes.

He, too, has guarded them with stubborn Dutch spirit—against storm and hail, raging rain and blistering sun.



THE LONGEST HOUSE YOU EVER SAW! Typical test panels, built like the sides of houses, on which National Lead tests "Dutch Boy" against other paints. Such tests at our various paint-proving stations make sure that "Dutch Boy" will always be *"Good Paint's Other Name."*

He is known to millions of homeowners as the "Dutch Boy."

Down through the years *this* "Dutch Boy" has been renowned for his good honest paint. This paint holds on tight with real Dutch tenacity. It doesn't crack and scale—and let in the elements. It stands *up* in any weather just as it stands *out* in gleaming beauty.

* * *

But the "Dutch Boy" has not rested on a job well done.

Back in 1917, at Sayville, Long Island, he began a National Lead paint-testing project which has continued without let-up for 29 years. Here, on nearly two miles of panels, he is *right now* conducting more than 17,000 outdoor tests—making sure he'll never have to take his cap off to any other paint.

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Hardest and Fastest and Loudest

By Howard Taubman

He's good. In fact he's the best pianist in the world. An engaging fellow, too. His name is Vladimir Horowitz

BACH-BUSONI
ORGAN TOCCATA

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

With his wife, Mr. Horowitz goes over a score at home. Mrs. Horowitz is an authority on the ways of genius. She married one, and her father is the great Toscanini

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ gets the jitters before every concert. Even though he has played more than 2,000 concerts all over the world, he feels as if each were going to be the first and the last. His reactions remind you of a finely conditioned and highly strung champion athlete or flier. Sure, he knows his stuff. Sure, he knows he's good. But he can't control the pounding of his heart, the tightening of the stomach muscles, the shaky feeling in his legs. At his home, before a concert, he tries to relax, thinking of other things.

When he arrives at the hall, he sits down at an upright piano backstage and plays odds and ends of scales, not to practice but to steady his nerves. Unlike Paderewski, who wanted the last quarter-hour interval before going on in utter solitude backstage, Horowitz does not wish to be left alone to brood. His manager usually enters the dressing room three minutes before the bell and leads him slowly to the wings. Horowitz walks like a condemned man. He is pale, and he wrings his hands in anguish. The last split seconds are a torture to him. Once, when he was soloist with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, he whispered before starting time that he simply could not play. The manager, who was a very wise man, said calmly, "All right, if you can't, you can't. But you must go out and tell them that you cannot play and ask forgiveness."

The nervous pianist said, "That's fair enough, I'll do it." He charged out on the stage, sat down at the piano and plunged into the concerto.

That's how it has always been, and, Horowitz predicts sadly, will always be. It was like that even when, at the start of his career, he was not being paid off in cash. That was in Russia, where the Soviet revolution and the civil war had exhausted and desolated the land. Young Vladimir received compensation in kind: clothes for himself and his family, food, even supplies to fix the house. After a concert he would tote home a package of herring, or the next day the officials would send a cart around with a sack of potatoes or a couple of bags of flour. When the fee was flour, his mother would bake countless loaves of bread, would lay aside enough for the family for a fortnight, until Vladimir made another killing, and would hand out the rest to the neighbors.

Today Vladimir Horowitz plays for money, oodles of it. He is the hottest thing there is in the piano-playing trade. His fees are the skyscrapers of the business, beginning at $3,000 a recital and going up to $6,000—at times, much higher. He is to the piano what Babe Ruth was to a baseball. He can maneuver over those keys harder, faster, longer and louder than anybody else in the business, and he'll have my life for putting it that badly. What I mean is, he can do anything with a piano except carry it. And it's not all the brimstone and hell-fire of a dazzling technique, because he plays also with the intelligence and sensitivity of a great musician.

Vladimir Horowitz doesn't look like a musician. He is neither arty nor long-haired. He is slim and smartly groomed. His hair is neatly trimmed and brushed, shining and sleek. In a business suit with striped shirt and smart tie, he looks the glass of fashion. In white tie and tails he makes you think of a snazzy ballroom dancer.

But music should be his middle name. He was born in a house on a street in Kiev called—cross my heart and hope to die—Musikalnyi Pereulok, which means Music Street. His family was musical, and he married into music. His father-in-law is Arturo Toscanini, and his only child, Sonya, is a gifted young pianist at eleven. She is good enough to play four hands with her father or grandfather. In fact, she remarked in exasperation to Toscanini, as they sat at the piano one day, "Grandpa, you're not so hot as a pianist," and the greatest conductor of our time was so delighted with the lassie's bluntness that he went around repeating her judgment to friends for days.

Volodya—as Horowitz's family and intimates call him—was born on October 1, 1904. His father was an electrical engineer, successful and well-to-do. "We lived in true bourgeois style," the pianist recalls. His mother was a talented amateur pianist who had studied at the Kiev Conservatory, but who gave up her studies when she began to raise a family. Volodya was the youngest of three children. Sister Regina is a concert pianist in Russia today, and brother George, who spent three years in the Red Army, is a violin teacher there.

Horowitz's first recollection of music is of

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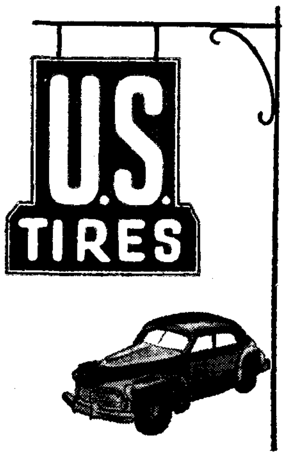

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his mother at the piano. When he was three, he would toddle into the big music room, seat himself on a chair with his short legs dangling and swinging to the rhythm and listen to his mother play for long stretches. Her playing, he says, was tender, gentle and sensitive.

When he was six, his mother began to give him formal lessons. Despite the romantic theories about the early reactions of genius, he was neither thrilled nor annoyed. Being a well-behaved lad, he did what his mother told him to do. His advancement was not sensational; in a year or two he was not ready for the concert platform. His interest was roused gradually. When he was nine, he began to learn all the music of Rachmaninoff by heart, and, as if in return, the older Russian master sent him a friendly letter the day after his American debut, and they have been friends since. Then he went through the music shelves and tackled everything in sight. With his mother he played symphonies and operas in arrangements for four hands, and to this day he knows the enormous score of Wagner's Götterdämmerung from memory.

By the time he was twelve, the family, which had sensibly tried to believe that he was no blooming prodigy, decided that music was his vocation and entered him in the Kiev Conservatory. Here he came under the watchful eyes of Sergei Tarnowsky and later Felix Blumenfeld; the latter especially was a brilliant musician and teacher. He had been a close friend of the incomparable Anton Rubinstein, one of the great pianists of all time, and he taught Volodya the precepts that the magical Anton had propounded.

But Vladimir was not thinking of becoming a pianist. He had his lights set on being a composer. He still has a stack of compositions, mostly for voice and piano, that he wrote in those days. The biggest thrill of his student years was when a well-known soprano sang three of his songs at her recital and he accompanied her at the piano.

The revolution had swept Russia by this time, and though Kiev felt its impact later than Moscow and St. Petersburg, there were strife and turmoil aplenty. For days on end Vladimir and his family remained immured in their home. When he did go out, he once narrowly escaped disaster as a bomb exploded near by.

Necessity turned him into a concert artist. His family lost money and home, and Volodya decided that he would try to be a breadwinner. His father's brother, Alexander, a well-known music critic in the town of Kharkov, was induced to arrange a concert. Vladimir made his debut there in the fall of 1922, playing in a hall with a capacity of 1,000 and with an audience of 200, most of them deadheads. He played like a whirlwind, and his uncle arranged another concert. This time there were paying customers. At a third concert, the house was sold out, and Vladimir and his uncle were out of the red; at least they had precious supplies of food.

With Banners Flying

By the following June he had given fifteen recitals in Kharkov, and his fame was rocketing through Russia. He knocked his home town for a loop, and then showed the harder-boiled crowds of Moscow and Leningrad what a young fellow could do with a piano. In the season of 1924-25, he gave almost 25 concerts in Leningrad alone, playing a different program at each appearance, which meant that he had acquired a repertory of more than 200 compositions.

He was burning to show the rest of the world what he could do, with the United States as the ultimate goal. He signed up with Alexander Merovitch as his manager. He got permission from the government to make the tour. By this time he was the owner of a sizable pile of rubles. The government let him change some of these into foreign currency, and in the fall of 1925 he set out for Germany, still a small-town lad, charging out to face the big world with fear, trembling and suspicion.

His father had advised him not to stake all his money on one concert. The advice was sound. At the first there were the critics and the usual collection of deadheads. At the second, some cash in the till. At the third, a sold-out house. Vladimir can recite the dates of the Berlin recitals as readily as if they were his birthday—January 2, 4 and 14, 1926. Big dates in the career of Vladimir Horowitz; the unknown from the fastness of Soviet Russia was the talk of the town.

After Berlin came Paris. Again the lad bowled them over. Here he was heard by Arthur Judson, prominent American concert manager, and signed to a contract for this country. On January 12, 1928, a New York audience had its first look-see at Vladimir Horowitz. He was the soloist with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, and Sir Thomas Beecham, the crotchety but brilliant British conductor, was also making his American debut.

That was quite a party, my lads. Every concert pianist of consequence was there, up to and including Rachmaninoff, to hear the new European wonder. But what happened behind the scenes was as exciting as the concert itself. Apparently Sir Thomas and twenty-three-year-old Vladimir were sparring for position. Shall we say that each was trying to steal the limelight, or, better still, each was trying to keep the other from hogging the glory? At rehearsals Sir Thomas and Vladimir differed on matters of interpretation of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto. At the concert, Horowitz says that he felt in his bones, with the first few bars of the concerto, that it was going to be a disaster.

The Courage of Genius

He made an instant decision. He would strike out for himself, and devil take the hindmost. He recalls, with the sparkle of battle in his eye, that he played with the passion of twenty-three. If it was each man for himself, he was younger and stronger, by heck. "I was just a wild Russian," he chuckles. "I played louder, faster and more notes than Tchaikovsky wrote, and there are plenty of notes in the concerto." It was typical, long-haired, virtuoso stuff. Horowitz shudders as he recalls the bad taste of it. Each movement was increasingly disorganized, and Horowitz ended before the orchestra turned up at the finish. Sir Thomas glared at Vladimir, and Vladimir grinned like Peck's bad boy. The cascades of applause for Horowitz showed that the battle had gone to the rapid young man.

Vladimir earned a fistful of curtain calls and he beamed. He figured he had stopped Beecham cold. But the veteran fixed his kitty the next day at the repeat performance. At the end of the concerto they each took two curtain calls, but then, Vladimir recalls, the more experienced Beecham bilked him out of the remainder. Sir Thomas began to make a speech to the audience. Sir Thomas spoke the King's English, while Horowitz knew only Russian, French and a smattering of German. The young pianist hung around like a fifth wheel while Sir Thomas charmed the gathering with a witty speech.

The score was evened, and the hatchet was buried. Years later Horowitz was soloist in London in the Tchaikovsky Concerto, with Sir Thomas conducting. They were not contenders this time, but partners, and they gave a stunning performance. "That was music," says Vladimir.

A month after the debut with Beecham, Horowitz gave his first solo recital in Carnegie Hall and this time there were no hazards. It was a sensation. His earnings jumped from $500 a concert in 1928 to $1,000 in 1929, to $1,500 in 1930; and by 1942, he could total more each year than any other concert artist. But he refuses to play more than six months a year, and his contract requires that he have not more than two concerts a week.

In his refusal to condescend to any public, Horowitz behaves like Toscanini. He didn't get the idea from his father-in-law. In fact, he is sensitive about the relationship, and if you want to get on with him, don't imply that he depends on the old man for artistic guidance. Horowitz venerates Toscanini as man and musician, but he insists on his independence as an artist. Toscanini calls him Volodya. He calls the old man "Maestro"; he gets more chummy with his mother-in-law, whom he calls Mamma.

Horowitz met Toscanini for the first time in April, 1933, when the Maestro chose him to play the Emperor Concerto in a Beethoven cycle with the New York Philharmonic, on the basis of his reputation. His younger daughter, Wanda, who became Mrs. Horowitz, had heard Horowitz in a recital in Milan in Italy two years before. She recalled that appearance as she and her husband were entertaining me one afternoon with a cup of coffee at the Toscanini home.

"What did you think of him?" I asked.

She replied simply, "He was the best."

"Did you mention him to your father?"

Horowitz broke in, with a burst of laughter, "That's the funniest family, they never talk to one another."

And strange as it may seem, Wanda had never mentioned to her father that she had heard a new young pianist whom she regarded merely as the best in the world.

Toscanini has a nose for young musicians and loves to work with them. Horowitz recalled that it was sheer joy, his first collaboration with the Maestro, who treated him as an equal. "I was afraid of the first meeting," he recalls. "I had heard so many rumors. I expected tension, stormy scenes, shouting. I was afraid he wouldn't talk to me. I was afraid he would laugh at me. But we got on famously."

During the rehearsal period Wanda and Vladimir became better acquainted. They had met at a reception in Milan two years before, but Vladimir was surrounded by an admiring group of Italian beauties, and Toscanini's handsome, dark-eyed daughter made no impression on him. That attitude was quickly reversed in New York. In June of 1933, when Horowitz visited Italy, he spent a day on the Toscanini island on Lago Maggiore, and some weeks later the Toscaninis visited him in his villa at St. Moritz. Wanda and Vladimir talked over their future, and they were married on December 21, 1933, in Milan, with the Maestro beaming and a few close friends looking on.

A couple of days after the wedding Horowitz set out on his grand concert tour of Europe and the United States. "What a honeymoon!" he murmurs. The only period of peace for him and his bride was on board the ship crossing the Atlantic. The excitement in New York was so great that Horowitz, who is scrupulous about his artistic engagements, forgot completely one day to go down to Philadelphia for a rehearsal with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. "Decided to take my wife to a movie that morning," he explains.

The Chosen Three on Tour

For his tour Horowitz selects three pianos each year and they are routed across the country so that they will be at the hall in ample time to be acclimatized. He spends many hours selecting his pianos. He visits the basement showroom of Steinway Hall in New York as many as six evenings in a row, playing each of half a dozen pianos for an hour or two.

He travels with a secretary, manager and his own tuner, and occasionally Mrs. Horowitz goes along. When she does not, he phones her in New York around midnight every evening. He likes to travel in the daytime, because he cannot sleep on trains.

He has no hobby but music. But he likes to exercise. His favorite used to be mountain climbing. More recently he has taken to swimming. He enjoys his visits to Hollywood because "nearly every house has a swimming pool." He has become an American citizen, and makes his home in New York City.

His severest critic is his little daughter Sonya. After a big concert in Los Angeles one night, she reminded him that he had struck one wrong note in the middle of a tremendous chord with the entire orchestra going full blast. She is proud of his prowess as a pianist, though she does not spoil him with praise. One thing is certain: She is aware of the amount of energy that goes into the job. Her grandfather asked her once whether she would prefer to be a conductor or a pianist, and her response was, "A conductor—it's easier."

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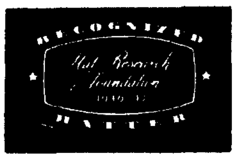

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A brown snap-brim is wrong with a dark-blue suit.

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Freedom Came Slowly

Continued from page 19

resist the SS if they attacked. Suddenly I remembered those 88s being pried into position on the rim of the hill. Rifles and machine guns would look pretty silly if the SS decided to level the castle with those babies.

"Well," I suggested, "let's talk it over with the others and with Winant."

I circulated among the castle's small fry. Everyone who voiced an opinion was for hiding Winant—immediately—before any of Prawitt's guards came after him. I went to John. What about it? What would he like to do? He ran it over in his mind slowly and then said he wanted to go into hiding if it was all right with the other prisoners.

At this moment word came up from the courtyard that four of Prawitt's guards had entered the prisoners' section. I turned to say something to Winant and saw that half a dozen prisoners were rushing him upstairs toward the hiding place. Quickly I went down into the courtyard to help stall the guards. They pretended they were on a routine tour of the castle. It was a dirty business, and they were doing it halfheartedly. They knew as well as we did that in a few hours it might be we who would be calling the turn.

This wasn't like the old days, when they would come shouldering through the castle on the run, itching for trouble—inviting it, trying to create an incident which could be used as a pretext for letting eager trigger fingers have their way.

I turned to Colonel Duke, who was standing in a corner of the courtyard not illuminated by the floodlight. He was more worried than ever and he wanted to know if Winant was prepared to leave. I told him what had happened. He repeated what he had said before, and added that, seen in its worst light, it was a case of one man's safety against that of all of the prisoners. I argued a little with him, fearful all the while of making myself a decisive influence on what might happen.

NOT HIGH, NOT HANDSOME

My girlish girth caused Mamma woe,
She hoped as I grew up 'twould go.
Well here I am—but Mamma's blue,
For "up" was not the way I grew!

—ANITA LIPTON

The colonel looked around the courtyard, now nearly filled with prisoners. I imagined I could read his mind. Most of these prisoners had been locked in Colditz for four years or more. Some of them—the Czechs, for example—had been under sentence of death for years . . . waiting, while the German High Command capriciously let them live from day to day.

Duke was a good man, a pleasant man. He had lived a life relatively free of the necessity for hard decisions. He was not accustomed to command. He was not a regular officer. He disliked unpleasantness, and there might be much of it if Winant did not appear. His eyes swept around the courtyard again. For a few seconds he hesitated, then he spoke: "Tell Winant to come down. Tell him it's an order."

I hadn't heard the word "order" for more than a year—except in German. It had an odd sound.

Slowly I wound up the narrow staircase to the fourth floor. Watchers at the windows seemed to read in the very way I walked what had happened. *"To je skoda,"* I heard a Czech whisper as I went by. Well, I thought, probably it *is* a pity, but who can tell? I found Winant under a blanket in a room with twenty others, waiting for the hiding place to be prepared.

I knelt and in a whisper told him what the colonel had said. An order, as the Germans said, is an order, but this was a special circumstance. It seemed to me Winant was entitled to make up his own mind, especially since virtually everyone in the prison was in favor of hiding him.

For a moment he wrinkled his brow and scratched the straw out of his short hair.

"Well, I guess I'll go down," he said. "If our boys are going to overrun the town in time, they'll do it. If they aren't, well, I haven't been afraid of these guys yet, and I'm not now."

He stood up and stretched, slowly. "It would have been fun, though," he said half wistfully and went out the door toward the stairs.

I'm not very sentimental, nor very chauvinistic, but I went out after him, feeling a terrific pride in Johnny Winant, an American.

That was the night of the 14th, but it wasn't over yet. About 12 o'clock I heard the great lock of the gate into the courtyard being turned, the iron bolt being thrown back. I jumped from my bunk and went to a window. A dozen prison guards, with rifles at the ready, trotted into the courtyard on the double and crossed to the northeast corner, where they spread in a half-circle outside the quarters of the *Prominente, Erste Klasse.*

These were twelve prize prisoners—Bor-Komorowski and his staff; Giles Romilly, Churchill's nephew; Captain Earl Haig, the son of Britain's Commander-in-Chief in the first World War; Captain Michael Alexander, a cousin of Field Marshal Alexander; Captain John A. Elphinstone, the Queen's nephew; Lieutenant George Henry, Lord Lascelles, a nephew of the King. . . . These prize pigeons had been bunched together for quick seizure.

A guard had unlocked the door to the section and within 10 minutes the *Prominente* were filing out into the courtyard to stand within the half-circle of bayonets. A floodlight bore directly on them from my side of the courtyard. Then there was a delay. I noticed the guards turn their heads now and again to look at the main gate.

On a hunch I went to the door of our section. It was not locked. Was a guard trying to do us a last-minute favor? *Disintegration,* I thought, and walked on down to the door into the courtyard. It also was unlocked. Cautiously I opened it and looked out into the courtyard. Other prisoners were crowding behind me now. One of the guards was standing less than ten feet from the door. I hissed to get his attention.

"Ask *Hauptmann* Eggers if we can't tell our friends goodby," I whispered. I was surprised that he did it, but then decided it was not so surprising. He was of the region—and might soon stand in need of a good word from us.

He returned after a moment's conversation with Eggers to say that we could come into the courtyard, two by two, to say goodby. At a word from Eggers, the half-circle of guards broke to let us in. I shook hands around the group. The only one who visibly smiled was Giles Romilly. He'd been a war correspondent for the London Observer, and a prisoner since Narvik. He said, "This is like a bad novel. It ought to be interesting."

One *Prominente* was hysterical. He had been so for several days. After four years he'd broken down. He was weeping, and kept repeating, "They're going to shoot us, the bastards. I know they're going to shoot us. I tell you they're going to shoot us."

I shook hands down the line, realizing suddenly that the "All the best and goodby" I mouthed were the first words I had uttered to some of the men. There can be strangers even in a community of 250, in which none of its members is ever more than 30 yards from another.

At the end of the line was Bor-Komorowski, slight, short, and stiff as a stick. The night was cold, but it seemed to me that Bor's teeth chattered more than they need have from the cold alone. He had learned from a guard, he said, that they probably would be taken to the south—to Königstein in westernmost Czechoslovakia. I replied, as cheerfully

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as I could, that it was entirely probable that Patton's Third Army would reach Königstein within the next 24 hours. Looking thin and shriveled even inside his greatcoat, Bor said that might be so, but, if they did, the Germans would surely turn him over to the Russians.

The Russians were on his mind again. They seemed to be constantly on his mind. He had no fear that the Germans would harm him, he said. They might be resentful that he had refused their offer of freedom if he would collaborate with them in organizing an anti-Russian underground in Poland, but they would be bound to respect his decision as one made by a soldier of an army at war with Germany. He hoped only that his group would be overrun by the Americans and not by the Russians, but he feared the SS might turn him over to the Russians for spite.

It was half an hour before the guards shoved the prisoners into a single file. They shuffled out. From the windows around the courtyard there were cries of "Goodby." A few in the group waved up at us. The iron bolt of the gate was rammed back in place. That was the night of the 14th.

The morning of the 15th was sunny. There was great activity in the village. On the west side of the river, machine-gun positions were being set up. At ten o'clock more Thunderbolts appeared in the sky to the west. They loafed and curved in the clean morning air, waiting. At 10:30 a watcher cried, "Tanks, dead west!" There they were, coming toward the village around a bend in the road. They were camouflaged—and as they came closer we could see that their silhouettes were too low for American tanks.

Now the planes were curving frenziedly above the approaches to the village. But each wheel-about took at least three full minutes—and with each interval a tank would scuttle forward into the protection of the narrow streets of the village. One by one they crossed the bridge while we cursed what seemed the deliberate negligence of the pilots.

It was almost two in the afternoon. We had forgotten to be hungry. Watching the fringe of the woods to the west, less than two miles beyond the village outskirts, I suddenly saw six Shermans waddle out into the sloping fields. They all stopped at once, as if on a command, and began firing methodically into German machine-gun positions to the south. Slowly the fire worked north, toward the heart of the village. Behind the castle, the 88s went to work. We expected momentarily to see one of the tanks go up in flames, but apparently the trajectory was too flat. Within 15 minutes half a dozen sizable fires were going in the village below. It seemed to us miraculous that none of the tanks were hit. They stood boldly in the open, leveling one position after another.

Then a dozen men in black uniforms crossed the bridge and clambered down the riverbank alongside the brick river wall. Each man carried two bazookas. *Panzerfauste*, they called them—armored fists. All morning a small crew had been working on the bridge, drilling holes for charges. The men with the bazookas were to take over if the demolition failed. They huddled behind a pocket in the river wall as a whistle signaled the attempt at demolition. Up the main street toward the castle we could see a uniformed man push a plunger. We ducked beneath the thick window sills as someone yelled. The blast broke what little glass was left intact in the castle. We stayed down, waiting for the chunks of concrete that might follow. None came.

An Englishman cried, "They bogged it! It didn't come off!" We rose and looked down. Through the fine haze of dust we could see the bridge still standing. It was a reinforced concrete bridge with three pylons. Only a portion of the southern edge had been blown away. The iron railing was cut in the center on one side—and projected grotesquely out over the water, but that was all.

The Bombardment of the Bridge

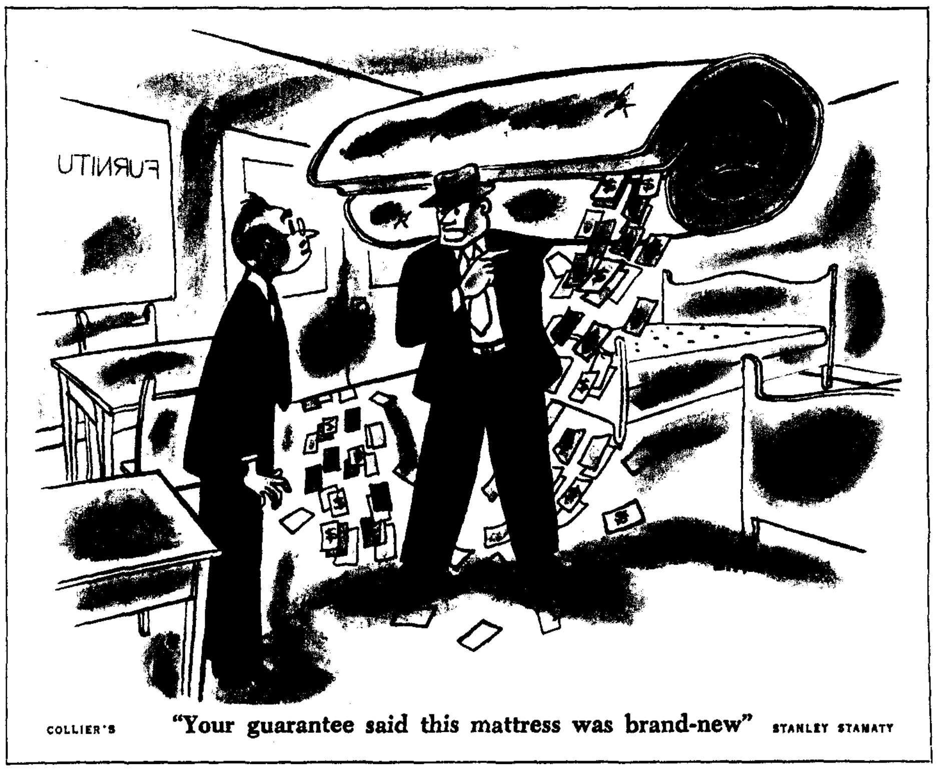
Now the crew with the *Panzerfauste* went to work and fired into the center piling. Each blast sounded like a battleship's broadside. But each time we rose to see the bridge still standing, the massive center pylon chipped but firmly in place. It went on for hours. One membrane-shattering blast after another. On the parapet below, an aged guard was beginning nervously to finger the trigger of his rifle. It was getting him, too, I decided. *Disintegration.*

While this went on, what was called an order from the prisoners' senior officer came up. We were to report, all of us, to the east side of the castle. Reluctantly we left our windows. As we crowded down the stairs there was a sudden explosion. The stone steps beneath our feet shook with it. Then there was a long silence. Slowly we pushed out into the courtyard.

I started toward the guards' section of the castle, but someone stopped me. "Don't bother, old man. A whole salvo hit." I ran back. Someone stopped me again. "We've dropped a flag of rags down the face of the castle. I hope your bloody artillerymen have eyes." I hoped so, too.

This was getting uncomfortable, the more so since there was no cellar in the castle. To the east we could hear the detonation of heavy clusters of shells. They seemed to be hitting less than 200 yards up the hill behind the castle. All of the fire seemed to be coming from the west, but in the deep well of the castle courtyard we could not be sure.

It was dark the night of the 15th. But it was not quiet. Huddled in the east side of our section of the castle, we flinched with each detonation. Now and again a shell fragment would smash against the castle wall or



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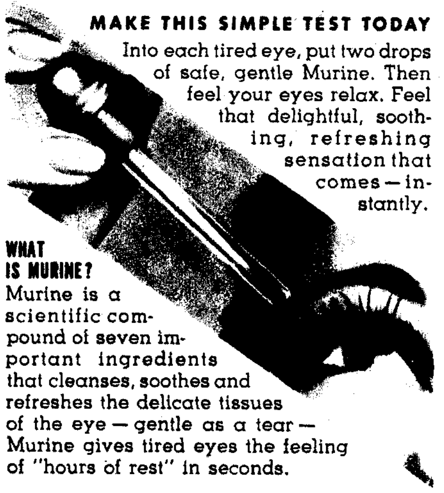

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clatter sharply around the courtyard's cobblestones as we ducked behind one another, seeking what little protection the next man's flesh might offer.

It was humiliating and exasperating, this cowering in fear of momentary extermination by our own artillery.

Slowly the heavy stuff subsided. No more tiles were jarred loose from the roof. A steady yap of machine-gun and small-arms fire took over. That must mean that infantry had crossed the river.

Once the artillery had let up, we crept out in small groups toward our quarters. I was so tired I could scarcely walk. Aching for sleep, I felt for my bunk. It was too much trouble to take off my own boots. It was too much trouble to imagine what might happen in the morning. It was too much trouble to be hungry.

That was the night of the 15th.

I had been asleep, I suppose, for an hour, when someone shook me.

"Go to the gate," he said. "The *Kommandant* wants to see you."

I fumbled my way to the courtyard and knocked at the gate. A guard opened it. Prawitt was standing outside.

A Plea from the Kommandant

"*Hauptmann* Nunn," he said, "in an hour or two, American infantry will approach the castle. They have been across the river for two hours. The guard company I have ordered not to resist, even if fired upon. You can save lives if you will try to make contact with your forces as they approach. From what I can learn, the SS are evacuating the village, but slowly. Station yourself at the entrance to the castle, and use what means you see fit to let your troops know that this is neutral ground. The guards have been ordered to do as you say."

He wheeled in his flowing cloak and was gone before I became conscious of what he had said and how he had said it. He had spoken as though he were issuing an order, and it angered me as I realized it.

For a second I started after him in the dark. I wanted to say, "What about the neutrality of the ground when Mike Sinclair went over the wire and your guards shot him like a pinwheel duck in a shooting gallery when it was obvious he was out of his mind and hadn't a chance in the world of getting away?" I wanted to say, "You clean-shaven *Junker*, you'll *ask* if I'll *please* keep our boys from blowing you and your lousy crowd of fat, repentant guards into the next world."

But I didn't. He was 30 yards down the stone-paved and walled-in path before I really woke up. I turned to the guard at the gate and said, "Let's go."

It was only three o'clock, the morning of the 16th. It would be insane to try to do anything until daylight came. I turned to the guard again.

"Tell *Oberstleutnant* Prawitt that *Hauptmann* Nunn wants a bottle of schnapps or he'll be too cold to tell the Americans not to blow *Oberstleutnant* Prawitt's brains out."

The guard said, "*Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann*," and clattered off in the direction of Prawitt's office.

In less than 15 minutes the guard was back with a bottle. I took it and told him to come inside. I struck a match and found a glass.

"Here," I said and handed him a glass of *schnapps*. "To the end of the goddam war."

He nodded. "*Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann*," he said. "*Zum Ende des Krieges.*"

The liquor raced to my head. There was nothing on my stomach to stop it. I set the bottle down and I waited. I must have dozed, for when I looked at the guard's watch, it was nearly five.

"Open the gate," I told the guard.

He obeyed. I began to advance cautiously down the road. At a sudden burst of machine-gun fire from up the hill I threw myself to the ground, cursing myself for my blockheadedness. When it continued I decided it had not been directed at me, and worked my way on all fours down the low-walled road toward the village.

I peered around the corner of a building toward the bridge, which was now faintly visible. Across the road, halfway between the bridge and where I crouched, I could make out two shapes moving slowly from one doorway to another. I waited until the helmets were distinguishable. They were G.I. helmets.

I had planned in advance what I would yell, but suddenly I forgot it. My throat was dry. I was afraid I couldn't force a noise out of it. What did you yell, after a year and more, to an American soldier? Make it something colloquial, my mind said, or they'll think it's a stall. They'll freeze on you, or fire on you, or something. Make it colloquial.

First I tried a low hissing whistle. Both figures froze against a large doorway.

"This is a Yank, you jerks," I said in a sharp voice. "Work your way up to the corner. There's a prison up here, and it's all yours. The guards are ready to surrender."

A voice saying something unprintable came from one of the figures.

"That's no malarkey," I shouted. "Work your way up here behind this building."

One figure came out from the doorway, his rifle poised before him. He came slowly, in a low crouch. After a few seconds the other followed. Now I could see their faces. They were smeared with lampblack. I beckoned for them to follow me and crawled up the road toward the castle gate, hugging the wall to the right. I rapped on the gate and the guard opened. He looked thoroughly scared.

These G.I.s Didn't Fraternize

Turning to the two G.I.s, I understood why. Even to me they looked menacing. There was a wicked look in their eyes. One G.I., a heavy-set boy with features suggestive of Indian blood, came up to the guard and roughly took away his rifle. I thought for a moment he was going to shoot him.

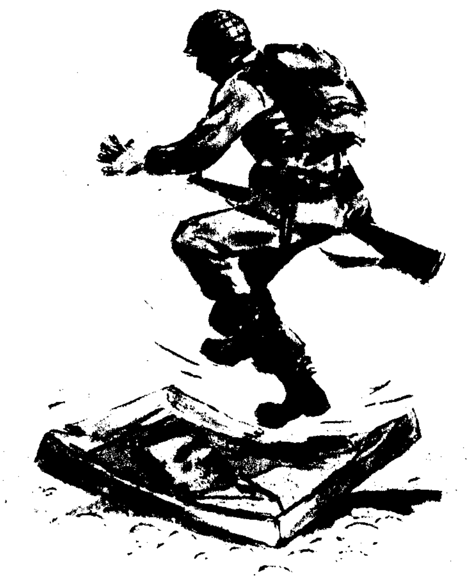
"The guy's all right," I said. "Nobody in here wants to fight."

The boy grunted and pushed the guard forward ahead of him toward the quadrangle within the guards' half of the castle.

"Mister, they ain't none of them all right. *None* of them."

The other G.I., a tall, spindly fellow, built like a high-school half-miler, broke in softly: "Yeah, that's right. We had civilians firin' on us all night—from behind—from out of houses with white flags hangin' out of 'em. Blackie, here, lost his buddy this morning—'bout an hour ago. A Kraut kid did it, a little kid with a rifle, hidin' in a house. I shot the kid when I saw what he done. I didn't like to do it, but I shot 'im. It ain't right to use kids like that, but these Krauts bin doin' it right along."

Blackie had thrown the guard's rifle to the ground and entered the prison reception office to his left. In a moment he came out with a large framed picture. He walked to the center of the quadrangle, raised the picture above his head and smashed it to the cobblestones. It was a picture of Hitler.



Blackie jumped on it and ground it under heel. As he did so a cheer went up from the barred windows of the prisoners' side. We looked up. Thin-faced men were packed against the windows, looking down and yelling.

Blackie looked up at them for a moment, then walked to the gate and shot open the lock.

It was a little melodramatic, maybe, the way he did it, but the thin-faced men up in the windows liked it.

THE END

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Politics Is People

Continued from page 13

with the profound respect that one has for a master of his own trade.

He understood people and political organizations—machines if you like. And that's something those professors of yours with all their reading and thinking and idealistic planning do not understand. It is what you'll have to learn and understand, son, because, fine lad that you are with your earnestness and ambition, I wouldn't swap one of my good ward leaders or precinct captains for all your teachers plus a dozen students like you.

But let's say that you're enlisting in this Cook County Democratic Central Committee, this nefarious political machine of Ed Kelly's that in your young heart you're tempted to despise as a symbol of all that is bad and inefficient and selfish, and worse, in politics. You've come to learn your trade, to learn how to govern a great city, govern it firmly but not too much, wisely without arrogance, for all the people, even your enemies, because tomorrow they too can be your friends.

You'll start at the bottom and you'll do well not to tilt your nose at the bottom folk, because they're the bedrock of the organization. Call it what you will, this organization, this machine. Your lofty-minded political scientist knows nothing of it and therefore is unable to impart to the people the reforms he thinks they should have for the good of their souls and the safety of their persons but which they seldom relish because, you see, people do not wish to be reformed.

People want all the liberty of action and personal conduct they can get within the limits of public safety. And the successful politician stands for all such personal liberty up to that point where the freedom of action by one man interferes with that of his neighbor. Remember this, son: Good government is damned good politics and, as they say, vice versa.

So you'll start at the bottom, which is always a good place to start, so that when you reach the top you'll know what's keeping you there—in this case the ward and precinct workers. There are fifty wards in Chicago as you doubtless know. Leading each ward's organization—ah, well, machine—is the committeeman. He's responsible to the County Committee for its health, and no political machine anywhere is stronger than its weakest committeeman, an axiom of which you've doubtless heard although I've twisted it a bit.

Nor is he, the committeeman, any healthier politically than his precinct captains, four thousand of them who know among them every family poor and rich, young and old in Chicago and every member of every family. These, committeemen and captains, are not only members of the machine but they *are* the machine.

Efficiency Runs the Machine

We were speaking of efficiency, son. At least we were speaking of the lack of efficiency attributed to this machine by your teachers. Get this clear in your fine young head: These committeemen and captains could give any sales agency of any commercial or industrial organization in the land lessons in efficiency and results. Mark that.

The ward committeemen often hold important political jobs. Most of the captains hold political jobs, lesser ones, but not all. There are captains who couldn't be forced to take a political job. There are that kind, no matter what anyone tells you.

And back of the precinct captains, son, there are somewhere between twelve and fifteen hundred Young Democrats most of whom are eager to be captains but who are not actually arms of the machine at all. They're simply young people to whom political work is a joy and recreation.

They organize parties, dances, picnics, theatricals, I don't know what all. They're volunteers, with all the enthusiasm of the volunteer. They needle the precinct captain when he slows down or becomes self-important or permits his wits to grow dull.

When we first organized these Young Democrats and other young racial and labor groups, the captains resented them. We'd call such a captain in and speak to him. When he returned to his precinct he was usually quite chastened. The Young Democrats are a great help—are all sorts of people. They're clerks, they're lawyers, they're housewives, they drive trucks, they're college students like yourself, my boy. All sorts. They help the captains welcome the incoming families and speed the departing.

There are those among them in the silk-stocking districts who have entree into homes and circles where the captain or even the committeeman himself might not be, let us say, completely at his ease. If it's experience you're after, my lad, join these Young Democrats. Enjoy their social enterprises. See them make votes and take a hand at it yourself. Then watch the captains get the vote out, get it registered, shepherd it to the polls. That's politics that you'll not learn in a classroom.

Go down to the precincts, particularly the precincts of the poor, of the people who work for a small wage. Learn your politics through your eyes, now that your ears are filled and your mind aflame. Those precinct captains know each family's troubles—debt, sickness, the lack of a job, maybe hunger. They find the money, the doctor, the job, the food for those who have been unfortunate.

Or perhaps, there's a boy or a girl in trouble. Oh, nothing serious. Perhaps a minor law infraction or a waywardness. It is, let's say, a first offense. The family is frightened, the mother in mortal terror for her child. The girl or the boy is at the police station and that's where the captain goes.

The Best Law Is Flexible

Son, there is a great deal of correction in wise understanding. Mercy extended to the first small offender frequently does more to change an erring lad's mistaken trend than all the penalties in the book. And as to that, the rigid law inflexibly administered often breeds rebellion and defiance of law. The best law is flexible, to be bent to fit its breaker and the circumstance. I'm not speaking of crime, mind you, or criminals. Just kids who've made a young mistake.

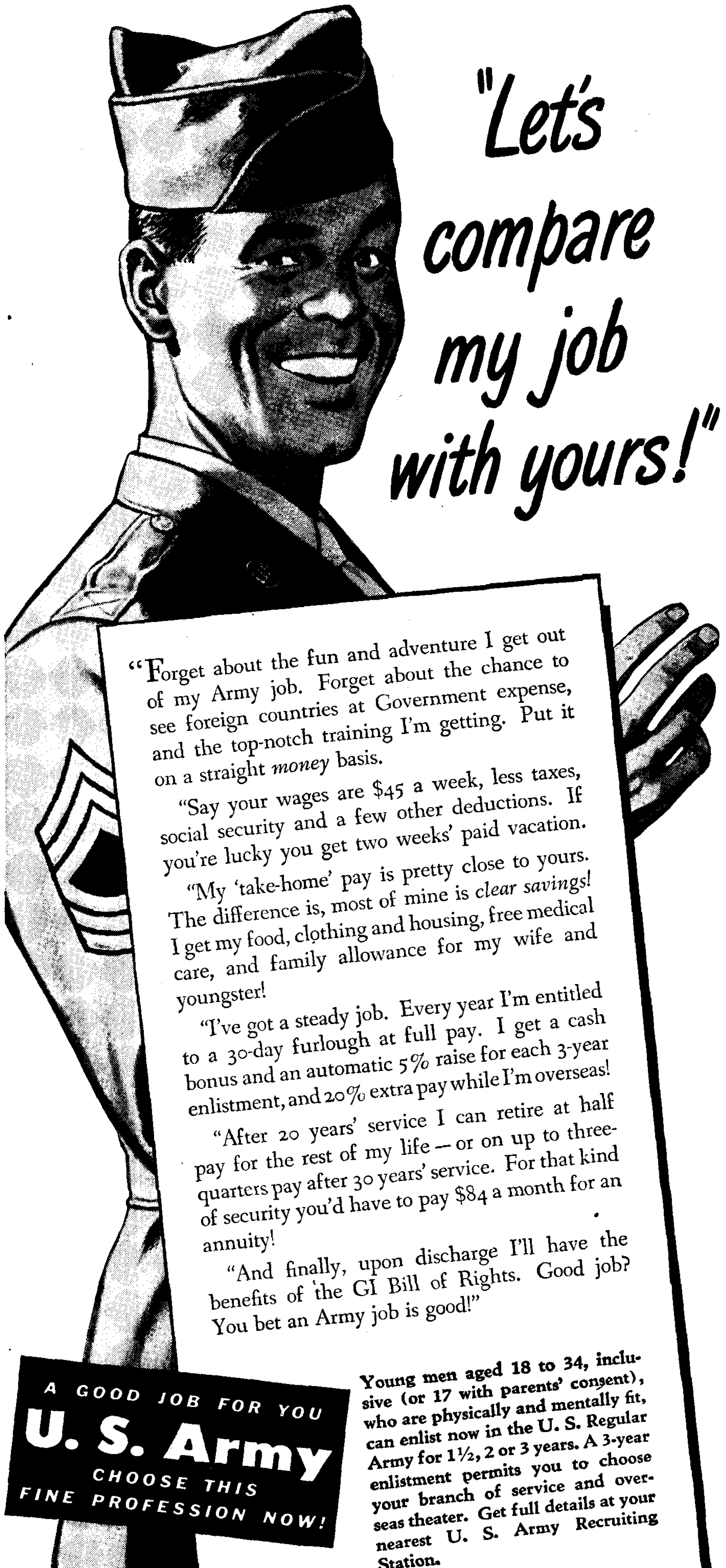
I dare say, son, that many of you young idealists would blush to hear your names linked up with the Cook County political machine. Well, do you know that there isn't a precinct captain in our organization who doesn't think it an honor to belong to it? It's true. Fact is that we wouldn't have one who didn't think so—and prove it. And there's nothing dictatorial about it, either.

The ward committeeman is elected by the people of his ward. He picks his captains. He picks them with all the care that a general picks his staff or a businessman picks his department heads. Neither seniority, family affiliation nor financial prestige contributes to promotion or office tenure in a successful political organization. A man has to make good. He must get out the vote.

If a committeeman grows lazy or overconfident he cannot hide it. He is called to headquarters where, frankly, son, he gets hell. If he rebels, if he decides that he, in his ward, is stronger than the organization, we have ways of correcting him. We can, for example, starve him out. He finds himself no longer able to do for his people those things which fetch him the support of his people. When next he is a candidate for ward committeeman the people remove him. His precinct captains, themselves embarrassed by his lack of close relations with City Hall, see to that.

You'll find, son, that ward and precinct workers keep one another on their toes. For example, a family's telephone rings. "Good evening," the voice greets the person answering, identifying himself. "Did you hear the mayor speak tonight? What did you think of it? Oh, you didn't listen? Sorry, because he talked about several important subjects and we thought you might have suggestions. What? You didn't know the mayor was speaking? No one told you? Who's your precinct captain? Don't know? Well, sorry to have disturbed you. Goodby."

Now, son, what the mayor said might not


"Let's compare my job with yours!"

"Forget about the fun and adventure I get out of my Army job. Forget about the chance to see foreign countries at Government expense, and the top-notch training I'm getting. Put it on a straight *money* basis.

"Say your wages are $45 a week, less taxes, social security and a few other deductions. If you're lucky you get two weeks' paid vacation.

"My 'take-home' pay is pretty close to yours. The difference is, most of mine is *clear savings!* I get my food, clothing and housing, free medical care, and family allowance for my wife and youngster!

"I've got a steady job. Every year I'm entitled to a 30-day furlough at full pay. I get a cash bonus and an automatic 5% raise for each 3-year enlistment, and 20% extra pay while I'm overseas!

"After 20 years' service I can retire at half pay for the rest of my life – or on up to three-quarters pay after 30 years' service. For that kind of security you'd have to pay $84 a month for an annuity!

"And finally, upon discharge I'll have the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Good job? You bet an Army job is good!"

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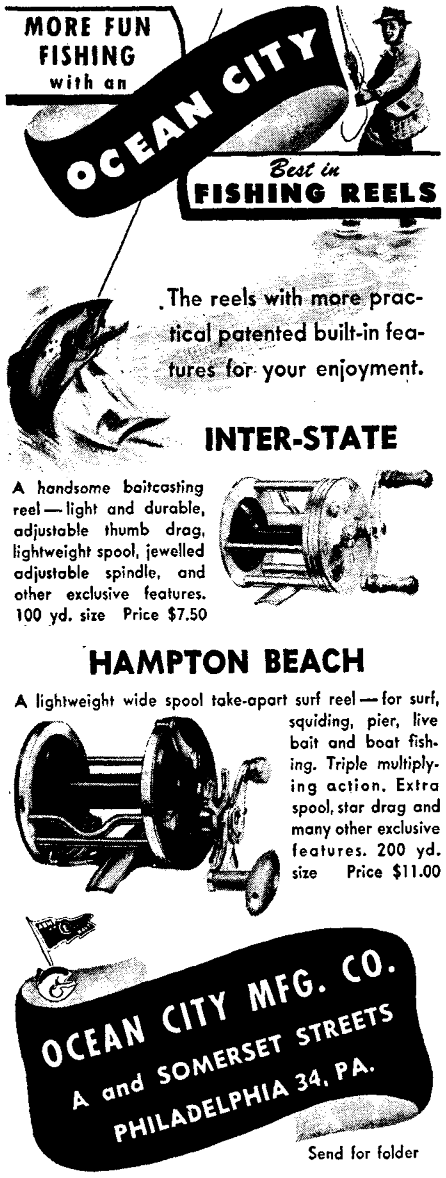
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be earth-shaking. I try not to be dull and I do try to tell the people what's going on in government. But that's not the important point as far as the organization is concerned. That family's precinct captain is called in and may be a bit roughly spoken to. To be quite honest, that captain gets a pretty memorable slapping around. He has committed a cardinal crime. There is a family in his district who does not know him, on whom he hasn't called.

It makes no difference whether the voters in that family are for the organization or not. He must know them and they him. See? We are as ready with our friendship and help to voters who are against us as for us because, as I've already told you, one can never tell. And after all, I'm mayor of Chicago, not mayor for merely those who vote for me. It's an interesting trade, politics.

Look here, son. You have a solid foundation of political theory. You have been told by learned men what government should be—rules and precepts and philosophies. But, actually, politics is people, not theories. I have a library which tells me what you've been learning over at the university. I read essays and papers and volumes on government and then I put the book down and think of the hundreds of thousands of people—just masses of people—who have never read that book and never will. And I think of how much wiser that book would have been had the scholar who wrote it known people, too. Follow me? People are interesting.

I recall what happened when F.D.R.—the master—spoke at Soldier Field here in Chicago during the 1944 campaign. I haven't any idea how many tickets of admission to Soldier Field we printed. Maybe a million, I don't know. But there were seats—no standing room—inside for 100,000. Mr. Roosevelt had asked me by what majority we'd carry Cook County for him. I said 400,000. He laughed, shook his head, said he didn't believe it.

Well, 100,000 people were in the stands when he got there. Two hundred thousand had tried to get in and couldn't, although they had tickets. They came away from the field bucking thousands more who were trudging toward the field. The latter laughed, telling one another that the throng coming north must not have had tickets and therefore couldn't get in. But they, too, were turned away.

And this is the interesting part. None of those two, three or four hundred thousand who didn't get in was sore. They merely laughed and said: "Hell, F.D.R.'s as good as elected. Look at the mobs who fought to get into the field. It's all over." And they all climbed aboard the band wagon, even those who hadn't been quite sure how they were going to vote. We carried Cook County by more than 400,000. D'you see, son? You learn politics by being in it.

Stealing of Votes Taboo

Now listen to me carefully because I'm going to refute one or two of your pet convictions. A good organization doesn't steal votes. It doesn't steal elections. If it's a good organization it doesn't have to. Oh, yes, yes, there are overzealous leaders who now and then steal votes. They want to make a brave showing, exaggerate their importance. They'll steal votes although they aren't needed and they are rather proud of it.

They will take this chance of going to jail for no better reason than to make an impressive record, thinking that the organization, the machine, will reward them. But we won't and don't. Neither will we go to the assistance of fools like that when they are in the courts. When the opposition builds a better machine than ours, when our organization becomes so feeble or so rotten that it cannot win the elections without resorting to crime, we shall lose, and no ballot-box stuffing or vote theft will help us. Remember that, son.

You say that political machines of today seem puny, less powerful, than yesterday's. That's true, son. Or it's true, rather, in a sense. You cite the decline of Tammany in New York, of the Vare-McNichol-Durham machine in Philadelphia, of the Boston organization of the Honey Fitzgerald-Martin Lomasney days, of Frank Hague's diminishing influence in New Jersey, of the collapse of Huey Long's organization in Louisiana and you mention the late Tom Pendergast's lost dominion in Kansas City. I might talk about all that for hours and it would all amount to one thing: Times have changed and with it methods and men.

The people are wiser today than yesterday. Economically they are better off. You don't buy votes today with a ton of coal in the winter and free beer in the summer. As I've said you just don't buy votes at all if for no better reason than that a bought vote will not stay bought and such misused money that must today pay for radio time, advertising and so on, is wasted. Besides, both sides in a municipal election have ample funds these days, and we aren't silly enough to ruin each other financially by bidding for votes.

In modern politics, the boss or head of the dominant organization who tries to fool his people or dissemble the facts, son, is stupid. And stupidity is not what an organization thrives on. Tonight, yonder in the Loop, there's a meeting of my organization's opposition. They are demanding that crime be banished from Chicago. Just like that. Elect them and crime will vanish. I am advised by some friends to answer such speakers. But no, I shall not. I shall not answer them with categorical denial nor with defense.

I have already taken to the air and told the truth about crime in Chicago, that it has increased since V-J Day. I have also told what the police are doing about it—and they are competent, hard-working men who have no reason to be ashamed of the results of their efforts. I have told the people, son, and I shall tell you that we in Chicago have not put a false front on our police records.

Changing the Records

It is a common practice in many cities to change police records in order that the city may not look too bad on the federal tabulations kept by the Department of Justice in Washington. It works like this: Under orders, police captains alter charges for publication to something less alarming than the true name of the crime committed. Rape becomes assault. Highway robbery becomes theft. Murder becomes manslaughter. And so on. Thus weak and insecure mayors and organization leaders seek to protect themselves from a people who, aroused by the truth or the city's bad name, might overthrow them. The truth, mind you, son.

No one code or theory of government can be applied to all cities. Cities vary in personality, in character, like men. Chicago's rugged. Chicago still has a great deal of the pioneer spirit. It is young, vigorous, aggressive. Those qualities permeate all of its activities from its colleges, its art museums, its great symphony orchestra and opera on through its huge industrial and commercial enterprises down to its crime waves.

Yonder, those high-minded ones who would rule Chicago with splendid theory alone, and yonder too where our organization's opponents seek to move into the City Hall, they're still talking of the Chicago of the 1920s, of the prohibition era. They're still talking of the days of Capone, of the Pineapple Primary of 1927, of the mob wars of Big Bill Thompson's regime. I may remind you, by the way, that Mr. Thompson was a Republican like those who are talking yonder. Not that it matters now. But speaking of the spirit of Chicago, there is an interesting aspect, son.

If you'll look back over our newspapers of that era, you'll discern something in addition to horror and dismay in their reports of Chicago's mob warfare—the murder of Assistant State's Attorney Bill McSwiggin, the St. Valentine's Day massacre and the like. Read carefully and it seems that the editors and reporters published and wrote with an unction that seemed almost to say: "This is Chicago—virile Chicago. These things could happen nowhere but in Chicago."

Not, mind you, that they condoned those crimes, but in the very flamboyance of the writing, the gusto of the presentation of the news there seemed to be an eagerness to tell the world that they were proud of Chicago, even that passing phase of Chicago.

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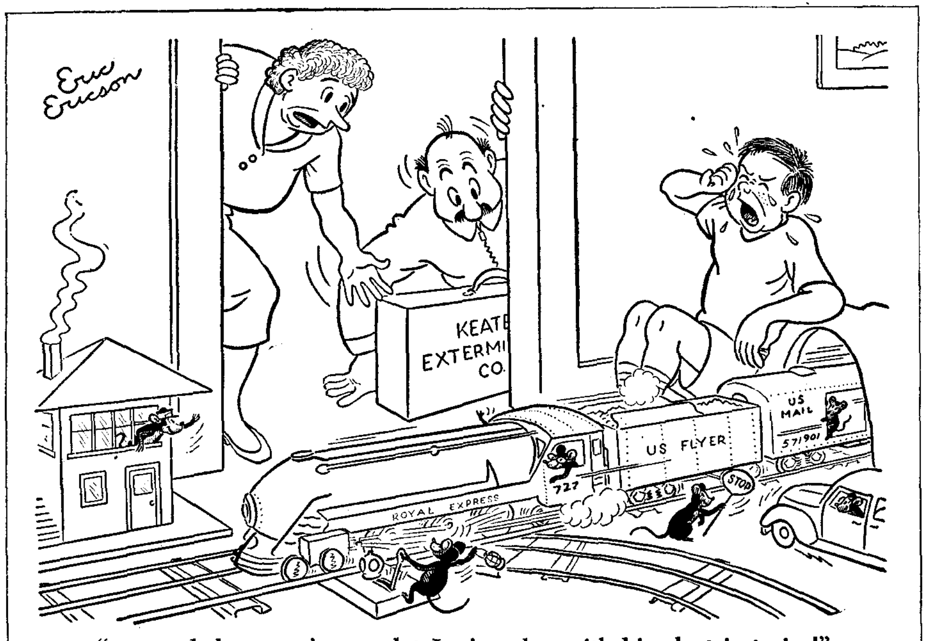

"... and they won't even let Junior play with his electric trains!"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

mayor less than I did, son, when thirteen years ago the City Council chose me to fill the unexpired term of Tony Cermak, who had been assassinated in Florida while talking with President Roosevelt. Chicago was no longer a carnival of mob warfare; it was sinking in the depths of a depression that looked hopeless.

Our public-school teachers and all other city employees had not been paid for months. The teachers were invading City Hall almost daily, and once, after I had taken office, they paraded with a coffin containing an effigy of me. I did not blame them; I do not blame them. The machinery of government here had broken down, had been broken down by gang rule, graft, official mobsters. The police and other departments were wholly demoralized, corrupted.

A City Stages a Comeback

That's all history, son. The libraries are filled with the story. I won't review it here. Chicago borrowed many millions from the federal government, righted herself, paid it back. And I assure you, my boy, that it was not done without vast changes in City Hall, in the method of building an organization.

That was Chicago when I took office thirteen years ago. There's a certain unreality about it when I think that Ed Kelly, born humbly down back of the stockyards seventy years ago, who went to work when he was eleven years old, who fought and read and worked and battled his way up, year after year, should eventually become mayor of his beloved city on a day when Chicago was bankrupt, when the Illinois legislature was talking about appointing a receiver for the city.

I'm proud of all that. I'm proud that today Chicago's bonds are demanded by the financial world. Do I boast? Well, forgive me, son. After all it has been quite a life.

You, son, are starting as a man, a man with schooling and ideals. It makes me think of the days when, twelve years old, I worked for a firm of lawyers. Three dollars a week. There were three of them, and each paid me a dollar. Then one week one of those lawyers failed to pay me his dollar. Years later when I had become an important politician, that lawyer was aspiring to a judgeship and I remembered that dollar. Well, he didn't become judge. Small of me? Perhaps, but, son, I'm very human.

To get anywhere in politics you must be very human. But strong, too. To be a successful mayor you must inspire confidence by being physically able to command confidence, by being loyal to your associates come what may, able to be charitable and consistent in your contacts with all your people. You must be liberal in thought and action. You must be the friend of the little fellow, the worker, but not be ruled by him or anybody else. You must be the boss.

You must know what's going on in your city and you'll know only through organization, the information which comes up to you daily through your organization. That mayor who is the last to know what's going on or is even late in finding out, he'll not last long.

Do you know, son, there are too many of you who scorn the rough-and-tumble of city politics, who are above the door-to-door tasks of the precinct worker, and are still ambitious for public life. You demand that you hold an important job in Washington, that you start in high places, that you be a big shot, hobnobbing with the great, being quoted on major issues by the newspapers. You'd scorn the precinct captain's chores but you'll howl to heaven about local government in the hands of such inferiors.

The precise truth is, son, that you'll not know what you're talking about. You'll be condemning a type of government of which you know absolutely nothing.

Now don't be offended, son. You've come to me for advice, and I'm giving you some. Always take advice. Study it. Consider its source and apply it accordingly. Never get bigger in your own estimation than the smallest of your associates. Never think that you can't be licked no matter how strong you become or how high you rise. Never forget that the boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow—and, incidentally, the voters.

Be human and remember that you're only human because there is only one God.

The Kid Watcher at the Polls

All this has been beaten into me, Ed Kelly. It has been beaten into me since the day, as a voteless kid, I was shoved through a plate-glass window while acting as ballot-box watcher. I had refused to quit watching and the opposition got rough. I landed on the ballot box and locked my arms around it. It has been beaten into me since, at eighteen, I was elected president of the ward athletic club, the members of which were much older than I. Yes, since I became an axman on the pay roll of the Chicago Sanitary District, of which I eventually became chief engineer at $22,000 a year—and, thirteen years ago I gave up that job to become mayor of Chicago.

It's a tough job. To get away with it you've got to be tough. You've got to let your own organization know you're boss, and the opposition, too. Otherwise you'll fail. You'll be called names that in civil life you'd never stand for, but in this job you've got to take them and smile. A tough hide is necessary—and a clear conscience.

I've been charged with all the crimes and misdemeanors in the book. That's to be expected. You either ignore your accusers or demand that they produce proof. They've produced no proof. Actually they don't expect to. All they hope to do is to discredit you and get your job.

Mind you, son, I'm not complaining. Of all the jobs in the world, I'd rather be mayor of Chicago.

THE END

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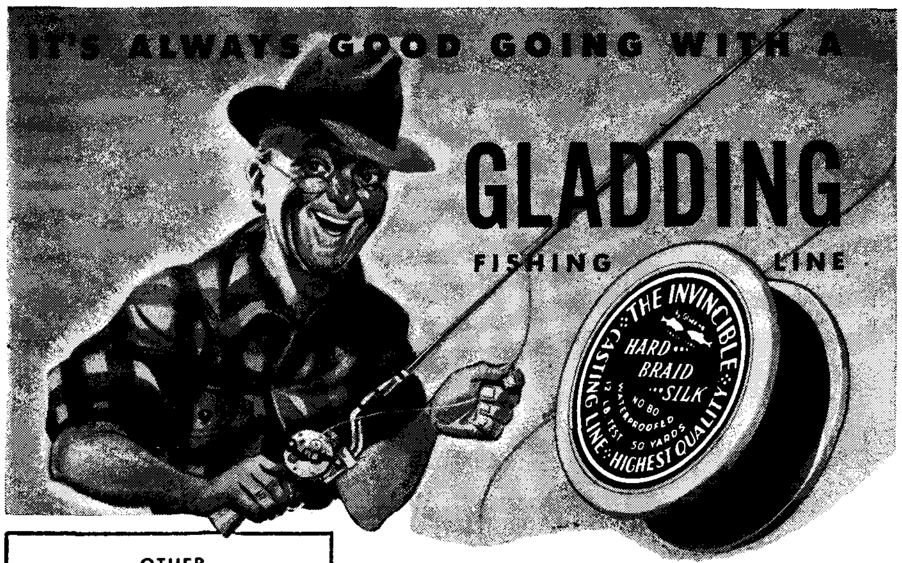

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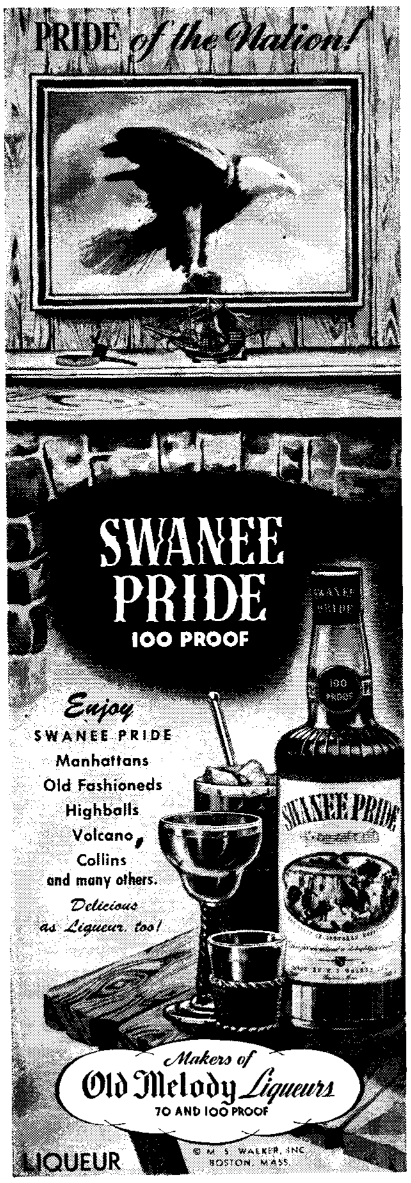

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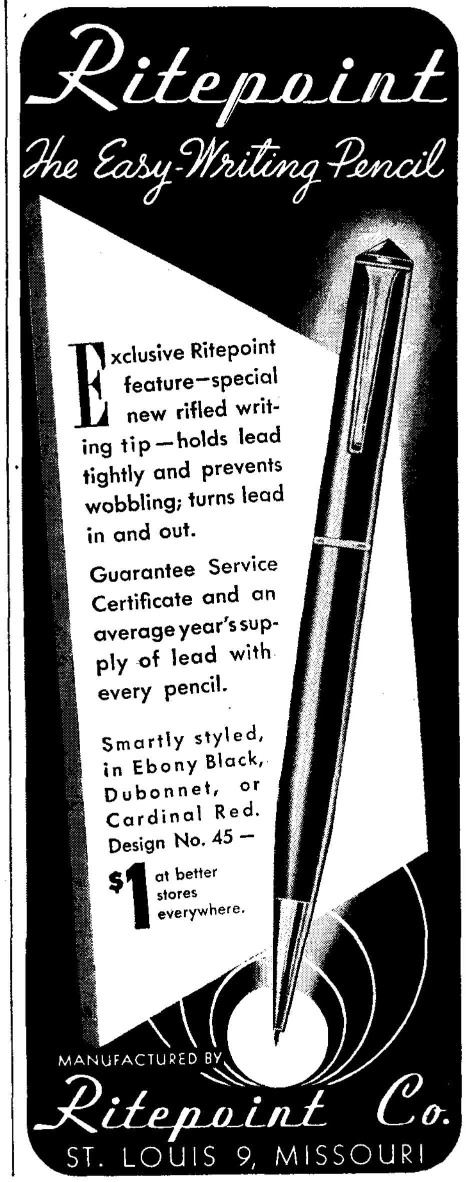

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Weaver of Dreams

Continued from page 17

It was about time. Architect and decorator friends had seen the exciting, imaginative stuff coming out of the Liebes loom. The orders poured in. There was a ski lodge to do; Doris Duke's fabulous house in Honolulu; the S.S. America before the war. Things like that, at ten dollars and up a yard.

Parts of the World's Fair in New York and the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco were decked with Liebes fabrics. The city of San Francisco invited Mrs. Liebes to assemble a show of decorative arts and crafts for their exposition. She did, visiting forty-eight states and eleven countries in the process. The show was a hit.

"I talked with literally thousands of artists and craftsmen," she says. "Those people need an outlet for their talents. And industry needs them. I am thoroughly convinced you can make a better commercial designer out of an artist than you can out of the run-of-the-mill person who frequently becomes a commercial designer."

Recruits for the Red Cross

When the war began, hundreds of artists and craftsmen besieged Mrs. Liebes. They wanted to give their services to the hospitals. Mrs. Liebes went straight to Red Cross headquarters in Washington. The result was the Arts and Skills division of the Red Cross, directed by Mrs. Liebes, which brought thousands of artists and craftsmen into the hospitals to teach the boys their skills.

She points out to the boy in the hospital that "weaving is more than a loom in the lap. It is color and texture and design. A man who makes table mats in the hospital won't be making table mats for a living; but they might strike a spark of interest in the textile industry. It's a big industry, and people have made fortunes in it. He might end up a technician or a designer. Either way, it will help him to have made those mats with his hands."

Mrs. Liebes' own connection with big industry started at the Goodall mills. The idea was to reproduce, by machine, the look of some of her hand-woven fabrics. She practically took up residence in their Maine factory. "I had to see what the machine could and couldn't do," she says. "We broke four looms in the process, but we finally got going."

You have to have more than a way with a loom to be successful in the textile business. You have to know, for example, what proofing does to a yarn and to a color. "With planes crossing international borders, there will be germproofing as well as fireproofing and waterproofing. Fabrics will never again be the hazard they used to be. Transportation is one of the biggest future fields for the textile designer. There he has to be practical. But he can make a fabric with eye appeal, too."

Mrs. Liebes is indignant that few schools are training textile designers. "Every day of the week I get letters from mills, asking me to design for them. Fabricators are desperate to know where to turn—they'll take anybody who knows a warp from a weft.

"The textile industry is the biggest business in the country, when you figure from raw material to finished product. Look at the work to be done in transportation, clothing, home furnishings, and the jobs to be done for hotels—linens, tickings and decorations. Look at the big companies that are putting out new yarns, like Firestone, Du Pont, Reynolds. Yet what happens? I was a judge at the International Textile Exhibit. The prizes were too small—around fifty dollars, while a designer can get a thousand dollars for designing a gas range.

"This exhibit is a worthy undertaking of the University of North Carolina. It should be supported by the textile industry. We should be building this country into a great textile nation. We have everything here with which to work."

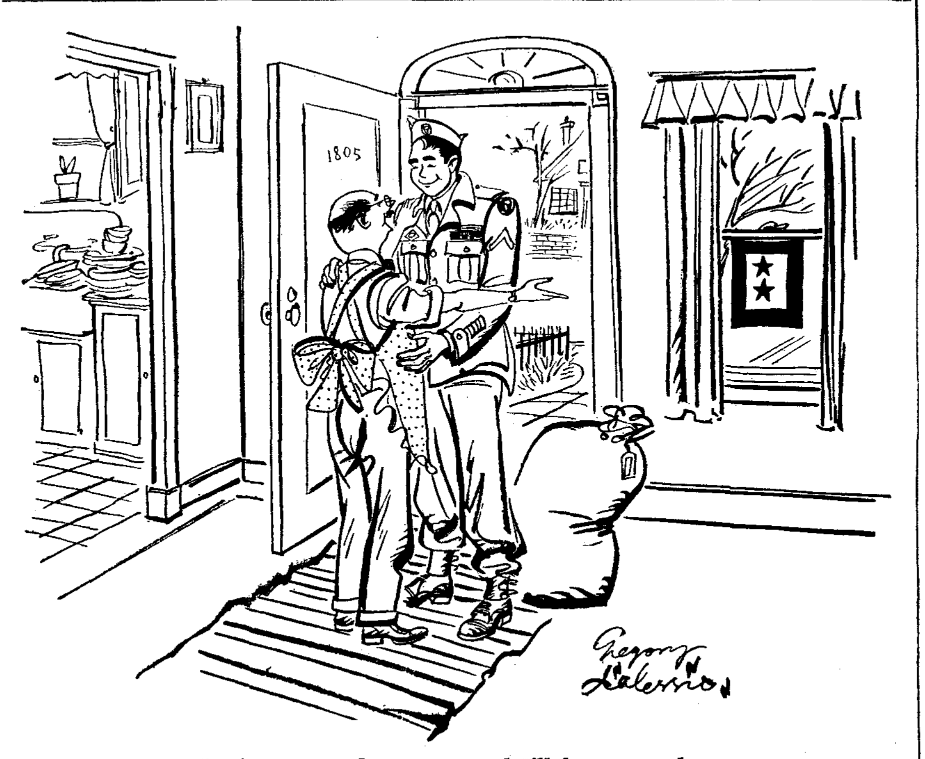
Believes in Textile Education

Mrs. Liebes serves on about ten school boards. "I never turn down an invitation to talk at a school. I wish I had more time for the educational side." She is a director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, on the advisory board of New York's Museum of Modern Art, in on the discussions of the Metropolitan's new textile wing. "Museums should be open at night, when people can use them—especially art students."

If you ask Mrs. Liebes where she gets her energy she says, "I'm a country girl, born on a ranch near Santa Rosa, California. Good sturdy stock, no nerves. And I love weaving. It satisfies my passion for color. It's music and painting and more to me. Weaving isn't work. It's a stimulating pleasure."

THE END

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"A few more days, son, and I'll have to take the flag in—your ma's on her way home, too"

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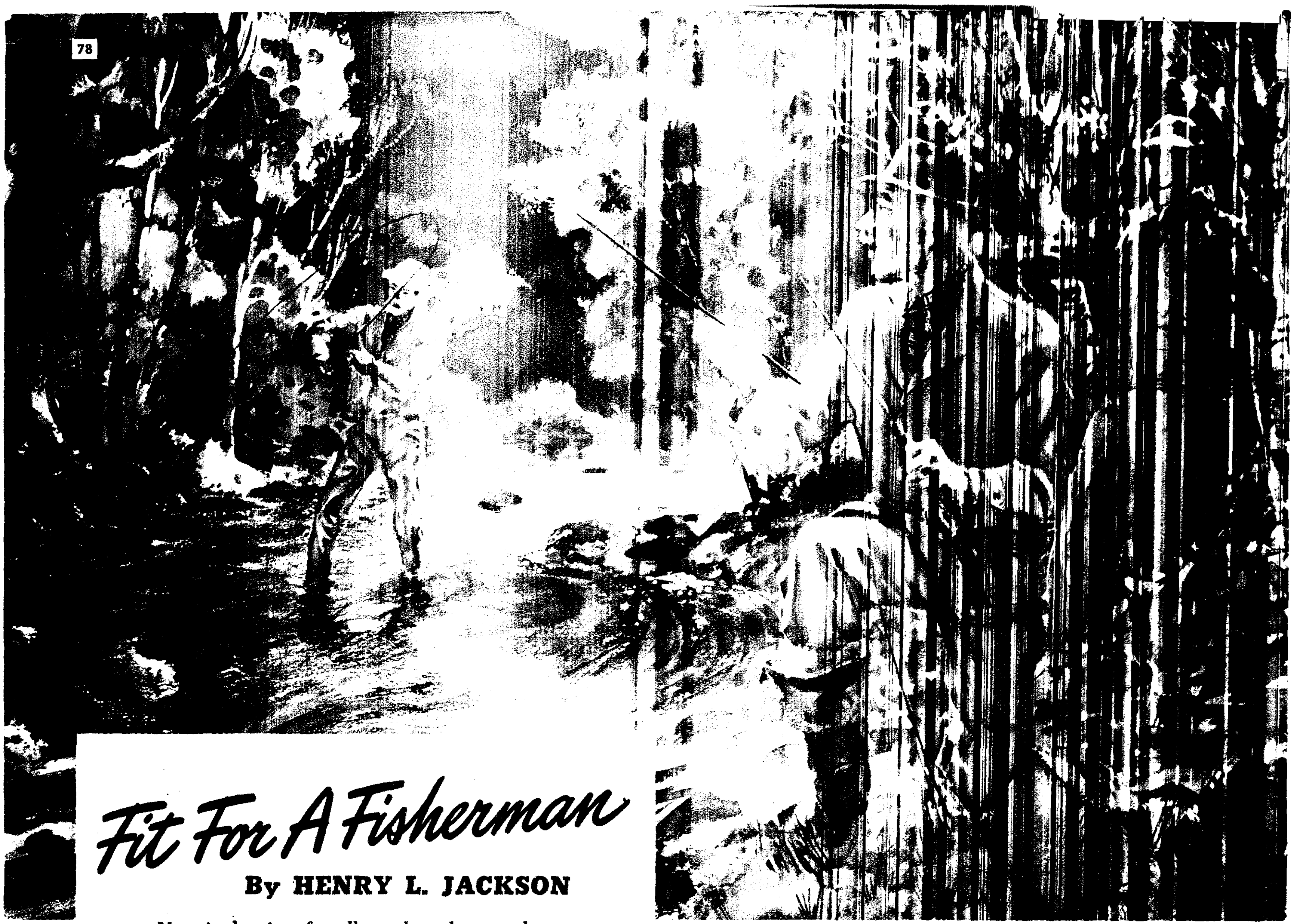
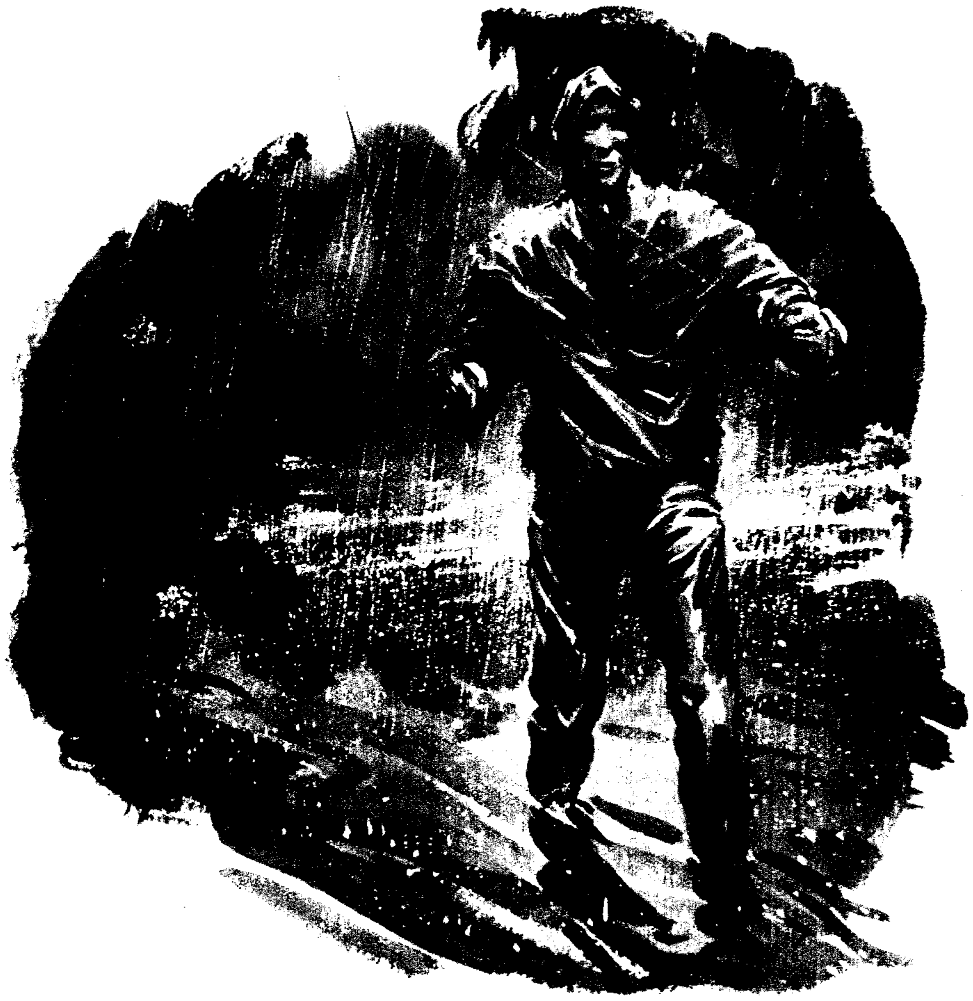


Fit For A Fisherman

By HENRY L. JACKSON

Now is the time for all good anglers to plunge into icy streams in search of trout. Here's what you'll need in the way of clothes and equipment

These are the three most popular jackets for trout fishing. On the figure in the stream, a wading jacket. Foreground, a fishing coat. Behind, a fishing vest. All are made of cotton, are windproof and water-repellent. Also nonirritating to trout



Rain needn't stop the sportsman in this two-piece nylon suit, with suspenders and hood attached. Plenty of room for sweaters underneath, too

THE trouting season is here. For 18,000,000 amateur fishermen, this is the most important month of the year. They've been waiting patiently for the official go-ahead, and now they're all set to plunge into lake and stream—up to the hips.

Believe it or not, fishing is the most popular recreation in the country. Its enthusiasts *spend close to a billion dollars a year* on clothing and equipment—more money than is spent on any other single sport. Closest runner-up is hunting, with public investment of about $650,000,000.

Proper clothing is indispensable for trout fishing. Many a gent who wouldn't otherwise know a twill from a cashmere will spend hours deciding on the relative merits of vest and jacket, waders and boots, and the rest of the paraphernalia needed to get on speaking terms with a trout.

Temperatures around the country are so varied that a great variety of garments is needed. In Maine or Montana, the dauntless sportsman may be wading in an icy stream and ducking in and out of snow flurries; in Ohio or Mississippi, he may be swatting at an early hatch of flies brought on by prematurely warm weather.

The confirmed fisherman, of course, will disdain all advice and suggestions. He will work out his needs for himself. For new converts, however, there are certain basic wardrobes for efficiency and comfort.

Comfort comes first. Body and mind must be free for hooking and landing. Thanks to wartime developments sponsored by the Quartermaster Corps in conjunction with civilian experts, there are now many specialized garments calculated to keep the angler happy in his dampish haunts.

There are resin-coated fabrics, completely waterproof and perfect for wet-weather fishing. Chemically processed cottons make lightweight clothing that is windproof, moistureproof and mildewproof.

That's the ticket for early-season trout fishing—warm but lightweight clothing and sturdy, waterproof footwear. A wading jacket with sleeves and plenty of pockets is indicated. Later, when the weather gets warmer, the wading vest is appropriate. It is a waist-length garment without sleeves, usually worn over a wool shirt.

The vest, like the jacket, has plenty of pockets. Both are made with a loop at the bottom for the butt of the fishing rod and a loop at the chest, with tab and snap, for balancing the rod while the fisherman changes leader or fly. Jackets and vests are generally made of O.D. water-repellent cottons.

If you're wondering why all the pockets, it's plain that you're new around here. Trout fishermen carry more equipment than a Persian dromedary. There's the fly book—a leather case containing precious wet flies, bucktails and streamers. (Streamers are large hooks with feathers to simulate underwater bait and a shiny metallic binding which is said to fascinate the trout.)

Then there's a dry-fly box—for dry flies, of course; a leader box for wet gut leaders or an oil-silk pouch for nylon leaders; a fishing

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

knife and disgorger for getting hooks out of fish; a thermometer to test the water; a scale for weighing fish, and a seven-inch ruler, to make sure the game warden doesn't catch you under the limit.

A hook case is needed for separate hooks; a bait box for worms, soft-lead sinkers, and such aids to comfort as insect repellent, a pipe, pouch and matches, a handkerchief, a watch, rubber patching and cement, sunglasses and a fishing license. This does not include the creel, a basket for holding fish which the sportsman wears on his back; a landing net around his neck; and, of course, his rod, reel and line. He's in the stream up to his hips and has to keep his equipment dry and easily accessible.

Two types of footwear are used for trout fishing: the rubber boot, preferably hip-length, and waders, which are like overalls with feet attached. There are also two types of waders. Most popular in America are those of rubberized cotton, with rubber feet. The original wader, as worn in England, has lightweight rubber feet, over which are worn rag socks and canvas wading shoes.

Hip boots and waders are made with treaded soles to prevent slipping on mossy rocks and logs. Some wading shoes have felt soles which do not become slippery, but chains may be tied to the soles of rubber boots to prevent slipping.

Every fisherman wears a hat, proudly exhibiting on the band a collection of trout flies—not for decoration, though they are colorful, but simply to expedite the changing of flies. Special sheepskin hatbands are made for the attachment of the flies.

Since fishermen insist that the fish bite best near sunrise and sunset, they get themselves out at the most uncomfortable times of day. Warm clothing is therefore usually important. Experts wear long cotton underwear in the early spring, plus two pairs of socks and wool trousers under their boots or waders.

A plaid wool shirt is a practical garment for year-round wear. On cool days it provides warmth and on hot days it equalizes body temperature by absorbing perspiration. Many men prefer heavy wool lumberjackets, especially for such inactive sports as fishing for landlocked salmon from canoes.

The regular fishing coat used for trouting is fine for landlocked salmon and for trolling lake trout. This lightweight, processed jacket is worn with fishing trousers to match, made with a knit cuff that fits into fishing or hunting boots.

A complete fishing outfit may be purchased from $35 on up. The main things to remember are comfort and warmth. These are best provided with processed-cotton outerwear, wool under that, and cotton underwear. The hat is important for keeping the sun away from the eyes and the rain from the back of the neck. The rest depends upon skill—or luck. ★★★

When trolling for lake trout or fishing for bass early in the season, fishermen find the zipper-front jacket practical. It is lightweight, made of water-repellent cotton. Under it is worn a woolen Scotch-plaid shirt. Over the fishing trousers are worn tan canvas boots made with rubber feet. Heavy gray wool socks with red tops and a brown felt hat complete this workmanlike outfit

Casting for landlocked salmon from a canoe is a favorite pastime of many proficient anglers. It is considered prize fishing. For sitting in a canoe all day the experts like a heavy woolen water-repellent mackinaw, heavy wool trousers, matching or plain color. With this, a hunting type of boot over heavy wool socks and, for the head, the brown processed-cotton fishing hat

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Jealousy

Continued from page 15

skip-and-hop from one hall rug to the other, and sat down at the dining-room table, having a lovely time all by herself on Charlie's first full day at the office. She tried to think what she'd done this morning that had made the minutes dissolve into radiant nonexistence. But she realized she really hadn't done anything, except bask in the lovely warmth of possession that every moment of the house reflected back to her. It was hers, Samarkand come true at last, with no more doubts and no more hesitation. Now that Lisa Talbot was no threat to Sybil any longer, nothing mattered.

And it was wicked to have doubted that for an instant. Sybil had forgotten the scene at the party and Charlie's anger at her afterward, or at least had forgotten the quality that made it so important at the time. It was like a fire in a red-hot stove. The stove was still there in the morning, but the fire had gone out. You could touch it and look at it without any feeling that it was going to burn the house down. Her marriage could have gone up in smoke and flame in nothing flat that day. She could still see him standing rigid and white-lipped, and herself as rigid but red-eyed and not white-lipped, waiting for the door to close, when the Hales went out after dinner—to play bridge, they said—so they could tear into each other like a couple of wild dogs.

THEN they had both felt suddenly ashamed and lonely for each other. It was Sybil who was the lonelier and guiltier, though Charlie was both, too; and it was Sybil who cracked first. This was their first quarrel, and that night was the first time that lying close to each other had meant healing and cleansing, teaching them wisdom far above passion, and making passion infinitely deeper than it had been before for either of them. So the red-hot stove of guilt and recrimination that could have burned down the house of their marriage had burned low with a tender saving grace that made the days since they had moved out to Halethorpe slip by and gave this morning golden wings to fly.

Sybil laughed out loud, remembered Althea and reduced the laugh to a dancing smile while her heart danced too.

What on earth is happening to me, she thought. First thing I know I'll be like all the other *young matrons* of Landover . . . dogs, tweeds, babies.

She sat down at the writing table behind the sofa in front of the windows and picked up her pen. All the letters she was going to write back home had written themselves daily in her mind without her ever having had time to put them on paper. They poured out now, stylized and ecstatic. She wrote them without variation of theme or vocabulary, over and again, until the pile of salmon-pink envelopes tottered on the corner of the desk and toppled over onto the floor. She stopped at last, breathless, and looked at the diminished pile of salmon-pink paper in the drawer. She still had to write to her father, and, thinking of him, she relaxed and smiled. Then she took a piece of paper and began:

I've been alone today and it's the first time in my life I've ever been alone and been perfectly happy. I guess I'm growing up at last. . . .

She looked out of the window, her eyes not focused on anything, with the world around her a blurred periphery of apple-green walls, the deep green curtains framing a picture of sunlight on the frost-nipped gold of the chrysanthemums, the gray monotone of leafless trees fringing the blue of the creek and the dark cones of the holly trees among the skeleton woods along the opposite bank.

I guess that's what's been the matter with me for a long time now, she wrote. *Sort of a delayed adolescence, or maybe because I didn't have faith enough in anything. I guess I never got over the idea of the mirage. But this morning and most of the ten days we've been here I haven't thought about Lisa Talbot at all. She hasn't even been in my mind—*

Sybil brought herself sharply back to the immediate world and looked at what she'd written. Her father didn't know who Lisa Talbot was, even. She hadn't mentioned her in the notes she'd written or over the phone the three times he'd called up. That meant that Lisa Talbot was still there, always there on the threshold of her mind, ready to leap out like the ghost behind the door in a haunted house.

She leaned forward and moved the curtain to one side so she could see up the field to the story-and-a-half house where Lisa Talbot lived. It was strange that she never saw her outside. She saw Mr. Horace Talbot, could see him now, with Sam and the two dogs, but Lisa was nowhere in sight. It was funny that she so seldom went out socially, too. Almost everywhere she and Charlie had been, everywhere except at sit-down dinners in fact, somebody would ask if the Talbots were coming, and the host always said they'd hoped so but Lisa hadn't been sure they could make it. And Sybil had found out things about Lisa that made her less and less disturbing. The dress, for instance. She didn't remember how it came up, but some woman said, "Oh, that. Martha Kennedy gave her that. It looked like hell on Martha." Nobody seemed to think it was odd at all, and while Sybil hadn't met Martha Kennedy, she saw that everybody took it for granted it was the most natural thing in the world for Lisa to wear Martha Kennedy's castoff clothes. It was an important step in Lisa's descent from menace; it put a distance between them wider than the creek and the field of winter rye between Halethorpe, glistening with fresh white paint, and Hollyrood with its wash scaling off and a broken corner of a chimney visible through the leafless trees.

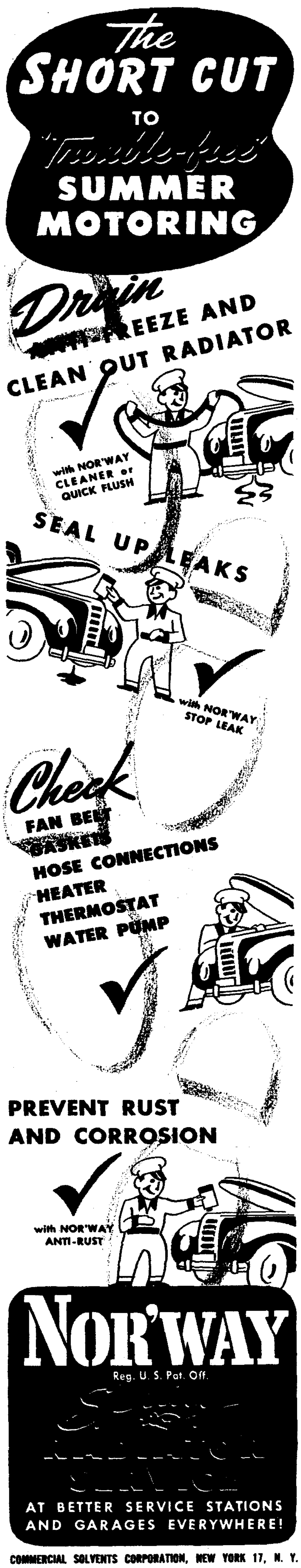
I've decided to tell Charlie what's been the matter with me, she went on with her letter. *About the mirage, and about being scared to come to Landover. I'm going to do that because I know it's me and not anything else he cares about—like money, for instance. Though when money's always been so important, it does seem sort of funny to be where it isn't any use. . . .*

She stopped again, looking down at the page, then picked it up and crumpled it in her hand. She wasn't even sure it was true, but if it was, it wasn't the thing to write to her father, when the whole structure of her life and his had risen the way it had, from desolate poverty to the kind of desperate security that comes with sudden wealth. She crossed the room and tossed the crumpled salmon-pink paper into the fire, watching it burn. Then she looked at the clock.

She brightened at once. It was almost half past four and Charlie would be home at five. She picked up the letters and put them in the drawer, ran across the hall into the dining room and opened the pantry door.

"Althea—may we have some old-fashioneds and some crackers with cheese on them . . . about a quarter past five, I guess?"

SHE took off her blue wool dress and took a quick perfumed tub, singing as she dried herself, looking into the mirror at the slim straight whiteness of her body. It's crazy to pretend money doesn't matter, she thought abruptly as she took down a pair of lounging pajamas. They had red real silk trousers and a coat of heavy white faille shot with gold threads, and if she didn't have money she wouldn't have them, or any of the things that made people turn around and look at her. She might even be wearing somebody's castoff clothes, like Lisa Talbot. She put the idea quickly away, and sat down at the dressing table to comb her hair. Seeing her face in the mirror was a constant reassurance, a waking up in a bright warm room after dreaming of being in an empty cellar, cold and locked. In a sense, she thought, what she'd said to her father was true, or true for her now in Landover. It was what was there in the mirror that was important to Charlie—in some way it was all-important. And she knew that she had been happier that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morning than she had ever been before in her entire life.

"When he comes, I'm going to tell him." She smiled at herself in the mirror. "I'm going to tell him everything."

A card propped against the lamp, a notice of an exhibition of modern paintings, reminded her of Lyman Grimes, and it disturbed her. The fiction of their old friendship had somehow grown to enormous proportions. It was one of the things everybody talked about, and no moment had seemed quite the right one for her to say it was just a joke, really. If Lyman had been the one who'd started it, she could have slipped deftly out with no trouble at all. But it wasn't Lyman, it was she herself who'd started it.

I'll tell Charlie about that, too, she thought.

She stretched her arms up and felt a warm and lovely physical sensation shoot like a gold-tipped arrow through her body.

"I guess I really love the guy . . ."

She laughed at herself and got up. A faint clink of glasses from downstairs told her that Althea was bringing the cocktail tray into the living room. Usually she waited, even if Charlie was just out in the garden, so she must have seen his car coming along the orchard. Sybil picked up the tall crystal atomizer and sprayed her hair. It was a perfume Charlie always breathed in before he drew her to him tight and hard and rubbed his face in her hair and along the side of the throat, kissing her then and finding it hard to swallow for a moment or two. . . . She listened for the sound of his car coming up the lane, danced over to the window and looked out, and hesitated, a little bewildered at not seeing him. He must be there somewhere, but he wasn't. He was nowhere in sight.

She sat down to wait there in the bedroom, her hand still holding the curtain aside, her eyes on the road. She still had the warm glow inside her, a kind of liquid happiness still swelling her heart. Telling him everything would clear all barriers between them, and he'd be able to understand why she had been afraid, why she had always been afraid that the deep misery of her childhood would be discovered and somehow thrown back in her face. And he would understand, too, that she hadn't really been acting superior at all the day of the party. . . . The clock downstairs struck five-thirty. The orchard lane was still empty. She looked around at the telephone. Perhaps he'd been detained at the office. She waited a moment more and got up. He might even have had an accident. . . .

I'm just being hysterical, she thought. He's probably stopped a minute to have a drink with Joe Collins. Or stopped to see his mother.

She picked up the telephone and dialed the first half of the Hales' number and stopped. Althea might hear her, and she did not want Althea to know she was upset or disappointed. At ten minutes to six she picked up the telephone again, and put it down abruptly. If he didn't want to come home he could stay away; she'd be a fool to go calling up all over town. She went to the dressing table, dusted the feather puff over her face, threw it aside and went downstairs.

THE ice in the old-fashioned glasses had melted. The bitters dyed the water a thin unattractive pink. The cheese on the crackers was hard and stone-cold, and the fire had burned down to a couple of charred smoking logs. At the moment she hated him. All the warm physical glow inside her was gone, the liquid happiness congealed into an angry block. It was almost six o'clock and he wasn't anywhere in sight. She started for the telephone, and stopped again. Althea was coming in from the dining room.

"I'll get some fresh ice, Mrs. Hale," she said. "I have some of the biscuits that Mr. Charlie likes with ham in the oven, if you want them."

Sybil started to say, "Mr. Hale has been detained," and stopped. The car was coming.

"Thank you," she said. "Bring them in."

She watched the girl pick up the tray and go out. It was funny she'd know when to put biscuits in to have them ready exactly when Charlie arrived. Unless . . . She stopped herself quickly. She wasn't going to start all that again. . . .

"Hi, sweetie!"

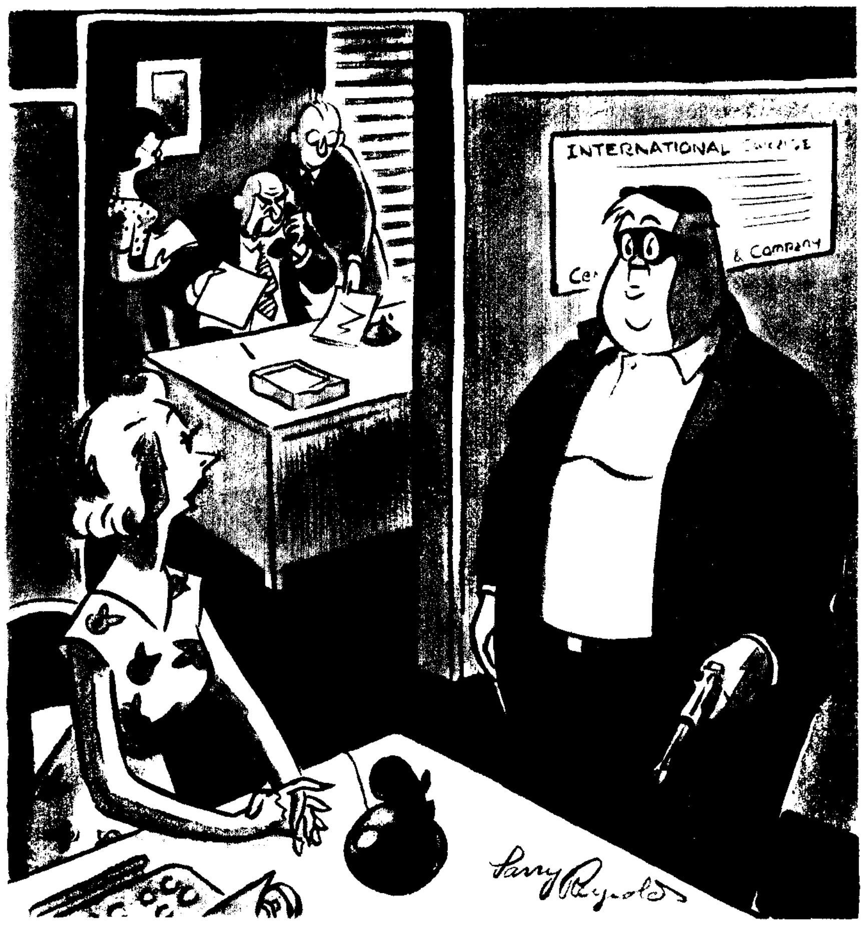
He was at the foot of the stairs, and then halfway up before she called, "I'm down here, Charlie." Her voice got stuck in her throat.

He cleared the stairs in a jump and came rushing in, gave her a quick squeeze and kissed her. "This is wonderful. What a day! What about a drink? I could use one."

Sybil sat down, controlling her voice.

"Althea's gone to get some fresh ice," she said. "The other melted. You must have a drag with her. The cheese and crackers got cold and she made some biscuits. I thought

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



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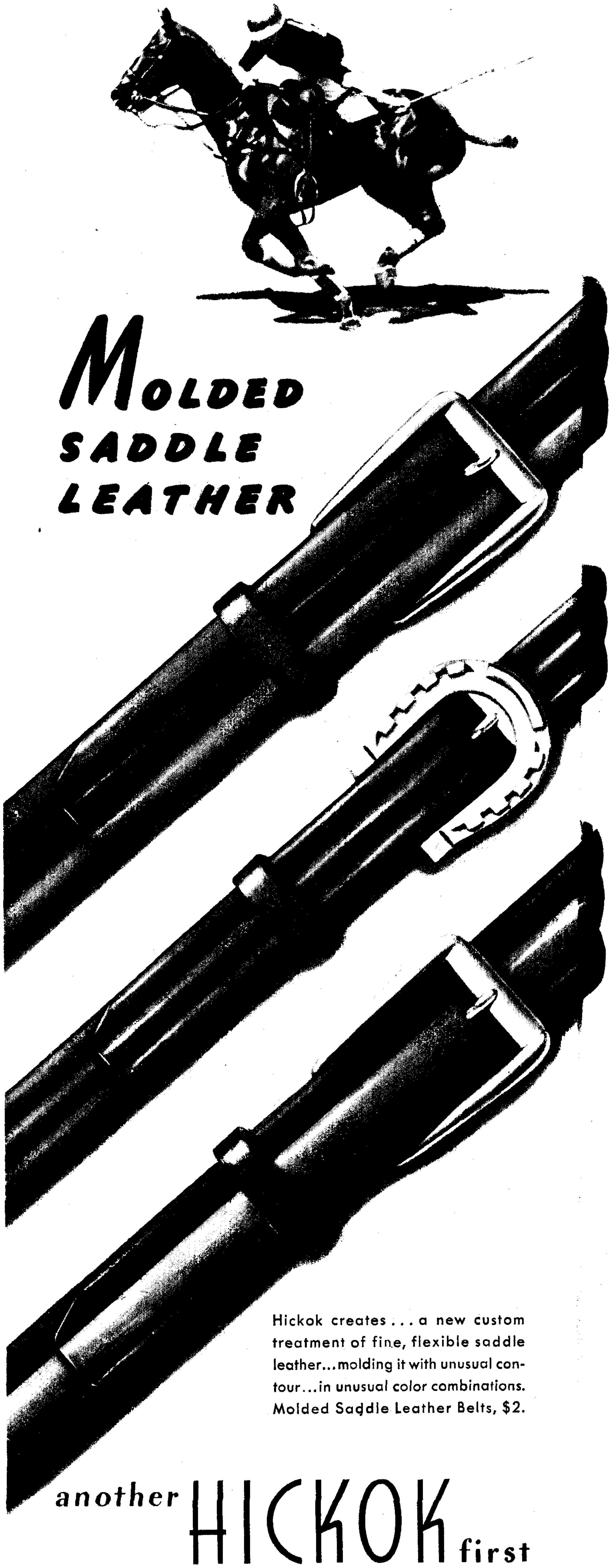

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you'd be home at five. Apparently she knows more about your movements than I do."

She tried to keep it from sounding as nasty as it was, but her hands were trembling as she moved the coffee table a little closer to her for Althea to put the cocktail tray on. And Charlie didn't seem to notice anything.

"I guess she could see my car in front of the Talbots'," he said. He spoke as if it were the most natural place in the world for his car to be. Something like the explosion of a blank cartridge went off in Sybil's mind.

"In front of the Talbots'?" she said sharply.

He nodded. "I've been over there for the last two hours, trying to get Lisa squared away."

Sybil sat with her eyes fixed on him, not believing she was hearing him or really seeing him. Althea was bringing in the tray. His eyes brightened up at the sight.

"Swell!" he said. "Thanks, Althea! Caddy looks great, doesn't she?"

"Yes, sir. She looks fine."

He picked up the decanter of bourbon and poured a couple of inches into each glass. Sybil sat motionless, her hands clenched tightly together, anger gathering in her until she was barely able to breathe. He looked at her now, holding out her glass.

"Gee, you're beautiful," he said. "But you'll have to take that rig off. We're going out tonight. And we'll have to hurry—we're due in town at seven-thirty."

Sybil forced her hand out to take the glass. She put it down, spilling the whisky.

"Where are we going?"

Her voice was tight, clipped off and abrupt.

"I've got to pick up Lisa and take her to the office. We're having a meeting—the four of us—Dad, Joe, Lisa and I. We've got to get some papers drawn up. We'll drop you off at Mother's."

When Sybil got up from her seat she was hardly aware that she was doing it. A door was being slammed in her face again; she was afraid of the door, and hated it. She saw Charlie staring at her, motionless.

"Not me, you won't," she said. "You can count me out."

He looked at her silently for a moment. "What the hell . . ." he said then. "What goes on?"

"That's the whole point," Sybil said. "Nothing goes on. If you want to spend all your time with Lisa Talbot, that's your affair. But you don't drag me into it. I'm staying here."

Outside in the hall the phone had been ringing, neither of them hearing it. It was Althea coming across the hall that stopped Sybil where she was.

"The telephone, Mrs. Hale. It's Mr. Lyman Grimes."

Charlie put his glass down abruptly.

"Thank you," Sybil said. She turned quickly and ran to the phone.

"Hullo, darling. How are you? So nice to hear from you. Surely . . . come along. Come out tonight. I'd love to see you."

She put the phone down. Althea was going into the pantry from the dining room.

"You can give Mr. Hale his dinner whenever he wants it, Althea. I don't care for any."

She went quickly upstairs to her room, turned the key in the lock and threw herself across her bed, fury going over her in waves, intense and physically real.

A CAR door slamming, the motor starting abruptly, brought her slowly back to consciousness. She opened her eyes in the dark room. Whether she'd been asleep or in some kind of trance she didn't know. She was cold, her whole body shaking. She pulled the satin quilt up from the foot of the bed and sat up, huddled in the dark.

I'm in a kind of shock, she thought. That was what was making her so cold and made her shake all over. Once she'd heard a lecture on shock. The mechanism of death, the doctor had said it was. That was what was happening to her now. Not the way he meant—she wasn't going to die, but something had died already. Something terrible had happened to her; and Charlie was gone—he was over at Lisa Talbot's.

She got up, made her way unsteadily over to the window and sat down, the mechanism of death in her heart, watching the Talbots' driveway. Charlie wouldn't ever forgive her, not the way he'd looked when she hurried out of the room to talk to Lyman. It all seemed a long time ago, as she waited for his car to leave the Talbots', and when the red taillight disappeared and the glow of the headlights was gone beyond the cedars, a sudden agony made her twist in the chair, clenching the satin quilt, biting her lips, trying desperately to keep from howling like an animal in pain.

She got up and went slowly over to the dressing table. Her mind was still not very clear, and the face she was looking at in the mirror was someone else's, not hers. It was white and wooden, like something that had died in corroding agony, ghastly. She closed her eyes quickly and forced her lips into a smile. It was worse when she looked this time, a hideous grimace. She dropped her head quickly in her arm on the glass top of the table, and stayed there a long time. Then she straightened up and looked at herself again, steadily, with unflinching blue eyes. She got up after a moment and went into the bathroom, turned on the water and washed her face, first with hot water, then cold, half a dozen times, before she went back to her mirror. It was better, but not very good. She put on lipstick and rouge and looked at the clock.

I'M HUNGRY—that's one thing that's the matter with me, she thought, listening intently to see if she could hear whether Althea was still in the kitchen. She got up and unlocked the door. She needn't have locked it, she thought; he hadn't tried to get in, wouldn't have tried. The knife twisted inside her again. She opened the door, went downstairs, and tiptoed to the pantry. It was dark there, too, and she slipped quietly inside, stopped and listened again. The door out into the passage was open, and the light from Althea and Sam's room over the kitchen shone faintly through it. They were up there. Sybil could hear them talking.

"—not taking off my uniform yet," Althea was saying. Her voice was sullen and sultry hot. "You just wait. She thinks he's going to come running back, and when he don't, she's going to decide she's hungry and wants something to eat. That's what she's going to do. She's burned up because she's jealous of Miss Lisa. That's all that's the matter with her. *Mr. Lyman Grimes*—he's coming out here tonight. Mr. Charlie ain't no Lyman Grimes. He's got *fire*."

Sam's voice was heavy and judicial.

"He got fire all right. He got plenty fire. But you hear what Mamma say. She say you keep shet you' mouf."

"I keepin' shet my mouf."

Talking to Sam, the girl was taking on his speech, discarding her own.

"I keepin' my mouf plenty shet. It ain't my mouf you gotta worry about. It's her mouf. She keep that shet, she don' have to worry 'bout Mr. Charlie. He crazy fond of her. Crazy like a fool. She ain' got good sense—else she don't care. She jus' spoiled. She think she the Lord Almighty."

Sybil tried to move backward silently, shaking violently again. She ought to be angry, she thought—she oughtn't to allow her servants to sit up there and talk about her. But she had no will left for anger . . . and, anyway, it was true. It was what she'd been trying to say to herself. She went silently back to the living room, just as the phone rang. She started to get up, and stopped, sitting there, waiting for Althea to call her. . . . Charlie must be calling. A sick relief and thankfulness made her bend her head forward and close her eyes, waiting.

"It's for you, Mrs. Hale," Althea said, speaking through the doorway.

"Thank you." She wanted to run to the phone, but her knees were shaking. She went out as steadily as she could.

"Hello," she said. Then she sat down quickly on the chair by the table. "Hello, Lyman."

It was hard for her to believe it was her voice speaking into the phone. It seemed unreal, a part of a dream. But he could hear her, because he was answering her back. He was laughing pleasantly. "I saw Charlie in the square, so *I decided I'd better check*."

He had seen Charlie and Lisa in the square. That was what he was saying. She answered so that he would know she knew they were in town together.

"Charlie wasn't in when you called, and I didn't know he'd planned for us all to go in together," she said. "I stayed home because I didn't want you barging in and not finding anybody. Why don't you come tomorrow, and bring your mother? Come to lunch, won't you? One o'clock."

She put down the phone and sat there with her hand on it for a moment.

"Is there anything else, Mrs. Hale?" Althea had come in. Sybil looked around at her. There was nothing in the big dark eyes or ebony smoothness of her face that shouldn't be there.

"That's all, thank you, Althea," Sybil said. "Mr. Grimes and his mother will be out to lunch tomorrow, instead of Mr. Grimes coming tonight. You can leave the pantry light on—I'll get a glass of milk before I go to bed. Good night."

She waited until the girl had gone, then went over to the closet, took out a heavy, lined raincoat and put it on. She had to get out of the house a minute or two or she'd faint.

She walked down the garden path to the tulip tree and leaned against it, looking around her. The river and the creek were like polished pewter banding Halethorpe and Hollyrood. She stood there leaning against the tree for a long time, not thinking about anything below the surface of immediate stimuli: the wind, the river, the creek, the sound of the dogs off in the woods. Everything below that was numb, the mechanism of death still working in her heart. Then she became aware that she was cold again. She started to move and stopped, looking over at the cedars along the drive. That was what she was waiting for. Without being conscious of it before, she knew she was standing out there waiting for Charlie and Lisa Talbot to come home. She turned and ran back to the house, ashamed, miserably ashamed.

SHORT COURSE IN PALEONTOLOGY

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JUDGE HALE let his spectacles slip down over the bridge of his nose and looked around at Lisa and Charlie. "I think that's all," he said.

"What about coming over and having a drink before you go back?" Joe Collins asked.

Lisa shook her head. "I think we'd better push. Thank you, Judge, and have a good time, Joe."

It was embarrassing having his eyes follow her like a hungry spaniel's all the time and having the Judge keep peering over his glasses first at her and then at Charlie, as if it were her fault Charlie was in the mood he was in. She could have told him Sybil wouldn't come. If Joe Collins hadn't said he was going to New York for three weeks, she might have done what she'd planned to do—come out flatly and say she wanted Joe to keep on. But now it had to be either the Judge or Charlie, and she was in no position to demand that the Judge himself take her affairs over. And Charlie hadn't made it any easier. He hadn't opened his mouth all the way in, except to say that Sybil wasn't coming.

It seemed to her, as she and Charlie went down to the street door, that she must have helped more than any other single person in Landover to wear the concave bowls into the old wooden stairs; her feet were always so heavy when she came up them, and as heavy going down, bringing back with her whatever it was she had the courage, or the temerity, to ask Judge Hale. As soon as his glasses slipped down the bridge of his nose and he looked at her over the dark horn rims she knew it was useless.

"When we ignore the spirit of a trust, Lisa," he had said, "it's especially important to adhere to the letter of it."

He always put it that way, but what he meant was that her father shouldn't be living at Hollyrood, and they both knew there was nothing further to be said about it. It was extraordinary, Lisa thought, that he couldn't see the trouble that having Charlie always seeing her was going to make.

"Look, Charlie," she said abruptly, when they got in the car. "This isn't going to work."

"What isn't going to work?"

He was still sore. His hat was pulled over his forehead and he was looking straight ahead at the road, his jaw set.

"This arrangement you and your father have made. It won't work, Charlie."

"Why not? It seems the only reasonable solution to me. Unless you don't want me out there. Is that it?"

"No, that isn't it."

"Then what?"

Lisa shook her head. "Nothing." She couldn't very well say to a man, "I hear your wife's jealous." Even if it was true, it was something he would be bound in loyalty to deny.

SHE suddenly realized that what she was actually doing was assuming that Charlie and she had a special relationship, one that permitted her to discuss his wife. Which was obviously not so. It was the old die-hard business again, with her hanging onto something that was not there any more, now that he was married.

"I'm sure it will work beautifully," she said.

"That's better."

He said it so quietly that she turned to look at him.

"Leave us not get involved in a lot of stuff that isn't true any more, Lisa," he said deliberately.

She felt the blood tingling up her throat and around her ears. Lord, she thought, he thinks I'm making love to him.

She felt exactly as if she'd made a pass at a stranger on a street corner and got her face slapped for it.

"What I mean is this, Lisa," Charlie said. "Sybil's okay, but she's in a rotten spot if she thinks I'm over at your place on anything but business. I don't know who's been talking to her. Somebody has. I never told her about you. You made it plenty clear where you stood, and that's that. But I think it is important to let Sybil know what we both know."

Lisa sat silent, keeping her eyes fixed on the road.

"You're the one gal around here I'd like Sybil to have for a friend," he said. "You're the only girl except Sybil I ever thought I wanted to marry, and I'd like you to lend a hand in getting Sybil reorientated, if you see what I mean. I'd like you to come over some evening, you and your father."

"He won't come, I'm sure," Lisa said quickly.

"I should think we could persuade him."

She shook her head.

"Is it okay for me to work on him?"

"What do you think?" she asked slowly.

"Whatever way he thinks. It's his own feeling about it, it seems to me. Of course, I don't suppose he wants to leave the place, really. He seems content."

"Except that he feels I'm tied down and is concerned that I'm not able to move about more in the brilliant swirl of society."

Charlie laughed. He took hold of her hand, gave it a friendly squeeze and put it back on her knee.

"It'll amuse you, I guess," he said. "Half a dozen times on the way home I found myself wondering what it would be like seeing you again, whether it was going to tie me up in knots the way it used to. But I can even take hold of your hand without its bothering me. I never thought that would happen. But it's nice I can feel that way now, too, because I always *liked* you, better than anybody I ever knew, too. You're a swell gal, Lisa. I'm glad I know you."

Lisa put her hand in her pocket. It had been all right, that time, for her, too, but she was not sure how long it would be. She was glad they were almost home. Still, she felt better. At least Charlie hadn't meant what she had been afraid he meant. He was still taking her literally, the way he had before he went away. If there was a small dull ache

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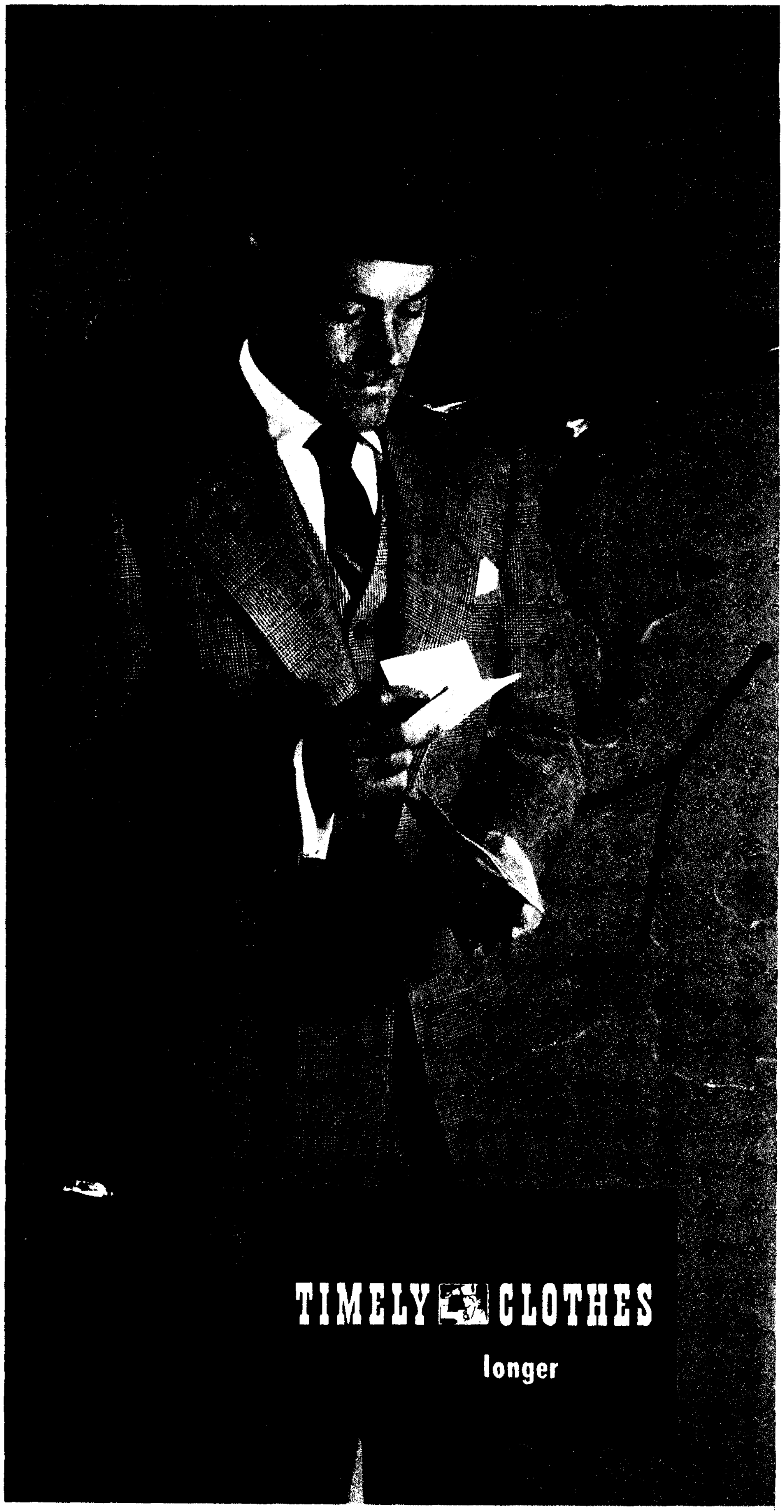

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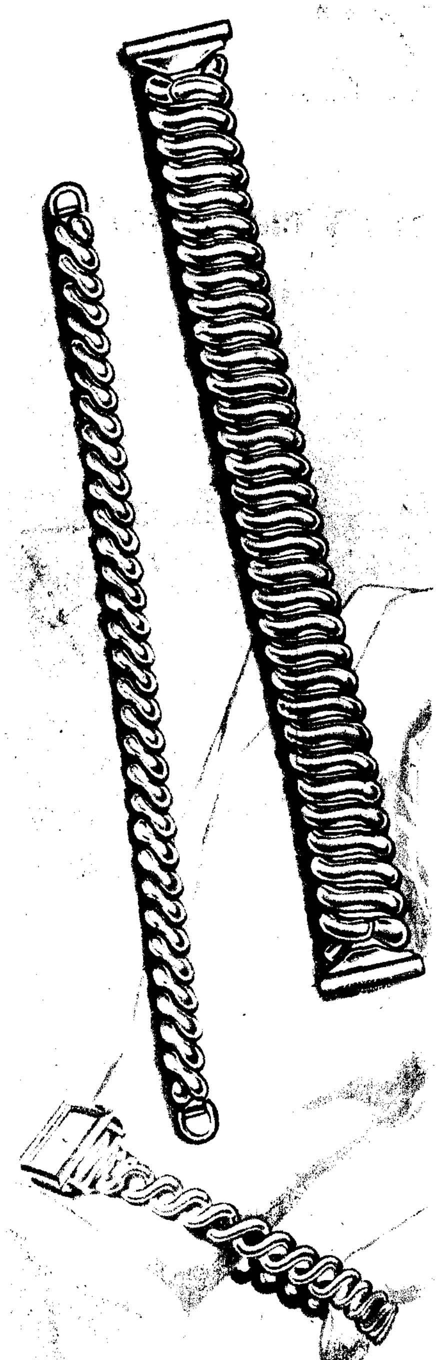

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inside her, that he could look at her and take hold of her hand without its bothering him, it didn't matter. His marriage, the exotic loveliness of the girl he'd married, should have done, but in a sense had failed to do, what this did. It cut a final cord of fantasy. What he'd said was simply that he was not in love with her any longer and he was pleased at finding it out. There it was, and she knew it now.

"You'll come over and see Sybil, won't you? She's tops, really."

He drew up in front of the house and got out to open the door.

"I will, Charlie. And you can work on Dad if you like. Good night, and thanks a lot for taking me in."

He waited until she ran up the steps and opened the door.

"Good night," he said.

She shut the door, and stopped in the hall, listening. She'd forgotten to take her inventory of possible disaster, and stood there wondering if that would mean that this was the time something had really happened. It was only a momentary thought; it wasn't important any longer what happened.

"Dad?"

SHE put her coat in the closet under the stairs and called to him, taking it for granted he was in the living room. But when she caught the words of the radio program, she knew it wasn't anything he'd be listening to. She went quickly to the door and looked in. The lights were still on and his paper was on the floor by his chair. She resisted the temptation to be alarmed without reason, and tip-toed up the stairs. On the landing she saw that his door was open, the light on. Then she saw that the ladder that led up to the attic storeroom was pulled down and the trap door open. She waited a moment, listening, then climbed up until she could look through the trap door.

He was there, sitting in an old horsehair chair of her grandfather's, a pile of clothes on the floor beside him, and he had on his old dinner jacket. He had not had it on since he came home . . . how many years ago now? She was fifteen then and she was nearly twenty-four now. Almost ten years. The smell of camphor and moth balls filled the attic. He was lost, sitting there, in some past that she was no part of. She put one foot down, hunting for the rung below, until she reached the landing. She tiptoed down the stairs again, opened the front door and closed it noisily and came back to the foot of the stairs.

"Dad!" she called. "Hi! . . . I'm home!"

She could hear the trunk close and his steps across the attic floor.

"Lisa?"

"I'm home, Dad. Why don't you come on down and let's have a bottle of beer. Or are you set for the night?"

"That's a good idea," he said. "I'll be down directly."

She went into the kitchen, opened the icebox and got out the two bottles, her mind revolving slowly around the meaning of her father sitting up there in his dinner jacket. He must have been thinking about going out again. How many times, she wondered, when she wasn't at home had he gone up there and taken out the relics of his past life? He might have been thinking about going out for a long time, and blind as she'd been she never noticed it. It was all very curious.

She wondered if Caddy could have been aware of it and have told Charlie, and he had brought it up, coming out from town, knowing that a little persuasion might be all her father needed to break away from the ten-year pattern of seclusion. Her heart contracted a little. She'd failed him, in the sense that if they could have talked about the past, he would have been able to tell her he was ready now to start going off the place again. They'd never discussed it. It had become the accepted order of their lives, and when, only occasionally, it was implicit in some peculiar and unavoidable situation, it was still never mentioned in words.

After a moment she took the tray and went back into the living room. Her father was listening to the late news, his pipe in his mouth, his face untroubled and serene as he smiled at her. Lisa smiled back at him. She might be blind to many things, but she knew she was not blind to his outward appearance. He was still handsome, with the straight chiseled features she had inherited from him, and gray eyes that were clear and gently direct, deceptive only as they seemed to indicate an absence of the passionate depths that she knew existed in him, or had existed once. His ease and dignity must always have been part of him, she thought, as well as the quiet grace he had that made people who came to the house forget he no longer moved in the populous world. At fifty-three he looked much younger to her than she remembered his looking ten years ago, the day he came up the lane to be back with her at Hollyrood, now that she was alone there with only Caddy.

She was wondering, now, about all of it, and about her father. Sometimes the quiet and apparently effortless way Horace Talbot had built his life up there at Hollyrood made her wonder if he hadn't a more rigid self-discipline than anybody would have thought before he came back. She looked at him now with a bewildered sense that perhaps she didn't understand him as thoroughly as she'd thought. It took an effort for her to bring the scene in the attic to her mind, and not dismiss it as something she had imagined.

"How do you like Charlie's wife, on closer acquaintance?" he asked.

"She didn't come," Lisa said. "Lyman Grimes was coming out, and she had to stay."

She poured the rest of the beer.

"Charlie is anxious for us to help make her feel at home," she said. "He was asking whether I thought you could be persuaded to go over there for dinner."

She tried to make it sound as offhand as possible.

"Hale suggested it, a few weeks ago when he stopped by while you were out somewhere," he said at last. "Before Charlie came home." He spoke slowly, as if groping in an unfamiliar tongue. "It's been a long time. It isn't easy to readjust to an idea you'd never expected to consider again. It's a hard climb back."

He sounded as if he were lying on a river bank at the bottom of a deep canyon, looking up at a sheer wall of rock with no footholds visible and the top very far away.

"I don't know," he went on. "I don't know whether it's better to let everything rest the way it is, or risk opening it all up again. I wanted to think about it and be sure in my own mind before I talked to you."

"Oh, Dad, I'd love it," Lisa said quickly. "I really would."

Her father shook his head.

"Let's not talk about it any more just now. It takes time to get used to the idea—for both of us to get used to it. People have been so decent, and I hate to ask them to be more than decent. Let's not talk about it for a while."

"Okay, Dad." She came over, kissed him on the forehead, and went back to her chair. "I don't like beer, really. In fact, what I'd like to do is go to bed. You fix the fire screen and turn off the lights, will you, angel, and put the tray back in the pantry."

IT WAS a damn' shame, Charlie thought, for a girl like Lisa to be out there, tied foot and hand by an old man still reaching out from the grave to get his final revenge. His father was right, of course. The trust demanded their legal control of Hollyrood until Lisa was twenty-five—and somewhere in Vermont there was an heir who wrote in for periodic accountings as if he read the will every morning with his apple pie and coffee. Charlie groaned impatiently, thinking about Lisa, and about Horace Talbot. That was all shrouded in deep fog, because Landover had kept it shrouded. Horace Talbot was still a respected man. Charlie still had the leftovers of the distorted picture that kids get of the mysteries of their elders. There were headlines in the papers that he could still see in his mind—he had had to cut out the reports of the trial and smuggle them down to Lisa in the skiff beached on the mud at the head of the creek.

Her grandfather allowed no paper to come into the house and was keeping her home from school that spring.

And those reports were still around, some-

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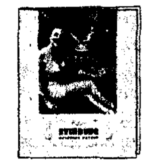


EVINRUDE

OUTBOARD MOTORS

where, he remembered now. After he and Lisa had carefully folded the clippings of the case, he'd smuggled them back to the house and hurried upstairs to put them away in a chest he'd been given for Christmas. It was probably up in the attic somewhere, the clippings still in it. It would be a good idea to look up there and make sure. In fact, if they were still there, it would be a good idea to take them out and burn them.

As he thought about it, it seemed not only a good idea but one of considerable importance. If anybody should happen to open the box—Sybil, for instance, rummaging around in the attic some rainy day when she didn't have anything else to do—it would be far better if they weren't there. While it wouldn't do any harm for her to know the story, he had in a sense given his word to Lisa, and he didn't want to break it even inadvertently.

He frowned suddenly, thinking of Sybil. The anger he had felt against her when he left the house had slipped away and was lost in his profounder awareness of the meaning she had for him as his wife. Coming into the lane now brought it back, the scene in the living room, her fury, her dashing upstairs, his own solitary supper before he left, banging the door, being as childish and bad-tempered as she was. What the hell, he thought; it wasn't any way to live. It was as much his fault as hers—he should have phoned her he was stopping by Hollyrood that afternoon.

He went up the three front steps, opened the door, closed it quietly and stood for a moment, listening. Then something caught his eye on the staircase. It was a piece of Sybil's salmon-pink letter paper, propped up against the fourth step. He went over with his hat still in his hand and picked it up. It had two words written on it, small and neat, not in her usual stylized scrawl: *I'm sorry.*

He stood looking at it, seeing beyond to Sybil, writing it carefully and painfully, not only because of the letters but because of the words themselves. He knew that to bring herself to say, "I'm sorry," was one of the hardest things she had to do. When she did say it, and brought herself to actually writing it down and sticking it up where he couldn't help seeing it, it meant a lot.

He put the note in his pocket.

POOR kid, he thought. He went upstairs, listening to see if he could hear her moving about in their room. The door was halfway open and the light still on. He felt still sorrier for her then. She must have thought he'd come back sore and go to sleep in the guest room instead of in his own bed next to hers. It was funny, in a way, that she'd want him there, he thought. Maybe she cared more about him than he'd sometimes thought. He'd never been able to figure out why she'd decided to marry him, in fact, when she had everything she wanted and their ideas were as different, on basic levels, as they were. There was no question why he'd wanted her.

He went on into the room, moving quietly because he saw she was asleep, in his bed, not her own.

You couldn't say fairer, lady, he thought. She stirred then and turned her head on the pillow, her mouth trembling a little, like a sick child restless in sleep, unconscious but still aware of pain. The laughter went out of his eyes when he saw that she had been crying. The tears had dried, staining her cheeks. The wadded ball on the blanket cover was her handkerchief, still wet. She was worn out and asleep from sheer exhaustion.

He looked down at her face. He had never thought of it before, remotely, as being unhappy, but it was at this moment—the droop of the pale bowed lips, the faint opaque quality of the soft flesh from her nostrils down to the corner of her mouth. He knew the trace of petulance that was there, too, but she looked anything but arrogant now, with her hair like a wayward thundercloud, black as ebony, framing her head on the rumpled white pillow. She looked small and sad and like a child, and it did something to him that was neither heavy drama nor lighthearted domestic comedy.

He turned out the light, felt his way into the bathroom, undressed and put on his pajamas. He slipped out again, raised the window quietly, came back to the bed and got in beside her, and took her in his arms gently and softly, holding her tenderly close to him, not waking her even then but feeling the way her breath came first with a half sob and then relaxed naturally as she slept beside him, at peace again. . . .

The shower in the guest room was old-fashioned and inconvenient, but as Charlie pulled the curtain around him and turned on the water he had a pleasant sense of privacy for the first time since they'd lived at Halethorpe. It was damned nonprivate in their own bathroom, with all the walls lined with mirrors. It had been hard to try to explain to Sybil that one of the chief reasons he was glad to be out of the Army was that he could take a bath alone again. He couldn't, however, very well object to her lining the place with looking glass, as she'd done, if that was the way she wanted it. Especially when she was so delighted with the rest of the house the way his mother had done it, and more especially since he'd found he could use the guest-room shower and have a few minutes to himself before he went back to have breakfast on a card table in their bedroom—another compromise concession to the way Sybil thought things ought to be done.

HE DRIED himself with a pleasant sense of not being crowded. The only person in the room was looking at him from the mirror on the medicine chest, and he said, "Ah, there, Hale," and grinned at himself as he dropped the towel and started shaving. He'd left the Talbot business for breakfast, and wondered exactly what to say. He'd left Sybil, small and fragile and appealing, curled into a pale little ball like a kitten that had been spanked and made its amends and been taken back into grace again; she was in a mood of acquiescence and conciliation that he wasn't likely to find her in again for a long time. But while the Talbot business was important, her face was as white, now, as the lather on his own. He felt uneasy about taking advantage of her, now she was so reduced and trying her darnedest to please him.

He went quietly back into their room, and stopped short, staring at her with a kind of bewildered shock. She was sitting up, her hair combed, lipstick on, pulling the sleeves of her pale blue bed jacket up to her elbows to keep them out of the plate on her tray. It was the lipstick that stopped him at first, as she smiled up at him, but it was the plate that absolutely threw him. It was his plate, and she was pulling up her sleeves to keep them out of his bacon and eggs.

"Althea'll be back in a minute, darling," she said brightly. "I'm starving. You can start on your grapefruit and coffee, and here's a piece of your toast you can have."

He said, "Thanks," mechanically, took the toast and poured himself a cup of coffee, trying hard to readjust. It was like being in a movie, turning around for a moment and then looking back at the screen to find they'd switched pictures in the middle of a touching scene. It had wiped out everything that had happened for the last twenty-four hours. It gave him the feeling of being light in the head, not quite sure that if he brought up the matter of Lisa Talbot she wouldn't look at him, her blue eyes a complete blank, wondering what on earth he was talking about. He had a sardonic desire to laugh out loud that he curbed because Althea was coming.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, sir."

She put the tray down in front of him and went out. He waited until she was down the stairs. Then he said, "Look, Sybil—leave us get a few things straight, shall we?"

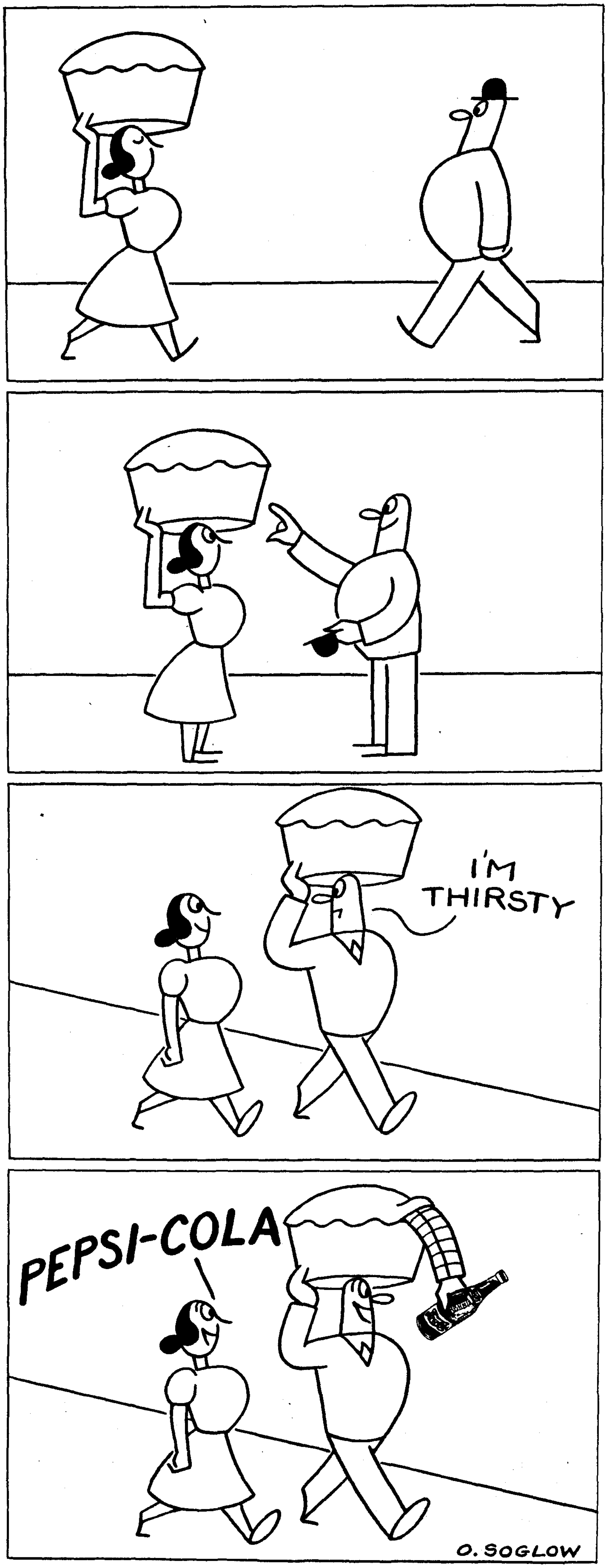
Right, the first time, he thought. She sat there looking back at him, with open blue eyes that seemed never for a moment to have dreamed there was anything not straight that needed to be got that way, and yet at the same time seemed to say she was waiting for him to go on, interested in anything he had to say and very happy to listen to him say it.

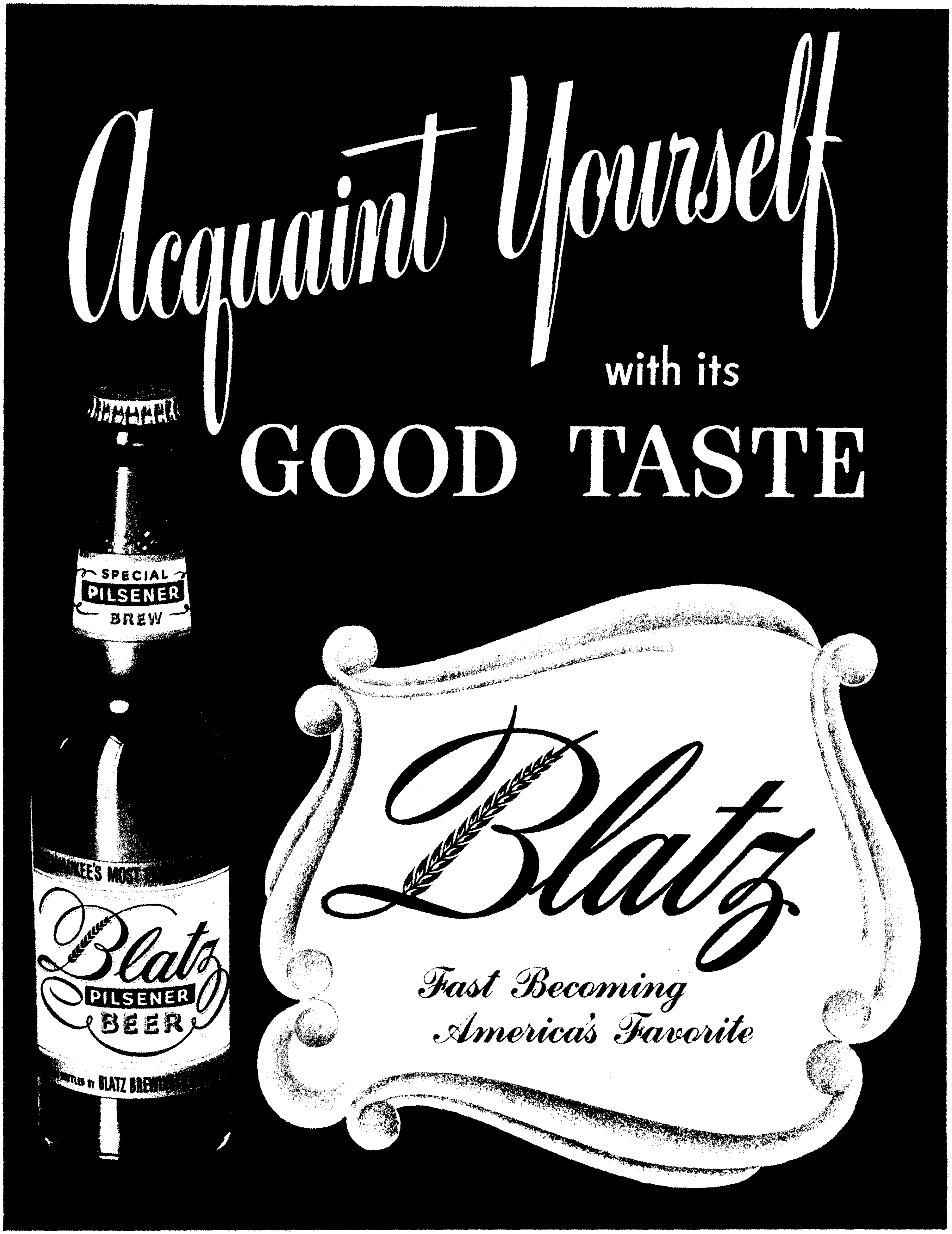
"What, for instance, darling?" she asked.

"Lisa Talbot, for one thing," he said.

"Oh, of course," Sybil said. "I was going to ask you if we shouldn't ask Lisa and her father over for dinner . . . in fact, I've already done it. I called her up while you were in the bathroom."

A long yellow tear of egg yolk dripped

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off Charlie's fork onto his necktie and slipped down to his shirt front before he put his fork down hastily and took up his napkin to wipe it off. She was going calmly on:

"I acted very badly last night—I don't know what got into me. And I thought the only decent thing to do was to ask them over, just to show you I'm not a . . . a horrid jealous cat, the way I sounded last night."

"Are they coming?"

It was all he could manage to say, and he did that with difficulty.

"She said she would but she wasn't sure about her father."

She was as unconcerned as ten o'clock on a lovely morning in the middle of May.

"Doesn't he ever go out? Mr. Talbot, I mean?"

"Not often," Charlie said.

"Why not?"

"He doesn't want to, I guess."

HE WENT over to the closet to get out another shirt and tie. The clippings in the chest in the attic came sharply into his mind. He'd better get them, the first chance he had.

"What I want to get straightened out, Sybil, is this," he said, trying to be as casual about the whole thing as she was. "And I really want us to get it straight. We administer the trust that Lisa's grandfather left her, and that's why I have to go over there. I'm not going for any other reason—and certainly not because I have any personal interest in Lisa Talbot. It's my job. I did it before I left, and Dad's handed it back to me. It saves time—and the job takes a lot of time, because the estate's all tied up in knots."

"Why is it all tied in knots?"

He stopped buttoning up his fresh shirt for an instant and glanced quickly over at her.

"It's a long story, honey, that I couldn't tell you even if I thought you'd be particularly interested. You know—the clients' business sort of thing. It's just the way the trust happens to be."

He leaned over the dressing table to adjust his tie.

"We'll need a man if Mr. Talbot doesn't come," Sybil said. "Who do you think we should get?"

Charlie had a return of the lightheaded feeling.

"There's Joe Collins," he said. "He doesn't leave until the one-five tonight. Shall I ask him?"

"Why don't you? But I wish her father would come. I'd like to meet him. I see him across the creek and I always wave to him."

She looked around at him. "I think it's silly, never to go anywhere . . . don't you really, Charlie?"

He put on his coat and got a handkerchief out of the top drawer, laughing at her.

"All right, all right," he said. "Maybe you can lure him over if you go down and do a Lorelei on the river bank."

He came over to the bed and kissed her. She raised her mouth and smilingly twisted it away, letting him kiss her cheek. "You'll be all over lipstick," she said. . . . "I'll call you about Joe when Lisa calls me."

"Okay." Charlie kissed the top of her head lightly, and went down the stairs, still not sure whether that was the way the scene was written or whether it was just the way she'd decided it should be played. It left him with a curious sense of having not been there at all, and with an awareness that he didn't know whether to take it and be grateful for it, or to be disappointed at having resolved nothing.

Sybil's gay lighted smile faded instantly as she heard Charlie reach the staircase. Without moving another muscle she turned her eyes toward the door, straining them, blue and intent, waiting for him to go. As he crossed the hall to the front door she put her hand out, picked up the phone book, rippled through it hastily and dialed a number, the pulse in her throat beating rapidly.

She recognized the voice answering, and relaxed. If her luck would hold all through this, it would be a break she could never expect again.

"Hello, Lisa," she said. "This is Sybil Hale, darling. How are you? Isn't it a divine morning?"

She glanced quickly over at the window. It could have been pouring, the sleet coming down in sheets, for all she knew. But the strip of sky that she could see was blue.

"Look, darling—can you and your father dine with us tonight? Or just you, if you can't persuade him to come. Do say yes."

She held her breath, the pulse beating a faster tap-tap in her throat, her eyes sharp with anxiety. Then she breathed deeply.

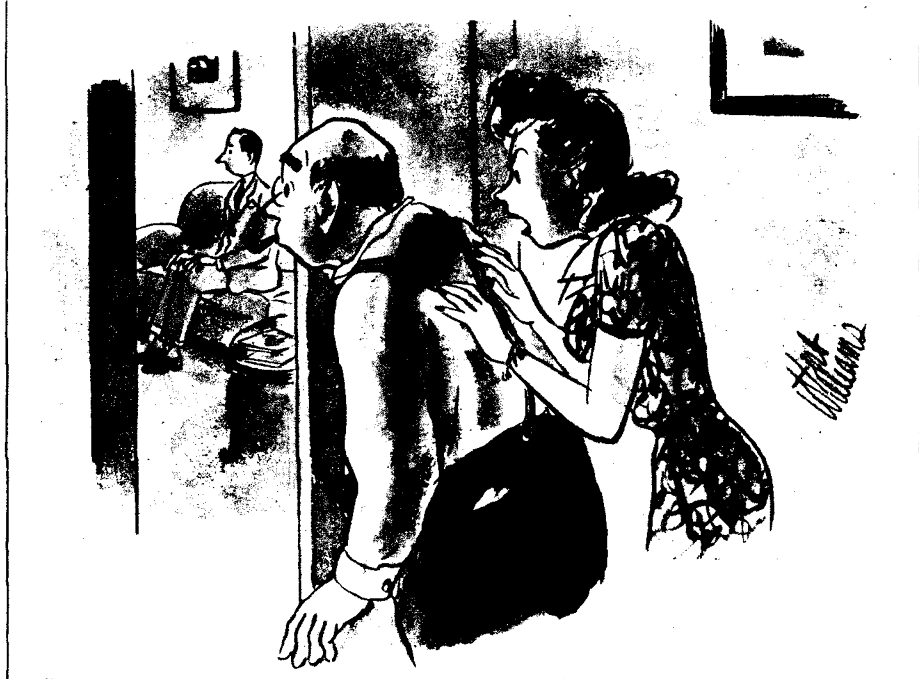
"That's wonderful," she said. "At a quarter to seven. It's all very spur-of-the-moment. Do try to persuade your father to come. I'm dying to meet him."

It didn't matter now, particularly, but it completed the statement and showed her luck was in to the last. Lisa was saying, "Don't count on him. He isn't in now, but when he comes I'll ask him and call you back."

"All right, dear," Sybil said lightly. "It'll be nice to see you."

She put the phone back, sitting with her hand resting on it for a moment, and laughed a little. It was a narrow escape. It could have been very awkward. Oh, well, she thought. It didn't matter now, and she wouldn't have had to do it if Charlie hadn't started on the subject of the night before. That was the impulse of a moment, to get him off, and it had worked out all right. She shrugged lightly and reached for the bell. When Althea came she put her head out of the bathroom.

"Miss Talbot and Mr. Collins are dining with us tonight. You know what they like to eat, so I'll leave it to you. Mr. Talbot may come, too—we don't know yet. And the Grimeses for lunch, remember."



"Now get up your courage, Pop. Go right in and ask Edgar if he'll marry me"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

She finished her bath, looking at herself in the mirrored walls, each reflection a lovely echo calling to her, reassuring her again and again. She leaned close to the glass panel behind the tub and examined her face critically. There was nothing there to remind her of last night's face. This was clear as a river pool after a ravaging torrent had swept over it. It seemed entirely right and proper to her that this should be so. After all, today was another day.

Nevertheless, yesterday was too close to be discarded entirely, and Sybil Hale's instinct for self-preservation was too deeply grounded for her not to realize that she couldn't go on making the kind of scene she'd made last night. It was too great a physical and emotional strain for one thing, and for another it was not the way to deal with Charlie Hale. She rubbed cold cream into her face and throat and wiped it off, thinking slowly and carefully. There was no sense in going on living at Halethorpe with Lisa Talbot under her nose and Charlie's the rest of her life. Having Lisa that close was bad enough in itself, in any case, but having Charlie there every day was complete suicide.

One of the things about Charlie was that he was a shocking innocent when it came to women. He didn't know, for instance, and had never for a moment suspected it, that he wasn't returned to Texas either by accident or because a general officer liked his blue eyes. He'd never suspected that, and he'd never suspect that Lisa Talbot was after him until he was as tied up in knots as the estate he was supposed to supervise. There was only one solution to the problem: either they had to leave Halethorpe or Lisa Talbot had to leave Hollyrood . . . and since she had no intention of leaving Halethorpe it was all really quite simple.

SYBIL thought on: It wasn't only her life that was being wrecked, it was Lisa's, too; she was really doing Lisa a favor by getting her out of the way as quickly as she could. It was perfectly clear to her that Lisa would be delighted to sell Hollyrood if she could. It was, however, just as clear that she wouldn't sell it for a million dollars if she thought it was Sybil who wanted to buy it. The two truths seemed axiomatic in Sybil's mind—she had only to put herself in Lisa's place. And this morning her mind was working swiftly and to the point.

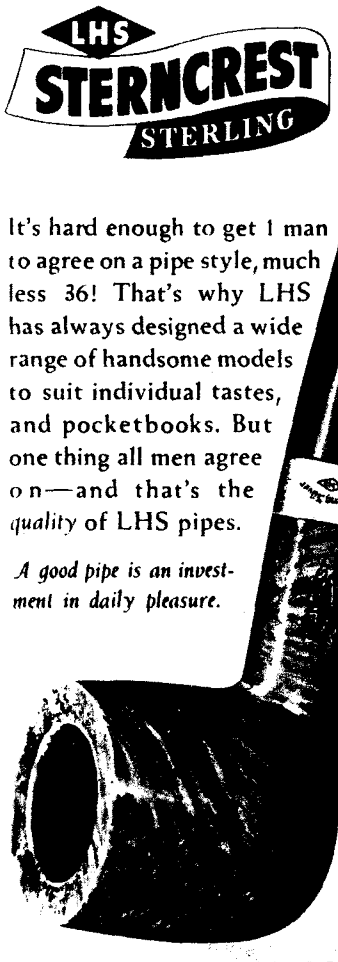
She listened to her father talk too often not to have heard about estates tied up in knots, and remembering that, she saw instantly what had not been clear before: Lisa couldn't sell under the terms of the trust. But in all probability the trust had been drawn up by Charlie's father, a small-town lawyer who'd served one term on the circuit court. What he thought were knots would be a breeze to her father's lawyers, who knew how to untie knots that Judge Hale had never heard of. She had only to write to her father. There was a kind of mystical validity in it; if her father hadn't been dealing in oil lands so long, she wouldn't have known how to go about taking the burden of Hollyrood off Lisa's shoulders.

It was really a stroke of luck for the girl when you got right down to it. She could get out of Landover and start to live again somewhere where there were a few eligible men. The more Sybil thought of it, in fact, the more surprising it seemed that she hadn't thought of it the night before, instead of going into an emotional tailspin.

She dressed more quickly than she had for years and ran downstairs to the writing table in the living room. She wrote quickly, only stopping to look around the room to reassure herself that she was absolutely right in deciding that Lisa was the one to move. Cost was not important, she wrote. It was too urgent, her happiness too dependent on it, to quibble over money. It was easier to say it that way without going into details. She finished the letter, sealed it and put a special delivery and air mail stamp on it, and addressed it to her father's office, writing *Personal* and *Urgent* at the bottom, took it out and put it on the hall table. Lyman could mail it in town for her after lunch.

She couldn't, at the moment, decide whether it would be best to fill in the creek and use Hollyrood as a guest house, or leave

1-man pipe



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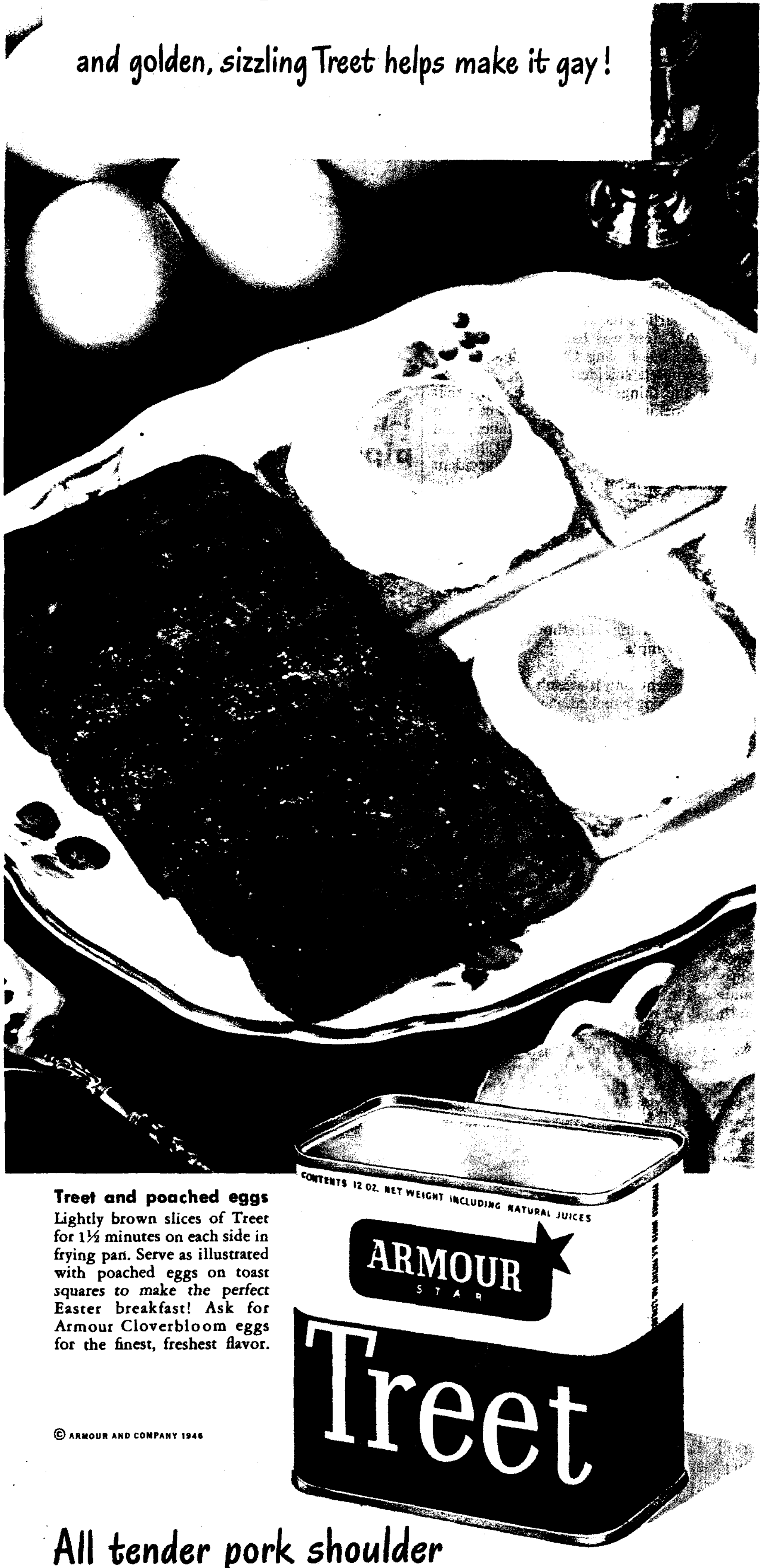

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the creek and rent to somebody they liked as soon as she found them. With the field up to the house a sloping lawn, a brick path and roses arched across it, it would be lovely. Still, she wasn't sure. She got her coat out of the closet and went out, walking along the garden path to the tulip tree, to take a look. . . .

A ROWBOAT was coming into the channel between the leafless trees. Sam was sculling, Mr. Horace Talbot standing in the bow, a line in his hand, two dogs sitting together in the stern, solemnly watching. Sybil felt a flash of sharp annoyance. It was ridiculous, always rowing a couple of spotted dogs around. She looked up at the Talbot house. It would really be very attractive, painted white and a few things done to it. And it would probably go cheap. She looked back at the boat. Mr. Talbot and his dog were tying it to the green-silvery trunk of a holly tree. A sudden impulse struck her and she walked down toward the creek.

"Hello, neighbor," she called.

He turned abruptly, surprised to see her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hale," he said. He took his hat off and bowed, smiling, too.

"Why don't you bring your boat over and talk to me?" she said. "I don't think you're being at all neighborly. You might at least come over and say, 'How do you do, Mrs. Hale—how do you like Landover?' "

He smiled again, untied the boat and threw the line in it.

"I'll be happy to," he said.

He picked up the oar and poled across. Sybil watched with a quick feeling that perhaps she'd made a mistake. His face and his smile were so gentle, so like a child's, that it suddenly came to her that he might not be entirely right in his mind . . . that that was why Sam had to be with him all the time. But it was too late now. He got out of the boat and held out his hand.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hale. How do you like Landover?"

His eyes twinkled, and both his eyes and his smile had an overtone of admiration in them, acknowledging a beautiful woman, that Sybil recognized at once. She shook hands with him, laughing and quite pleased.

"I've asked you and Lisa over for dinner tonight," she said. "I *hope* you're coming. I've been wanting to meet you—I've heard so much about you."

Apparently it was not the right thing to say—a shadow seemed to fall on his face.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll have to talk it over with Lisa. I go out so seldom I'm afraid my manners are a little rusty."

"But why on earth don't you go out?" Sybil demanded. "Do you just *like* to stay home? I do wish you'd come."

He smiled. "It's sweet of you, Mrs. Hale. I'll let you know, shall I? It's been very pleasant, the last two weeks, seeing you over here. Halethorpe's been lonely without any young people around it for so long."

"Thank you," Sybil said. "That's sweet of *you* to say. Of course, I adore it. It's so nice after Texas. It's sort of a dream place, it's so different."

He smiled at that.

"Any place that's different is, isn't it?" he said. "I used to have an idea that I'd like to go to Texas. But I'm afraid it gets farther away every year."

It seemed to her there was a kind of gentle sadness in his gray eyes for a moment.

"This has been pleasant, Mrs. Hale," he said then. "If I don't come, I hope you'll excuse me. I'll see you again."

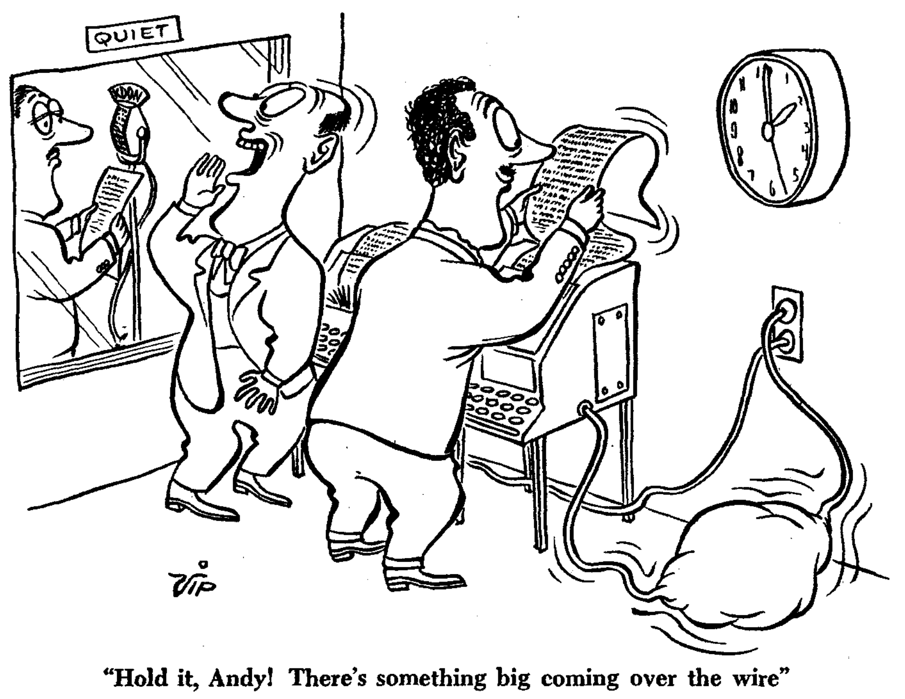
She watched him pole the boat across, and started back up the slope to the garden. It was so crazy not to let him go places, she thought; he was sweet. If he had on white tie and tails he'd really be an extremely distinguished-looking person. Perhaps he didn't have any decent clothes to wear, though, or there might be something funny about him that she didn't see. But it was more probably Lisa.

She went on into the house, started to take off her coat, and looked around her. There were a lot of chrysanthemums still unnipped by frost in the garden, and while the house was lovely without them, she wanted it perfect for Lyman Grimes. She got the garden scissors and went back out. As she clipped off the yellow flowers she felt young again, almost like a child, pleased with herself. Mr. Talbot's obvious admiration had helped, certainly, to make her light and iridescent as a rainbow on a misty sunlit morning. It wasn't vanity, she thought, it was just a natural desire for approval . . . for the approval that somehow had mostly slipped through her fingers here in Landover. She didn't realize how desperate her need for reassurance and approval really was, or how easily she could be made happy, or how easily she could be driven back into the old tormenting fear of failure and emptiness.

Her feet lilted up the path as if they had music boxes in them, and she put the chrysanthemums in a silver wine cooler on the writing table, happier than she'd been since the morning before when time had slipped by without her noticing it. The gold of the flowers against the green of the walls and the darker green of the curtains was lovely. She looked around. It was all wonderful. As she danced upstairs to wash her hands and renew her lipstick she caught a quick glimpse of herself in the hall mirror. She looked lovelier than she had for a long time, and she knew it.

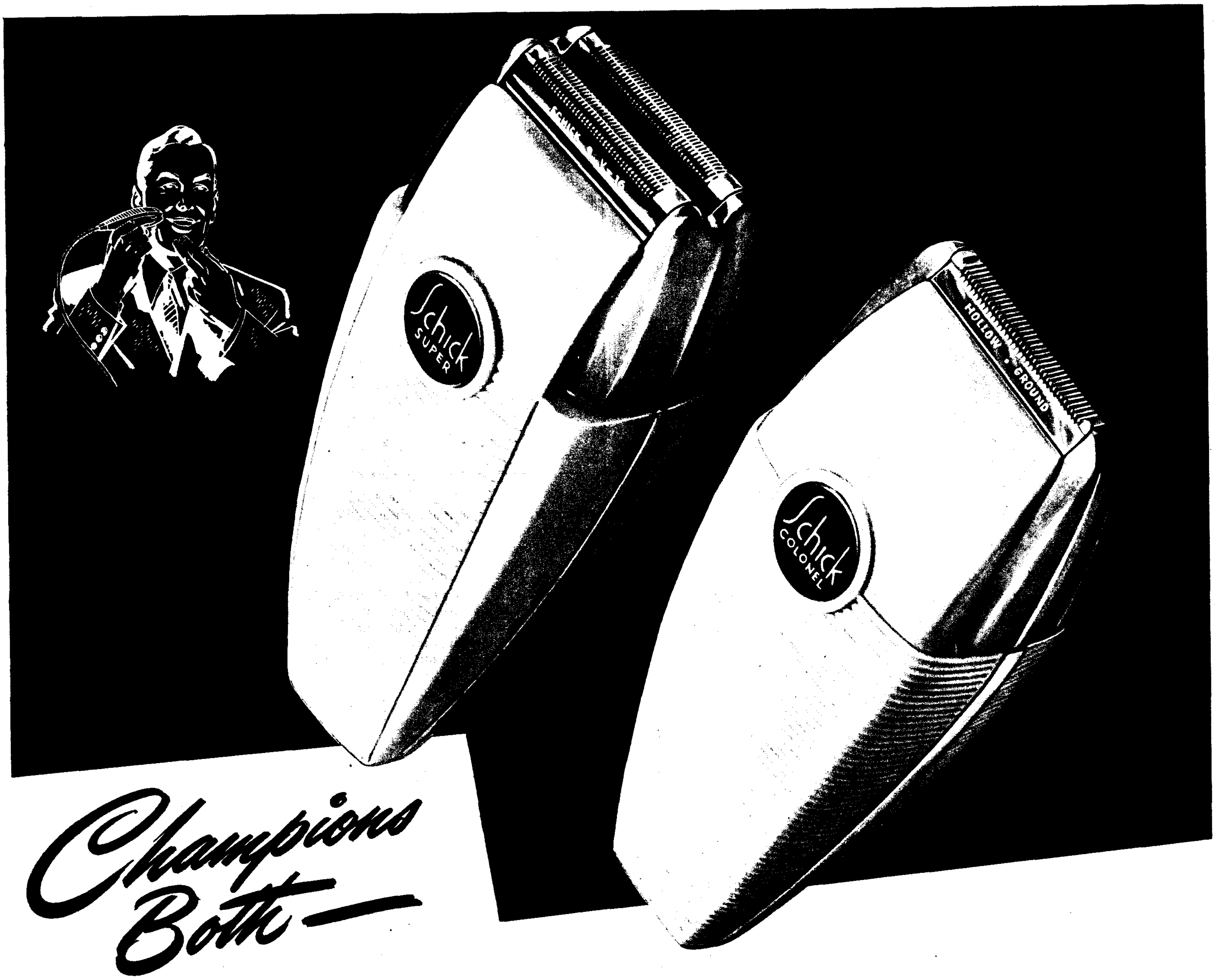
SYBIL sat calmly in the living room and waited until Althea, smartly dressed in a gray silk uniform, answered the bell. Then she came out into the hall.

"Hello, Lyman—how nice!" She was delighted to see him. He was reassuring in the same way that her mirror was, and she was as pleased now to be reassured as she had been the day of the Hales' party, if somehow



"Hold it, Andy! There's something big coming over the wire"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH



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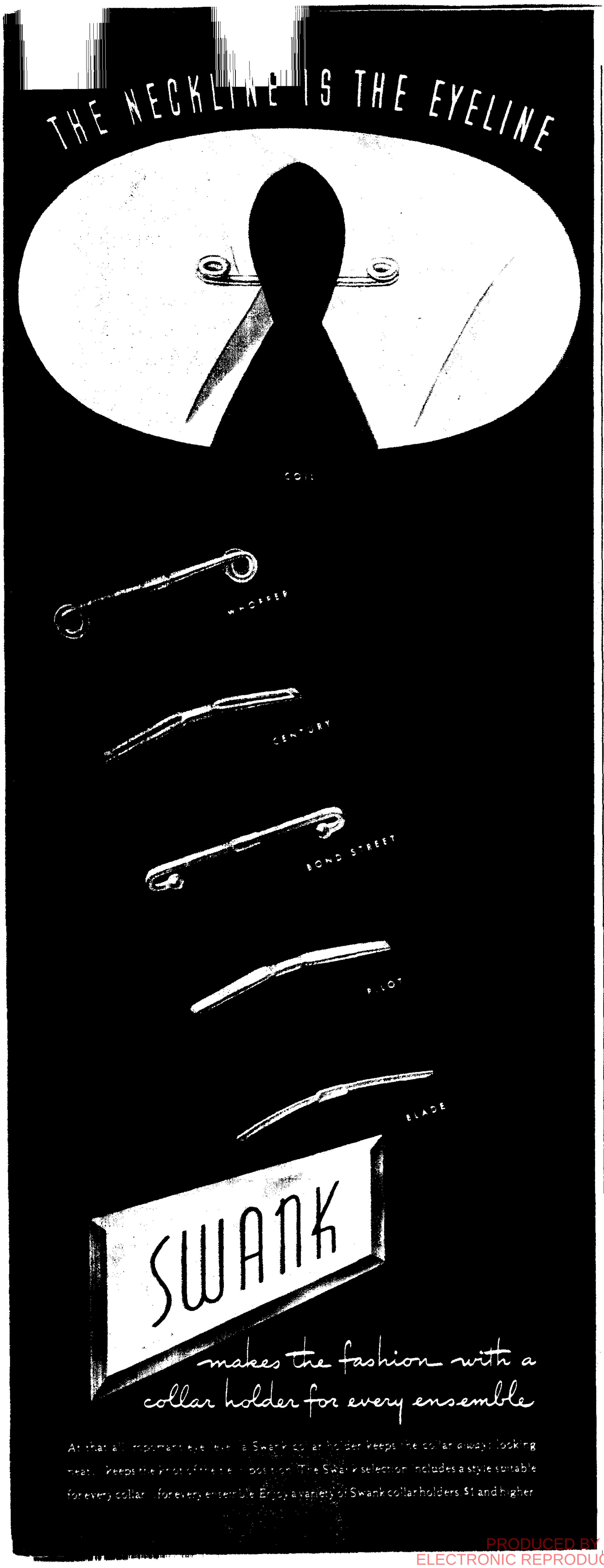

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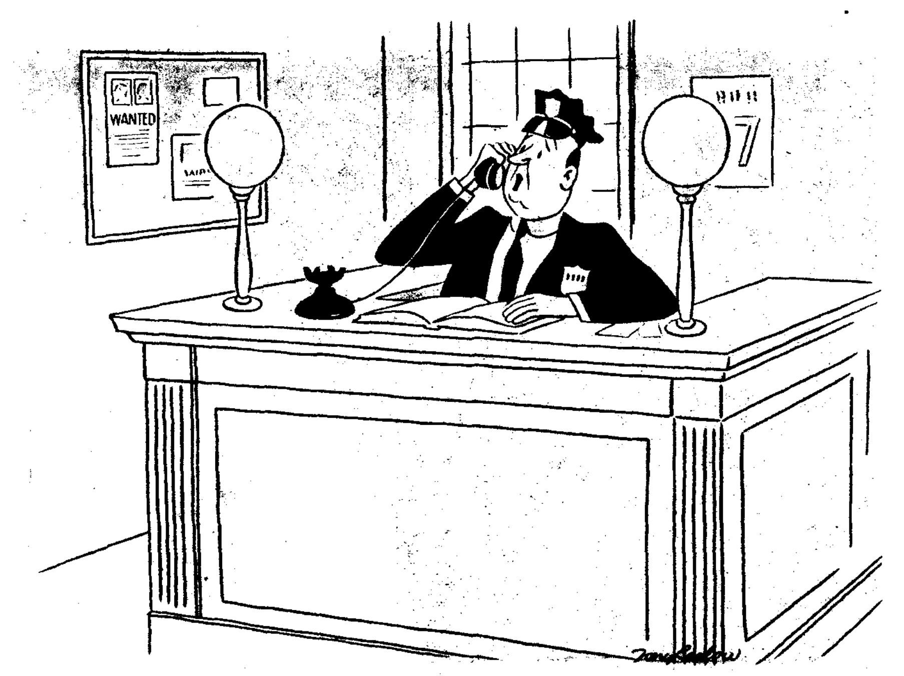

"I can't send anyone right now—have you tried yelling 'police!'?"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

a little surprised again to find him well-groomed and easy and acceptable. "Where's your mother? Isn't she coming?"

He gave Althea his camel's-hair coat and black felt hat and came forward with his hand out.

"Hello, Sybil. This is swell! Mother's knee went bad all of a sudden. I thought I'd come on anyway. I have to go out to Martha Kennedy's later. She's throwing a big party for Lisa's birthday next month, and we're figuring up something really hot."

"Oh, really?" Sybil said.

"Yes. You've got to meet her, she's a peach. But you will—Bertram, that's her husband—is going to get Charlie to take over a lot of his stuff so he won't have to dash up to New York all the time. You'll like both of them."

He followed Sybil into the living room.

"What will you have?" she asked. "Old-fashioned? Or sherry?"

Lyman sat down at the other end of the sofa and looked at her. There was a slightly puzzled look on his face for a bare instant.

"Oh, I guess an old-fashioned," he said. "I've lived in Landover so long now, I'm as vulgar as everybody else."

THERE was definitely a slight line between his eyebrows as he looked at her. Something was wrong with her, Sybil thought. She wondered if her lipstick was smeared. As she got up to ring for Althea she glanced quickly at herself in the mirror. She looked all right, as far as she could see. She turned back to her guest. He was looking about the room, at the walls, the two portraits on either side of the chest-on-chest, at the curtains. She sipped her cocktail, waiting, a little disappointed that he had not immediately said how lovely it was.

"I take it our climate doesn't agree with you?" he said. "It *is* lousy."

"It isn't at all," Sybil said. She was disappointed, but still more puzzled. "We've had beautiful weather."

"Sorry. I just thought you looked a little pale. A lot of people don't agree with it. It took Martha Kennedy almost a year."

"Really," Sybil said. She didn't mean to sound stiff, but she was getting a little tired of Martha Kennedy, and definitely hurt at his attitude toward her house. Then, because she really didn't want to sound unpleasant in her own home, she smiled and said, "Well, what do you think of it?" She motioned with her hand around the room.

He took a sip of his cocktail and put it down. "Oh, it's very nice, isn't it?"

Sybil felt her face flush. She used that tone of voice herself on saleswomen who were waiting for a comment on some ghastly little number they hoped she might buy.

He smiled engagingly, raising his hands in a deprecatory gesture.

"Don't misunderstand me, Sybil. That's just me . . . me and what Landover does to me. This *is* very nice, of course. But in my opinion, if you've got a farmhouse you've got a farmhouse. Why dress it up as if it were a mansion? All this business of hanging on to stuff because your great-grandmother got it for a wedding present bores the hell out of me. But, I suppose if you've never lived with it, it's okay."

His glance moved over the two early Hales looking rigidly down on them. "Of course, you're used to good painting. These are so bad they must seem actually quaint to you. It's a darned shame Landover didn't happen to draw a real artist for a coach painter, the way some places did. But as I say, if you like it, it's swell."

Althea appeared in the doorway. "Lunch is served, Mrs. Hale."

"Shall we go in?" Sybil said. She walked with quick steps into the dining room. "Will you sit there?" She was trying to keep her lips from trembling, and it was a moment or two before she could raise her eyes to look at him. He was sitting there staring at her, his napkin half-unfolded in his hand.

"Wait a minute!" he said.

He got up and dashed back to the living room. Sybil looked around after him, her face blank. He was back again almost at once.

"I'll be damned," he said. "I'm slipping—but fast. And I ought to know better. It's the way I make my living."

He seemed so amused that Sybil, annoyed again, went on with her soup, waiting until he decided to put it into plain language.

"I take it all back about our climate. I thought you looked positively sick, darling, but, of course, it's that green room in there."

She looked up, blue eyes blank.

"What I mean is, with your coloring you just can't use green. It ruins you. You ought to know that, darling. You don't ever *wear* green, do you?"

Sybil shook her head. As a matter of fact, she never did—either green or yellow.

Lyman Grimes laughed again.

"I didn't think so. Then why live in a green room? If you had blond hair and brown eyes and honey-colored skin it would be a horse of a different hue. But you don't."

He shrugged. "I don't suppose Mrs. Hale ever thought you wouldn't be a blonde. She'd naturally expect you to be a blonde with brown eyes. Lisa's living room is green, by the way, and it's very good for her. It's funny about types, isn't it."

He talked on. Sybil smiled and nodded, listening to him without hearing very much of what he said.

"We'll have coffee here, Althea," she said at last.

"No, let's take it in the living room," Lyman said. He pushed his chair back. "Let's figure out a decent color for you. Don't misunderstand me, darling—but you're too striking a type to let a color wreck you. And you're probably like me, terribly sensitive to the color you live with. It does crazy things to you if it's not right. So . . . if you find yourself getting low, or suddenly starting to raise hell with Charlie for no reason at all, just get out of this room and you'll be okay."

Sybil listened to that. It could easily be true. It might be what had happened to her the night before. She'd certainly not been herself, and it could have been the color of the room. It was odd she hadn't thought of all this herself, when she first came to the house. She knew perfectly well, by intuition and reason, about not wearing green, and she'd read something somewhere, she remembered, about people actually going crazy, living with certain colors.

He went over to the window, picked up the curtain and looked at it, and then looked out across the creek. Sybil glanced over at him. He was looking at Hollyrood.

"Do you know Mr. Talbot?" she asked, pouring out a cup of coffee. She was glad to change the subject in the first place, but in the second it was a chance that she might not get again, to ask casually about Mr. Talbot.

"Oh, I know him very well."

"He was over this morning."

He turned and looked at her with definite surprise.

"I was down at the creek and he rowed over to my side, for a few minutes," Sybil explained. "I believe he hardly ever goes off the place."

Lyman nodded without comment.

"What *is* the matter with him? There must be something."

"Why?"

"Why, because," Sybil said. "It doesn't make sense, otherwise. He seems so nice, but there must be something."

"Look, my dear child," Lyman Grimes said deliberately. "If you think Horace Talbot is lonely over there, you're crazy. He's the only really civilized human being in Landover. He's perfectly happy where he is, just . . . aloof from it all. I wish I had his detachment. I wish I were one tenth the guy he is."

Sybil looked at him in genuine surprise.

"I mean, he's really a lovely guy," Lyman said. "He doesn't say much, but there's something about him that makes everybody crazy about him. You must have felt it this morning, didn't you?"

SYBIL nodded. She had felt it. It was hard to put her finger on it, but she remembered coming back to the house and going out for the flowers feeling a kind of natural grace that she hadn't felt for a long time.

"Everybody does. He knows what life's all about. So what goes on in Landover isn't very important to him any more."

Sybil was silent for a moment, thinking. He was looking toward the window again. She said, "That's a cute little house they have, isn't it."

He turned and put down his coffee cup, looking at her, and smiled, his eyebrows raising a little.

"What's the matter with that?" she demanded. "I think it's a *sweet* house. I don't see anything amusing—"

"My dear!" His face sobered at once and he picked up his cup again. "I'm not being amused—except at your adjective. Of course it's a sweet house. But it's . . . rather more. That house happens to be the very real McCoy."

She looked at him blankly, started to say, "What *do* you mean?" and stopped, just looking at him.

He laughed good-humoredly. "Now don't tell me you didn't know Hollyrood is one of the absolute gems of the Tidewater. It's something very special. And thank God, nobody's ever had money enough to do it over. Even Lisa'd put a coat of paint on it if she had the dough."

"You . . . don't think houses ought to be painted?" Sybil asked. It was all she could think of to say, at the moment.

"Not good brick houses. Clapboard over brick, like this, sure. A place like Hollyrood's a different cup of tea. It's a really distinguished small house."

He looked around him.

"Now take this place. This is a perfectly ordinary farmhouse built around 1810—Hollyrood was built in 1740—and a farmhouse was all it was supposed to be and it was a darned good one. Some people named Thorpe built it, and then the Hales bought it and added a story, and the hall, and this wing, and made it into something it never started out to be— But that's me again, darling."

He smiled at her engagingly.

"Now, if I were you, Sybil, I'd do this in blue with a lot of white. Or blue with some shades of red, but blue walls—anything just so you keep off green and yellow-beige. They're no good for you. Also, I'd get a lot of this junk out of here, if you can do it without hurting the family's feelings."

He got up. "I'll tell you. Why don't I call Martha Kennedy and tell her you're coming out with me? Her house is really something. Of course she's got real dough—no taste of her own, but she's smart enough to know it. Will you go?"

"No, thank you," Sybil said. "I'd like to see the house, but I'd have to meet her first."

"I'll ask her to call you," Lyman said. "She's not the calling-card type, but you really ought to know her. She's a gal."

He looked at his watch. "Lord, I've got to rush. She'll be in a rage if I barge in half an hour late. Thanks a lot for feeding me, darling."

AT THE front door he looked back. "Don't forget to do something about that seasick green. You'll have to forgive me, my dear, but it stinks—it really does. So long now. I'll be seeing you."

He was gone then, so anxious to be on his way to Martha Kennedy's house that he didn't even stop to put on his coat. Sybil stood looking after him silently. She had to swallow to get rid of the bitter taste in her mouth. His car roared off down the drive, impatient to be gone, leaving the house in a silence that drifted around her like a heavy snow, isolating her, cutting her off from her last human contact.

She turned back into the living room, glancing briefly through the window at the house on the rise across the creek. It was a magnet, drawing her husband first . . . and now even Lyman had deserted her. She moved her eyes slowly around the room, seeing the green walls, the green curtains, the yellow flowers, the stiffly naïve primitive paintings of the early Hales, the chest-on-chest between them.

She went to the mirror over the mantel and looked at herself for a long time, silently and intently. She'd assumed before that her reflection was dimmed because the silver on the back had discolored. But perhaps that wasn't it at all, and the slightly greenish look she had in it was really the way she looked, against the green walls behind her. . . .

She went out into the hall, took down the mirror there, brought it back into the living room and looked at herself again. She was pale, her eyes greenish-gray, not blue at all. She looked at the mirror silently, took it back into the hall and hung it up, looking into it again to see if there was any difference. But there wouldn't be, of course; the walls there were green, too.

She turned quickly and went back into the living room. The pile of glowing salmon-pink letters was still there on the writing table. She picked them up, went quickly to the fireplace and flung them down on the burning logs. They caught fire and flamed up except for three on the top that slid down toward her. One of the three was this morning's letter to her father. It lay in front of her like a beacon: "Special Delivery . . . Air Mail . . . Personal and Urgent . . ." She reached down quickly, snatched it away from the flames, brushed the ashes off it and stood looking at it for a moment before she ripped it open and threw the envelope back in the fire. She went to the writing table and without stopping to sit down, picked up her pen, addressed a new envelope and wrote on the last page of the letter:

P. S.—I've got to have the house, Dad. No ifs and buts about it. No matter how much it costs. I've got to have it. I'll be home to see you soon and I'll tell you about it. It's most important.

(To be continued next week)

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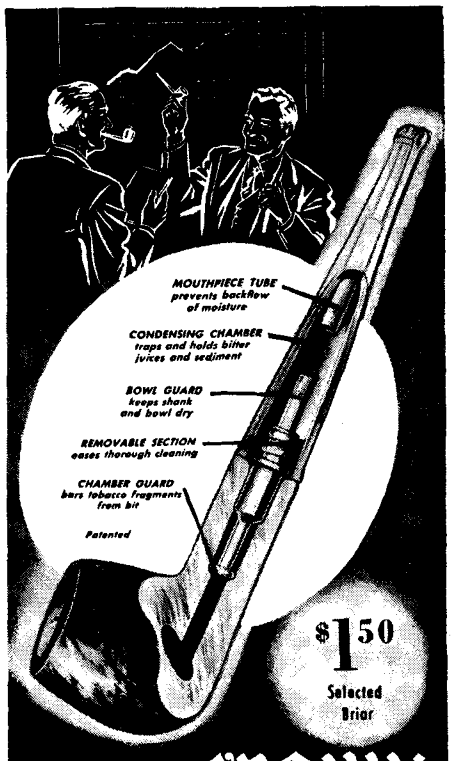
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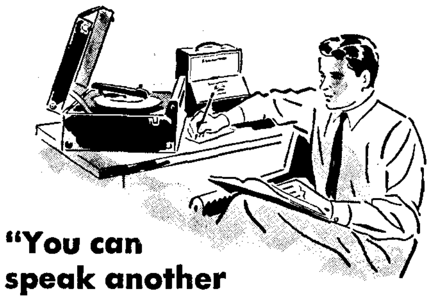

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Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX
The SULFA Preparation For ATHLETE'S FOOT

The Week's Work

GEORGE ABBATE

When these two clowns aren't clowning, they are making layouts

IT'S something Collier's editors don't do regularly, the more's the pity, but one day an editor did drop into the Metropolitan Museum. There, among examples of contemporary art, was a large oil painting entitled Freight and signed by one John C. Pellew. Could this, the editor wondered, be our John C. Pellew?

Sure enough it was, the same Jack Pellew, who with Frederick A. Jacobson lays out the pages of Collier's magazine. Pellew, during his year at Collier's, has kept it very quiet, but the fact is he is a successful fine arts painter, whose work is represented not only in the Metropolitan but in other museums throughout the country. For the past 12 years his work has been shown in major art exhibits, including the National Academy, Whitney Museum, Carnegie International, Springfield Museum, Chicago Art Institute and others. The Brooklyn Museum recently purchased a New Hampshire landscape by him, and in 1943 ten of his paintings were part of a goodwill exhibition of American art sent to South America. He has had three one-man shows at the 57th Street Galleries.

All of this adds up to success as a fine artist—but not, Pellew says, to financial success. Somebody has figured out that the average earnings of a successful fine artist in America is $1,800. Pellew considers that figure a little high.

In the photograph above, you see Pellew, left, and Jacobson in a playful moment. The clowning occurred at the New York Athletic Club's annual show. Pellew uses trick props that he builds himself. A violin that falls apart before it can be played, magic that never quite comes off and a fake ventriloquist act. During the war he clowned at servicemen's shows and Red Cross benefits. His acting, he says, is right off the cob. But his paintings of clowns are far from corn. They are among his more successful serious productions.

His favorite subject, however, is his daughter, Elma Corinne, age fourteen. She was the central figure in his painting Thirteen, recently shown at the Carnegie Institute exhibit.

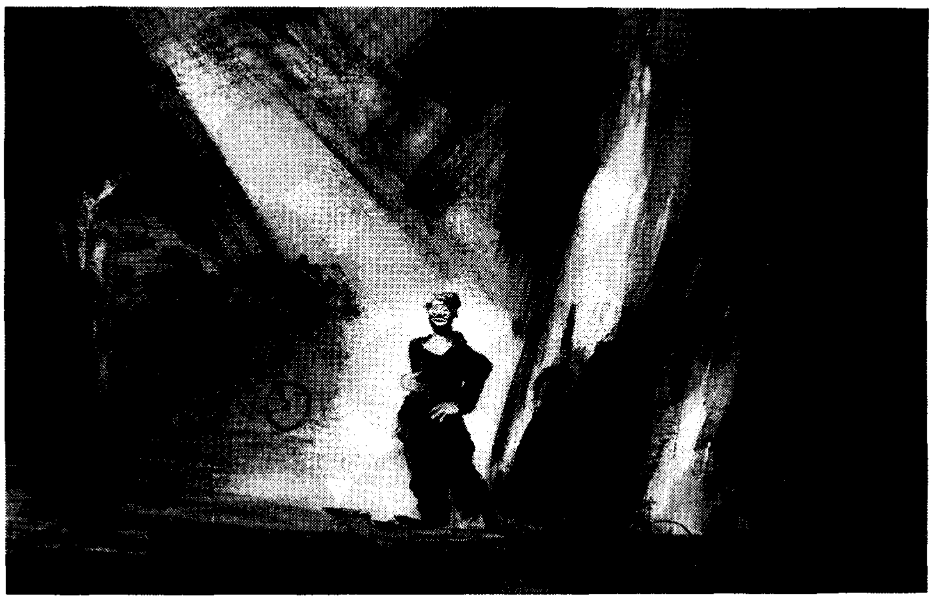
TO THE drawing boards of Pellew and Jacobson comes the raw material of each issue of Collier's, the paintings, photographs, titles, captions and copy, and it is up to them to shape the scattered parts into pages.

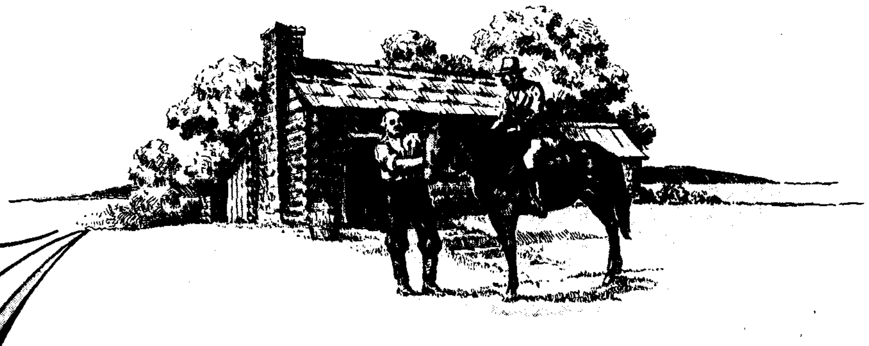
Under direction of William O. Chessman, art director, they decide the size and shape and placement of illustrations, the kind and size of lettering to be used, the pink undertone of some pages, the green overcast of others. The idea of it all is to make Collier's pleasant to look at and easy on the eyes.

Mr. Jacobson, who has been at Collier's 21 years, is the senior member of the art department staff, having come here just one month ahead of Chessman. He had worked with Chess in an advertising agency and, before that, had served as layout designer and art director on a number of magazines. His first job, when he came to New York from Glyndon, Minn., was designing cigar-box labels.

This week's cover: The scene on the cover is something Artist Leon Gregori happened to see on a Brooklyn street last fall: "This gorgeous girl, all dressed up grown-up style, but too young to resist muscling in on the kids' game of hopscotch."... A. P.

Pellew's "Enter Joe Jackson" was exhibited in the Springfield (Mass.) Museum





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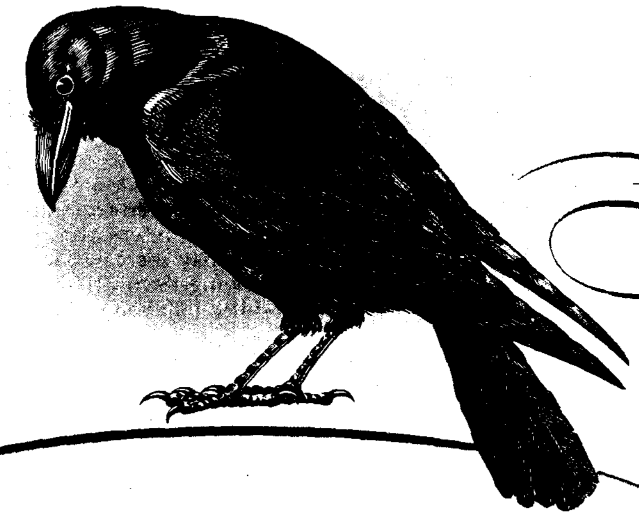

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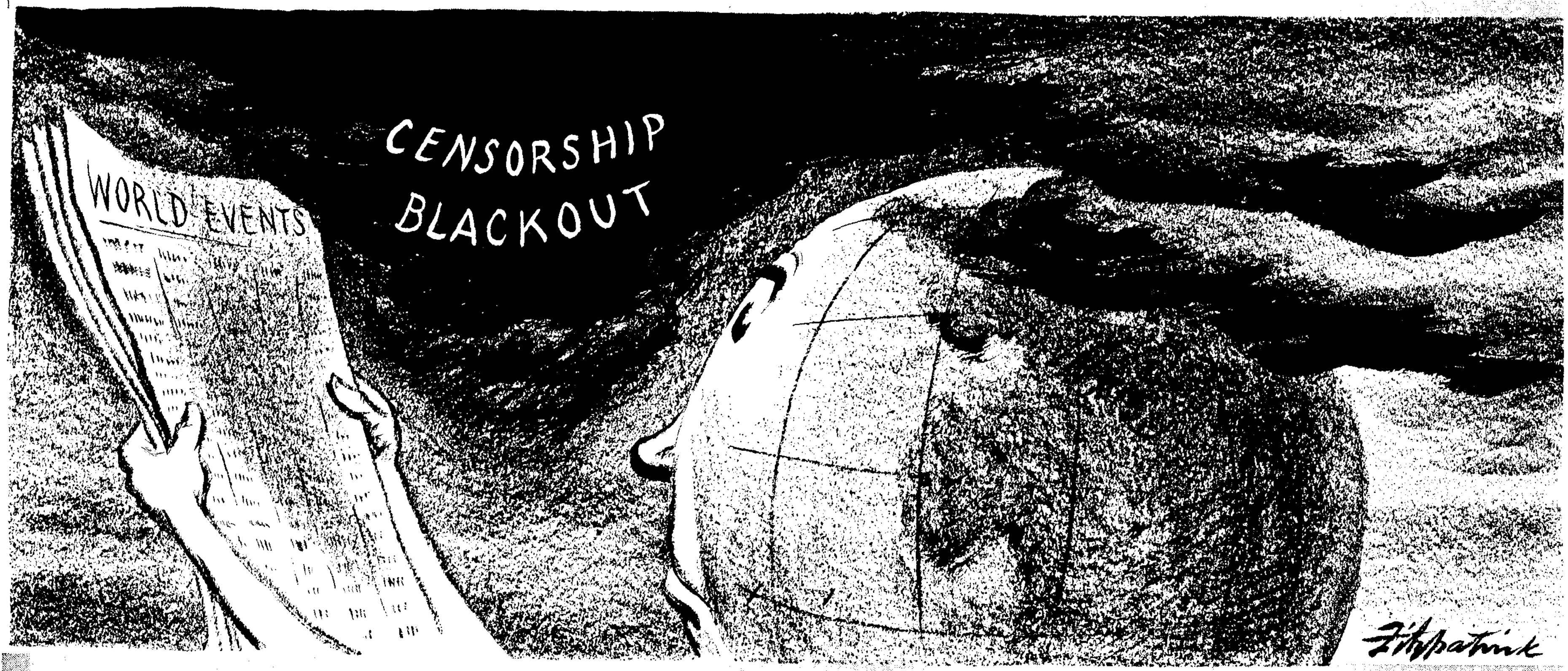


WORLD FREEDOM OF NEWS

MANY people believe, and it seems a logical belief, that if the various nations of the world could just get to know one another better there would be a good deal more hope of averting another World War than there now seems to be.

This international getting to know one another better would call for getting acquainted with one another's national aspirations, hopes, fears, folkways, traditions, etc., etc.—the things a well-informed person knows about his or her own country.

Obviously, this international understanding could be best promoted if press and radio correspondents of all countries were free to go into all other countries, look around with a minimum of official supervision or censorship, and report back their findings to magazines, newspapers and radio listeners at home.

It may come as a surprise to some Americans to learn that in many countries at the present time correspondents have no such liberties. Correspondents from all friendly nations can come here and report home virtually anything they please; but with many countries this rule does not work both ways.

Censorship of outgoing news and views is particularly tough in China, Russia, Spain, and certain South American countries.

The chief results are distorted notions in other countries about the tough-censor countries. None of such notions contribute to the above-mentioned world-wide mutual understanding as important factors in preserving the peace.

It has been suggested that correspondents form an international organization, to work for the extension of freedom of the news all over the world. American and British correspondents might well take the lead in starting such an organization; but the more inclusive it membership, the better.

This group could agitate in numerous ways fo complete world news freedom. It could bring variou kinds of entirely legitimate pressure to bear on som governments for the granting of that freedom.

Considering that this campaign might entail the difference between another World War and a lasting peace the effort would be tremendously worth while.

This suggestion is circulating among some of th correspondents, notably the members of the Overseas Press Club of America. It is much to be hoped we believe, that some sort of correspondents' organization for world freedom of news may come int vigorous existence before many more internationa misunderstandings have been stimulated by many mor ham-handed censors.

REAL LABOR STATESMANSHIP

Labor must never forget that it is part of the general public, and that when the public suffers, labor suffers.

WE BORROW the above statement from a remarkable article printed in the March issue of the Postal Record, American Federation of Labor publication devoted to the interests of the Post Office Department employees. The author is W. C. Doherty, A.F. of L. vice-president, and the article is about as enlightened a discussion of labor statesmanship as we've seen.

Particularly astute, we think, is Mr. Doherty's (and other A.F. of L. leaders') view of pay increases in a time when, as now, a bad inflation is threatened. As Doherty sees it, no pay increase which will crack a price ceiling in an inflationary period should be even requested. The reason is clear. It is simply that if prices are forced up every time pay goes up, the pay increases will mean nothing to the workers receiving them. If the process goes on long enough, unbridled inflation will have been let loose.

The Doherty article contains, too, some cogent comments going to demonstrate that the strike weapon should be kept as a weapon of last resort, and should never be used on impulse, or out of ill temper, or because some labor leader wants to make some publicity for himself.

Some strikes are unquestionably justified; and labo should by all means retain the right to strike. But Doherty urges, and we think with great wisdom, that th workers in all cases go into strikes only with their eye open and after they have reckoned up all possible cost to themselves.

This article seems to us to be a real contribution t management-labor thinking in this country. Our feelin is that the A.F. of L. could do a lot worse than to hav several thousand copies of the piece printed in pamphle form and mailed around to industrial and labor leader the press, the colleges' economics departments, and s on. It ought to do a great deal of good.

COMMERCE PERKS UP

WE'RE speaking of the Department of Commerce; and specifically of plans worked out by Alfred Schindler, Undersecretary of Commerce and liaison man between Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace and business.

Schindler says, in brief, that a lot of unnecessary costs now enter into production of various goods. These costs can be ascribed, he says, to outworn business codes, interstate trade barriers, and kindred things which "increase the cost of a product and not its value."

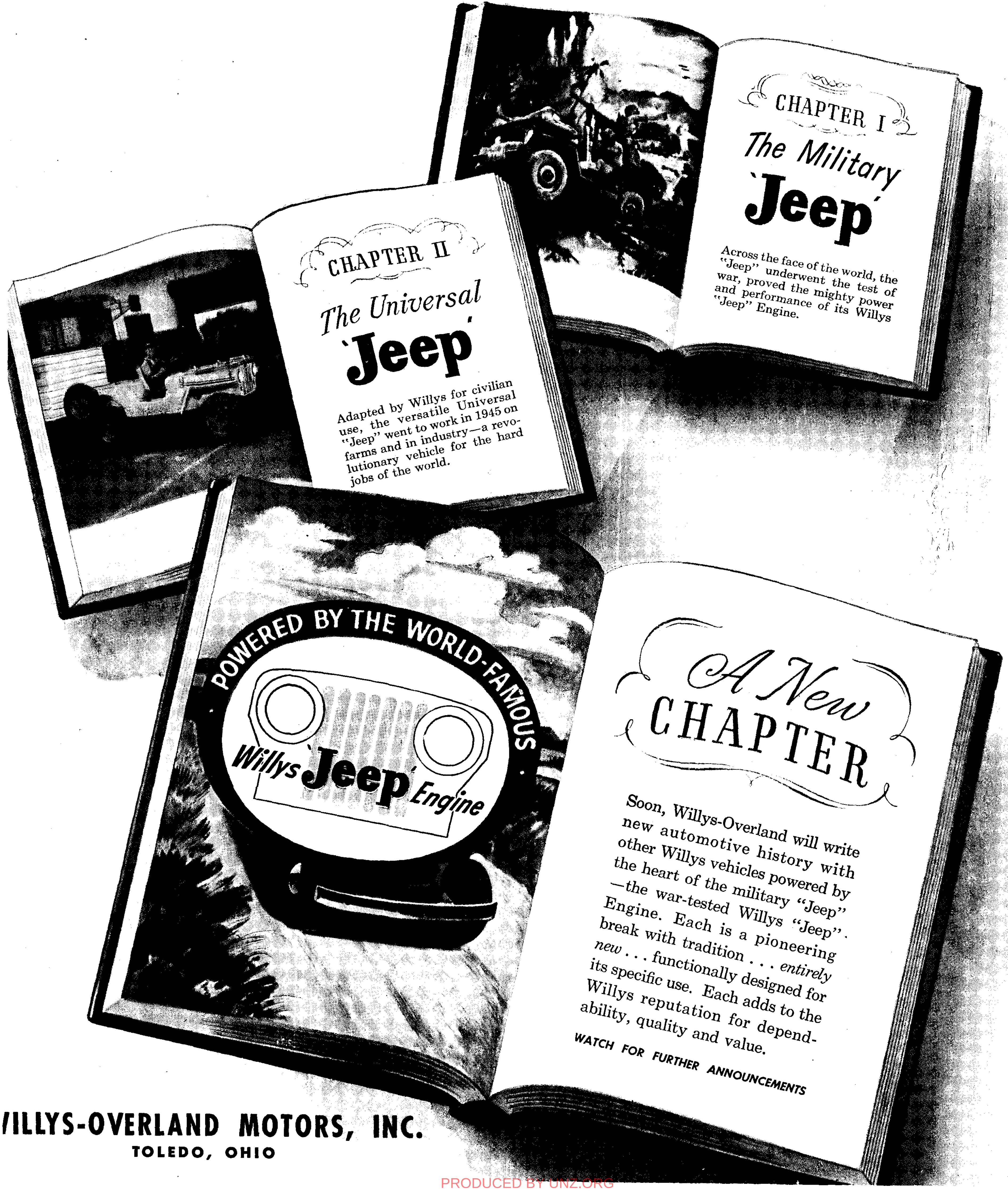
To illustrate, Schindler asserts that various outmoded business codes cost the builder of a $5,000 home an average of 3 per cent of the total cost, or $150. He adds: "Multiply that just by the 2,500,000 houses of the emergency housing program alone, and the total extra cost is $375,000,000." Not exactly hay.

Interstate trade barriers—disguised tariffs on trucks and goods crossing state lines—are another near-criminal item in swollen costs of production, as we've had the pleasure of remarking rather often in this space, drawing large bouquets of brickbats each time.

Schindler is gunning for some 1,000 of these wasteful items. He is agitating among businessmen for conferences looking toward elimination of as many waste as may be. There is no hint—as yet, at any rate—o coercion by the Commerce Department. Simpl Schindler gives the appearance of going back to the ol Hoover policy of making the Commerce Department helper of business just as the Agriculture Departmen helps farmers.

We think businessmen everywhere would do wel to look into the aid and advice that the Departmen can give them.

Soon...we will write
A GREAT NEW CHAPTER OF *Willys* HISTORY



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CHAPTER II

The Universal
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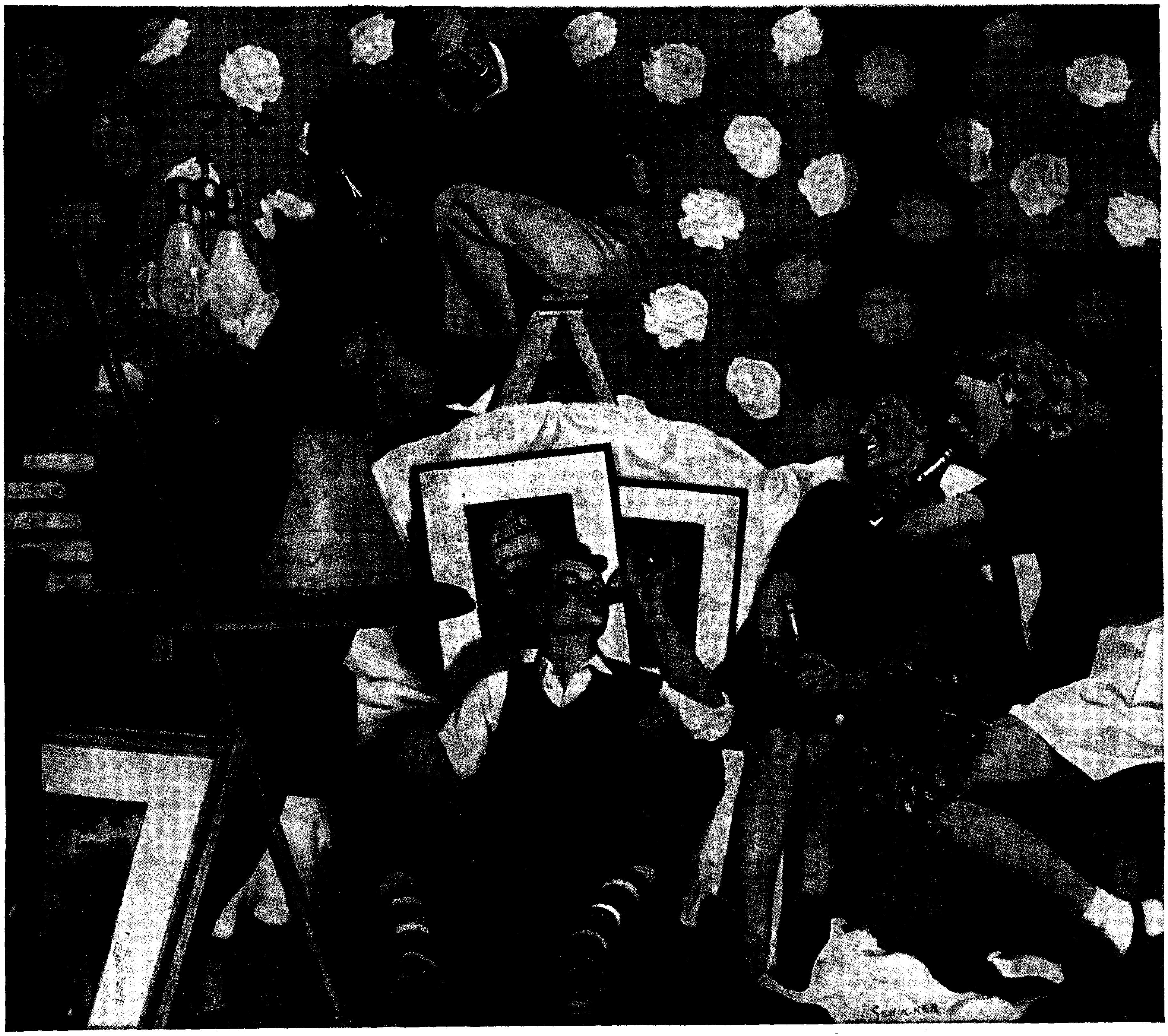

...*relax with the pause that refreshes*

There's no gloom to broom work when the whole family tackles spring cleaning. Especially when right at hand in the family icebox there's delicious, frosty Coca-Cola. *Have a Coke* just naturally means "Let's take time off and enjoy *the pause that refreshes.*" Whether you're cleaning house or holding open house for friends, Coca-Cola goes with the friendly spirit of good-humored, hospitable family ways.

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